



SIXTY YEARS
IN THE
HARVEST FIELD

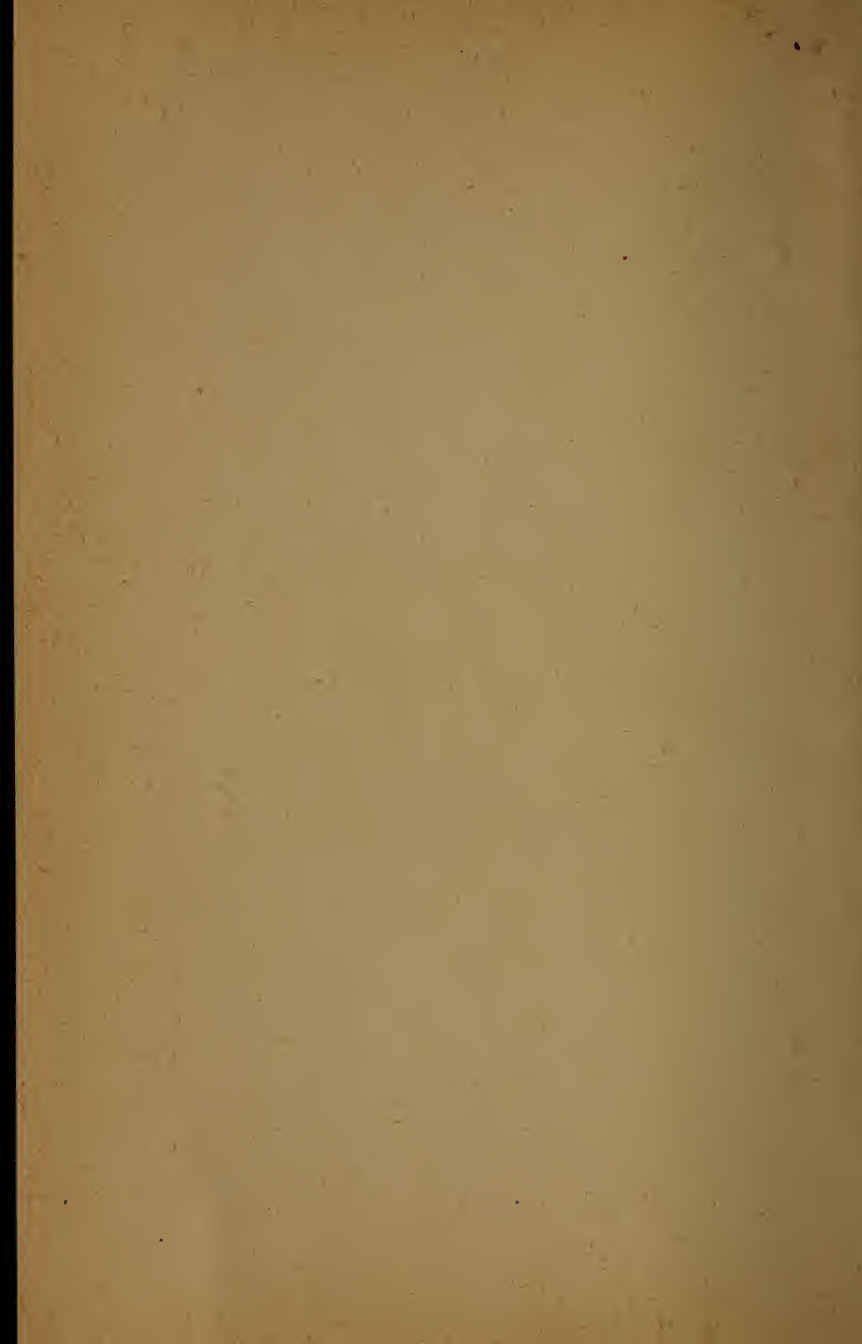


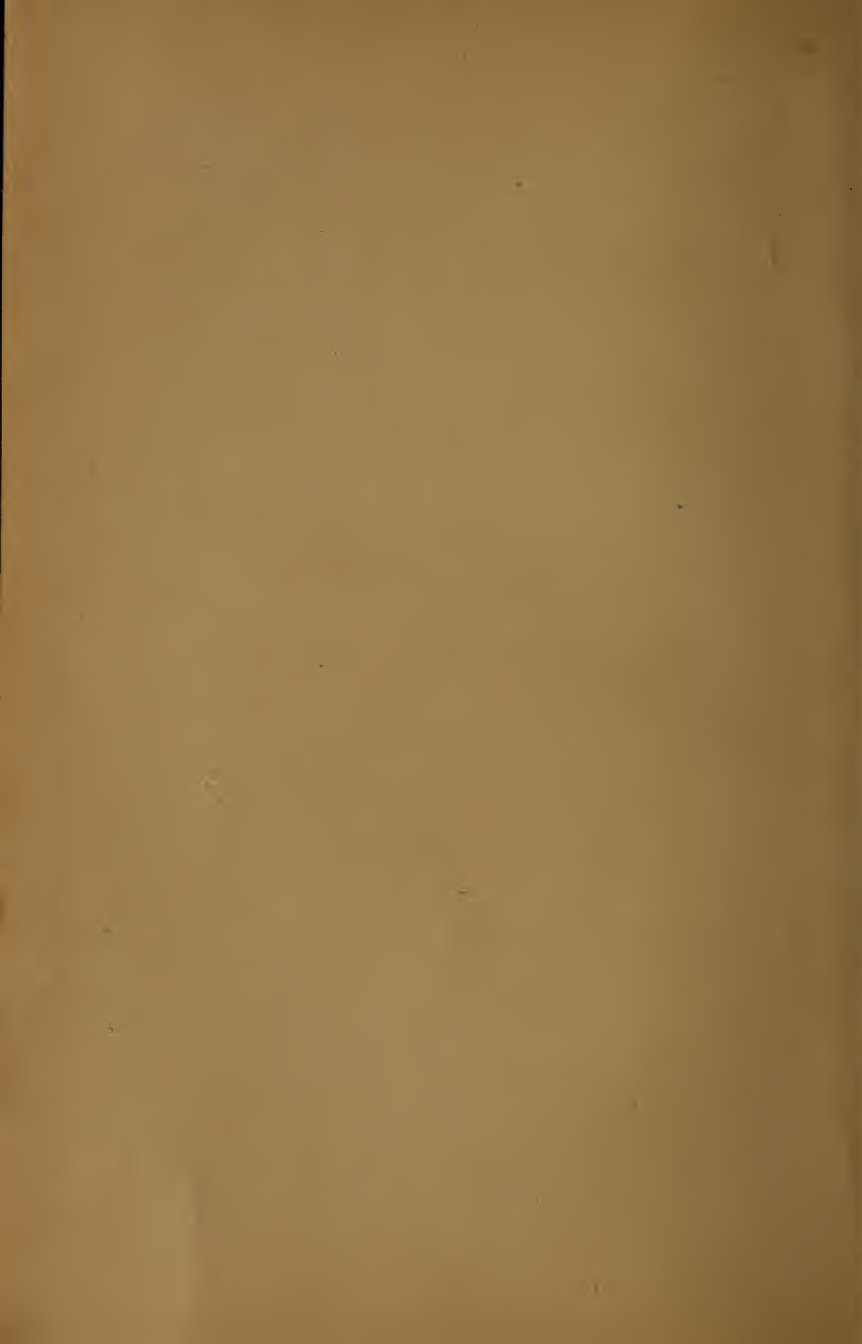
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

BY 2807
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf. M6 F8

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





SIXTY YEARS
IN THE HARVEST FIELD;

OR

FACTS AND INCIDENTS FROM THE EXPERIENCE
OF A LAYMAN;

INCLUDING

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

HAVILAH MOWRY, JR.,

CITY MISSIONARY OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

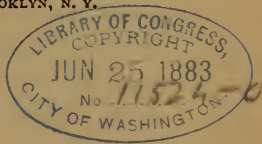
BY

R. M. F. *Fuller*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.,

LAFAYETTE AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

(R)

BV2807
.M6 F8

Copyright, 1883, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
—
WASHINGTON

SMITH & McDOUGAL, ELECTROTYPERS,
82 Beekman St., N. Y.

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

THERE is always room in this world for one more book which tells the refreshing story of winning souls to Jesus. Every such volume is, to a certain degree, an humble continuation of the "Book of the Acts;" for that is the narrative of consecrated personal efforts. The method of Peter and Paul and Barnabas has never yet been improved upon; they went everywhere, offering the gospel of eternal life to every individual with whom they came in contact. A very modest, but a very sincere and earnest imitator of this early Christian method is my beloved brother Mr. Havilah Mowry,

For more than twenty years I have known him well, and have counted him a most efficient co-worker on many occasions. In seasons of revival, he has been especially helpful; for he has a remarkable sagacity in dealing with difficult cases. Long experience has taught him a great deal about human nature, and of the operations of the Holy Spirit upon awakened hearts. Without any noise, or sensational devices, or spiritual quackery, he has known how to get at people and how to lead them to Him, who alone can save the sinner from eternal death. No small portion of the spirit that

was in Harlan Page, has always been possessed by my friend Mr. Mowry.

Like Harlan Page he was born and reared in Connecticut—the State which has produced so large a share of our best Christian laborers. Much of his early life was spent in the same neighborhood with that eminent servant of God, the late Hon. William E. Dodge. On a certain occasion when Mr. Dodge was addressing a public meeting from my pulpit, he inquired of me “Is not that man yonder in the gallery Havilah Mowry? I knew him when I was a boy in Bozrahville, and he has made more than one axe for my father. I shall never forget him.” The great philanthropist was glad to greet again the friend of his boyhood and to hear about his long career of usefulness as a city missionary in Brooklyn.

This volume is the plain truthful narrative of a long life-work in guiding souls to the Saviour. It will be helpful to all who labor at the best trade in the world—the trade of making Christians. God employs instruments in His glorious work; He has employed and honored Brother Mowry as a workman that needeth not be ashamed. He that winneth souls is wise; and he that turneth a sinner from the error of his ways doth save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins. My neighbor has never possessed much of this world’s perishable goods, but he will be a rich man in heaven; for they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

LAFAYETTE AVENUE CHURCH, }
Brooklyn, April, 1883. }

TO THE READER.

AS these pages are about to enter upon their mission of usefulness, it can scarcely be deemed out of place should the author take you into his confidence concerning some of the circumstances which have resulted in the present volume. Many times during these "Sixty Years in the Harvest Field," Brother Mowry has been urged to give for publication a few of the many wonderful experiences of his busy Christian life. Now and then in the prayer-meeting, the inquiry-room, or the revival service, as the missionary gave a thrilling reminiscence of his gospel-work, it has been caught up by reporters of the press and so given to the world.

In this way, therefore, you may perhaps recognize among the incidents collated here, one or two familiar friends who come to you in a new dress—but none the less welcome on that account, we trust.

We have not had the pleasure of seeing any of these incidents in print before, although Dr. Prime, the venerable editor of the *Christian Observer*, says that he has received the incident entitled, "The Price of a Ride," in four of his European exchanges.

The manuscript of this volume was completed five years ago, but up to a very recent date it was doubtful whether it would be printed during Mr. Mowry's lifetime. Indeed, he was induced to consent to its publication now, merely from the reason that it might perhaps be the means of saving immortal souls, before he himself should be called to enter into rest.

Therefore this little work is launched upon its career, claiming no merit, save that it is a truthful record of the facts given.

That God will deign to use it to his own glory in the salvation of precious souls, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Biographical Sketch of Havilah Mowry, Jr.....	II

CHAPTER I.

INDIFFERENT SINNERS.

An important question.....	70
The price of a ride.....	72

CHAPTER II.

ELECTION.

One shall be taken and another left.....	81
Under conviction.....	84
The divinity of human nature.....	87
From darkness to light.....	89

CHAPTER III.

UNIVERSALISM.

Man honored more than God is feared.....	102
The shepherd and the sheep.....	103
A lion tamed.....	104
A Universalist's view of hell.....	113

CHAPTER IV.

INFIDELITY.

	PAGE
Fore-ordination no hindrance to free agency.....	123
A little spark and a great flame	128
Ye shall reap in due time if ye faint not.....	133
The jeweller's test.....	142
An infidel club, and what came of it.....	146
We'll serve the devil if we have to do it alone.....	152

CHAPTER V.

ROMANISM.

How a Romanist was reached.....	160
The infinity of the Virgin Mary.....	162
Transubstantiation refuted.....	166
The apostle Peter's celibacy.....	169
Why John came to meeting.....	171
A Roman Catholic servant girl.....	175
A priest's idea of soul peril.....	179
Saving faith from a Romish standpoint.....	181

CHAPTER VI.

TEMPERANCE.

A recruiting officer recruited.....	184
The ruling passion strong in death.....	188
Saved by grace alone.....	189
Saved as by fire.....	194

CHAPTER VII.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

	PAGE
The ungrateful beggar.....	218
What is harder than the diamond.....	220
Those of our religion don't commit murder....	222
For the sake of the loaves and fishes.....	224
The very stones cry out against you.....	227
A stately mansion	229

CHAPTER VIII.

AFFLICTION BY DEATH.

Idols of the heart.....	242
Chastisement God's method.....	244

CHAPTER IX.

MORAL SINNERS.

Sailing without a compass.....	252
Happy enough.....	254
A Christmas present.....	258
Divorcing the church.....	260
A false hope.....	263
Born again.....	265

CHAPTER X.

CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

The three widows.....	275
Harvesting in plenty.....	283

	PAGE
One evening's work.....	289
Fire! Fire!!.....	296
How a dead church was made alive.....	298

PART SECOND.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

I. A mathematical decision.....	302
II. Total depravity and fatalism....	306
III. Head and heart.....	307
IV. Hypocrisy defined.....	309
V. At the Lord's table....	311
VI. Whatsoever a man soweth so also shall he reap....	313
VII. God's overruling Providence.....	319
VIII. The record begun.....	325
IX. Resisting the Spirit.....	327
X. A good investment.....	329
XI. Running on time.....	331
XII. Unconscious preaching.....	334
XIII. The prodigal son.....	337
XIV. The sick one.....	339
XV. Creditor and debtor.....	340
XVI. Two conversions.....	345
XVII. The best creed.....	350
XVIII. A vacation incident.....	352
XIX. A Romanist convinced.....	356
XX. Ready at all times.....	357
XXI. Seeing and believing.....	359

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
HAVILAH MOWRY, JR.

HAVILAH MOWRY, Jr., the subject of this sketch, was born in South Killingly, Connecticut, March 22d, 1803. In 1806 his father moved with his family to the town of Warren, in New York, some seventy-five miles west of Albany. Here Mrs. Mowry died, leaving five children, Havilah being at this time between six and seven years old. In the month of March following, Mr. Mowry returned to Connecticut with three children older than Havilah, who was sent to his maternal grandparents, with whom it was settled he should remain until he should arrive at the age of sixteen.

In April, 1811, Havilah's father, a man of energetic temperament, overworked himself, and contracting a severe cold, was prostrated and died after only a few days of suffering.

The five children were parted from each other, one going with this relative, another with that, and though all but one are alive at the present writing, they have never been together on a single occasion since that separation occurred.

Havilah continued to remain with his grandfather, working faithfully about the place, until he had grown to

be a tall, rugged youth of sixteen. He then became desirous of working for himself, and made his wishes known to his grandparents, who reluctantly consented that he might find a place.

Accordingly he set out to do so. He did not go very far, for the first man he met hired him for seven months to work on his farm, giving a man's full wages in payment.

His term of service had all but expired when, one day as he was at work in a field, his friend and former school-teacher, Mr. Wood, made his appearance at the bars of the fence, evidently desiring an interview.

The first question proposed to Havilah, after mutual greetings had been exchanged, touched the keynote of the boy's thoughts. It was this—

“What are you going to do the coming winter?”

“I haven't any plan beyond finding a place where I can do enough to pay for my board, and occupy the rest of my time going to school,” was the reply.

“Why not teach school yourself,” suggested Mr. Wood; “you could then profit by studying while you taught; and would certainly have more time at your command for your own advancement.”

“That would be first-rate; but where could I get a school?”

“Perhaps I can help you in that; in fact it is what I came to see you about. In the school district where my father lives in East Connecticut, exists a vacancy, and I presume if you were to apply for the position of teacher, you would be accepted,” said Mr. Wood, encouragingly.

"I can at least make the trial ; and I will !" exclaimed young Mowry, with animation.

In writing of this interview and its results, Mr. Mowry says : "As I had been to school to him for several years, and knew that he was like a father to me, I readily took his advice and acted upon it. I made application for the school, was accepted, and took it for four months, receiving six dollars a month and my board. I gave satisfaction to all the district as far as I know ; and certainly it was a good thing for me, as it made me feel I must stop being a boy and be a man."

The school season being finished, Havilah went to visit his grandfather Dixon. He was a wise counsellor, and urged the boy—as he had often done before—to learn some trade, hinting at an immediate opening in the Danielsonville Cotton Factory, some three miles away.

For the first time in his life, Havilah was impressed with the wisdom of the advice, and at once applied for the position, which was that of blacksmith's apprentice.

Upon speaking with Mr. Reed, the agent of the factory, he learned that others had already been before him. "But," added the agent, "if they do not make their appearance at twelve o'clock for final settlement of terms, I will be ready to talk with you."

It lacked but an hour and a half of noon, and Havilah determined to wait and ascertain the result.

The moment the clock struck twelve he presented himself at the agent's desk with the characteristic announcement—

"It's twelve o'clock, sir."

"Very good, young man ; I am ready to talk with you," was the equally characteristic reply.

In thirty minutes an engagement for three years was effected, whereby Havilah was to be fully instructed in the trade of blacksmithing, upon the following terms : For the first year he was to receive thirty dollars in money, half the month of July as vacation, and his board ; for the second year, thirty-five dollars in money, and the balance as before ; and for the third year, forty dollars in money, his board, and the July vacation.

Just as the bargain was concluded, applicant number one made his appearance, accompanied by his father, who inquired anxiously about the position.

"You are too late, Mr. P——," said the agent, with marked emphasis ; "the position is filled. You were to have been here at twelve o'clock ; and when I say twelve in making an appointment, I do not mean one or two !"

Throughout his life this incident left its mark upon Mr. Mowry's mind, and the reputation for punctuality in keeping appointments which characterized his after career was doubtless in no small measure the outgrowth of the lesson inculcated by the occurrence we have just related.

On Monday, April 1st, 1820, he entered upon the duties of his position. At the end of the first week Havilah received two invitations from a fellow-workman ; the first, to attend an evening prayer-meeting, which he declined ; and the other, to go to an old saw-mill connected with the factory, where a "treat" of West India rum and water awaited him, which he accepted.

As an indication of the growth of the temperance

movement we may incidentally mention that, at the time of which we write, almost every one, church member or infidel, orthodox or heterodox, was in the habit of drinking liquor as a beverage. A "teetotaller" was looked upon as a *rara avis*, and ministers of the gospel and staid old deacons hobnobbed together, esteeming it legitimate and right to do so. This country is paying dearly for the license of its early days, and will continue so to do as long as this curse is allowed to exist in her borders.

As they returned from participating in the "treat" at the saw-mill, Havilah's fellow-workman again broached the prayer-meeting, urging him to go in strenuous terms. Again the invitation was refused, from the reason that he "had none but his everyday clothes with him."

"Oh, we don't change our clothes for an evening meeting," was the reply, and the subject was dropped.

When the hour for the gathering arrived, however, and Mowry saw one after another enter the doors—for the meeting was held in the next house to that in which he was boarding—he began to be curious as to what they were doing, and as he stood looking in that direction, a young man, whom he had met a few times, came along and gave him a third invitation to join the little band of worshippers.

Again he declined, giving the same excuse as before.

"What! clothes! why look at mine, if you think yours are so bad! Come along; come along!" and with that the young man playfully took hold of Mowry, pulled him off the steps, at the same time calling attention to his

own patched garments, and succeeded in bringing him into the first prayer-meeting which he had ever attended.

The effect of this little meeting was to fill him with a spirit of unrest and uneasiness. As he afterwards expressed it, he "hardly knew what was the matter" with him.

The day following, which was the Lord's Day, he went to visit his grandfather, remaining with him throughout the day and starting on his journey homeward towards evening.

Arriving in sight of the village, he was joined by a young man who boarded in the same house, and they chatted together on various topics very pleasantly as they walked along. Presently they came to a school-house in which a religious meeting was being held, and young Mowry suggested they "stop and see what was going on." The other refused and passed by, leaving Havilah to make the investigation alone.

He went up to the door in a half ashamed sort of way, and stood leaning against the doorpost, hat in hand, ready to leave when his curiosity was satisfied; but scarcely had he taken up his position, when Dr. Dow, of Thompson, arose, and, in a way peculiar to himself, asked the question, "What is the soul worth? That you may know what the soul is," he continued, "I will say it is that part which thinks, which remembers, and which will live *somewhere* as long as God lives. Now, as this soul of ours—each one of us—is to be eternal, as it must live forever, either in endless misery or endless bliss, you can see it is a matter of great importance to you as to *where* you will spend that eternity."

Mowry's hat fell to the floor. The words which were to work, under God, a revolution in his entire life, had been spoken ; and for the first time, a living soul, and an Eternity to be spent in Heaven or Hell, was a reality to him.

He remained until the close of the service, and wended his way homeward filled with a new train of thought.

From this time forward he began to do those things which he thought calculated to make him a Christian, and to stop doing what he conceived hindered his becoming one. At the same time, however, he became extremely sensitive lest any one should surmise that he had grown serious upon the subject of religion, and in reality made more effort toward concealing his real feelings in relation to the matter, than in striving to get light upon the darkness which surrounded his path.

Thus the second week rolled around, and Saturday afternoon came again and with it the invitation to adjourn to one of the machine shops to partake of another "treat," consisting, as in the former case, of some West India rum and sugar. Again the invitation was accepted, the new apprentice thinking perhaps the Company was in the habit of treating their help every Saturday afternoon. But with the acceptance came a twinge of the awakened conscience ! Was it right ? Could he do it conscientiously ? If he refused, however, perhaps some one would suspect the truth as to his anxiety about his soul.

The following day being the Lord's Day, he was filled with a desire to hear more about the subject of religion,

and determined to go to South Killingly to church, arguing as it was three miles distant from Danielsonville, his presence at that church would not create any wonderment among his fellows, and he could thus hear more of the word of God without allowing any one to know the craving of his hungry soul.

In furtherance of his plan, he set off bright and early in the cool of the beautiful Lord's Day morning, and in due time entered the house of God. Listening with marked attention both to the morning and afternoon services, he heard with concealed satisfaction the announcement that a meeting for prayer and conference would be held at five o'clock in the afternoon, at the district school-house.

Before any one else had arrived, he entered the building, determined to secure a place where he could see and hear all that was done and said, but where he should be as little observed as possible. His first thought was to climb up into the open scuttle-way, leading to the roof, and he was only prevented from so doing by remembering that he might be locked in before being able to escape at the conclusion of the meeting. At length he seated himself at the most remote corner of the room, and reclined his head upon his hand in such a manner as to cover his face as much as possible, and at the same time show no disrespect to the meeting. Throughout the exercises his soul drank in each word of instruction and exhortation with avidity. Towards the close of the meeting, however, the leader fixed his gaze upon him, and said :

"We understand you are thinking upon the subject of religion, and would like to know how you feel."

It was like a thunderclap out of a clear sky!

He had gone three miles away from home on purpose to escape all discovery of his condition on the part of his friends and acquaintance, and behold his secret was laid bare before a whole school-house full of people.

All eyes were turned upon him at once. He felt as though he should sink through the floor, but he retained sufficient self-possession to reply to the leader's question. Hanging his head and speaking in a voice scarcely audible, he said:

"I've been thinking something about it, but I have nothing to say at present."

The meeting closed without further personal reference to him, and he started upon his three miles walk home.

All the way the ruling thought was, "It served you right! it served you right!" To him it was a practical demonstration that he might for a time deceive his earthly friends, but he could not fly away from the convicting Spirit of Almighty God.

The experience was an extremely salutary one. From that moment he resolved to throw off all disguise, and pursue the even tenor of his way regardless of people's comments or opinions.

The week following was one of trial and testing. In a day or two a man came to him saying,

"Come, my boy, it's your turn next."

"My turn to do what?" queried Havilah, with astonishment.

"Why, to treat, of course!"

"To treat who?"

"Why, don't you understand? Didn't you go last Saturday to the machine-shop, and the Saturday before to the saw-mill; and wasn't you treated there? Those treats were both by new-comers! Every new-comer pays his entrance, and every one that leaves his clearance, and it's your turn for your entrance this week."

"Is this the custom here?" asked young Mowry.

"Yes, of course it is."

"Well, if I'd known it, I wouldn't 'a gone to either place, for I am decidedly opposed to spending my time and money that way. But as I've been drawn into this thing, I will treat; but understand me, it is the first and the last time!" *

Like most persons who are brought under conviction, he was impressed with the idea that *he* must do something to save himself. In writing of his experience to a friend, he says: "I thought every effort would bring some little light and comfort, until it might be called religion. But I found it more like going up a flight of stairs in a dark hall; apparently growing darker and darker as they are ascended, but, finally, when the last step is reached and the door is opened, leading into the room where all is light. As I took one step after an-

* We may parenthetically observe here that the stand taken by young Mowry in relation to this custom, killed it so completely that it was never resurrected.

other, I was tempted to give up and return, for I felt worse and worse ; but the possibility of obtaining rest if I continued in the way, and the impossibility of obtaining it if I returned, impelled me, at last, to go to Him, weary and tired of trying to do something to make myself better."

He describes the victory of Christ in his soul as follows :

"I saw myself, as it were, on the banks of a great river. On the opposite side was Salvation ; but alas ! how to get there. I looked around for the way to cross the swelling tide, but nothing seemed to furnish me the means of transport ; I gave up in perfect despair, and turned to retrace my steps, when, behold ! while I had been gazing wistfully upon the further shore, I had become surrounded by an impassable stream ; the river encircled me upon all sides, and feeling that nothing but death was left, I became unconscious. When I came to myself, I was across the river, weeping for joy ; my conviction was gone, my anxiety was over, and my trying had ceased."

Soon after the experience given in the above quotation, a meeting was appointed at the house of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitmore, for those who had hopefully become Christians, and Mowry being among the number invited, accepted the invitation. Upon the date set he went as far as the pastor's gate ; but at that moment the thought flashed across his mind that he could give no experience which would be either satisfactory or edifying, and he turned upon his heel and retraced his steps homeward.

He had not gone a great distance, however, when he was met by a young man who was on his way to the meeting. He knew of Mowry's previous intention to attend it, and questioned him as to why he was going in the opposite direction.

Havilah confided to him the nature of his fear, and was induced to take courage and return. He did so; was kindly welcomed, and, his experience being deemed eminently satisfactory, he was admitted to membership in the Congregational Church in West Killingly, Rev. Roswell Whitmore, pastor, on the first Sunday in September, 1820.

During the three years of his apprenticeship, Havilah was studious at his trade, and became particularly skillful in the treatment of steel. When his appointed time of apprenticeship expired, he was immediately retained as journeyman, at a salary of fifteen dollars per month and board, by the new foreman who took charge of the shop.

He was so well esteemed for proficiency at his trade that long before "hiring time"—as the regular day for making yearly engagements in New England used to be called—his employer began to hint about what improvements and alterations they would accomplish during the ensuing year.

Havilah had now been a member of the church four years, during which time he had been a regular attendant at all prayer and church meetings, although he had never taken an active part in them. He had become very much attached both to his religious and secular associations at Danielsonville, and it was with scanty appreciation,

therefore, that he received at this time a letter from his brother, urging him, before making any further engagements there, to see David L. Dodge, of Bozrahville.*

Havilah, who had not seen his brother for some time, concluded to make him a visit, and ascertain what he meant by urging him to see Mr. Dodge. He did so, and found that Mr. Dodge, who was agent for the Bozrahville Manufacturing Company, producers of cotton fabrics, had expressed a desire to have him take charge of the blacksmith shop of the factory. His brother's house being only seven miles from Bozrahville, Havilah determined to see Mr. Dodge and learn what his mind was.

The interview was somewhat characteristic.

"Well," said the agent, as they met, "I suppose you have come to hire out to me."

"I don't know that I have," replied young Mowry, "I came to see you, and hear what offer you had to make. If it suits me I will consider it."

"Oh, no! that won't do. You will be obliged to decide to-day. Set your own price, and I will at once conclude whether I will give it or not," said Mr. Dodge.

Havilah thought, "Well, if it remains for me to set the price, I will put it so high you will never pay it;" so he named "Eight Connecticut shillings a day," equal to about one dollar thirty-four cents.

It must be remembered that in those days very few men were paid above one dollar per day for any descrip-

* Father of the late Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York.

tion of skilled labor, and therefore when Mr. Dodge at once accepted the terms Havilah could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses.

“Well, Mr. Dodge, I suppose you will give me a little time to consider it—a few days, at least?” he asked.

“I will give you precisely sixty minutes,” was the reply.

What should he do? It seemed as though no place and no church would be so dear to him as his present home. He had passed from boyhood into manhood there—he had found the Lord Jesus Christ there; his dearest associations were there, and he keenly realized the trial it would be to leave them for a new home, and new experiences.

“But,” said his brother, “do you forget what a splendid offer has been made you? Why, you might wait a long time before such a chance would be presented again! Accept it by all means, and don’t stand in the way of your own good!”

The sixty minutes expired, and Mr. Dodge presented himself, saying—

“The time is up and I am in a hurry to go. What do you say?”

“I accept, and we will call it a bargain!” said Havilah, quietly.

On the first of April, 1824, he removed to Bozrahville, finding a home in the house of a very exemplary Christian woman known by all the village as “Mother Jones.”

Upon reaching his boarding-place, he learned that there would be a meeting held in the same house that

, evening led by Mr. Dodge, and was not a little pleased at commencing life in his new home so auspiciously.

During the course of the meeting, Mr. Dodge asked him if he was in the habit of taking part in the exercises ; Havilah gave a negative reply, and no further reference was made to it ; but on the succeeding morning Mr. Dodge approached him with the following question :

“ Have you never taken an active part in religious meetings ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ Well, my young friend, you must do so ; it will give you courage to fight the good fight of faith, and strengthen you in various ways.”

“ But I can not do it,” answered Mowry ; “ I haven’t the confidence to do it.”

“ Have you never felt it a duty you owe to God ? ” was the next query.

“ Yes, I have felt it so very often ! ” replied Mowry.

“ What ! *felt it your duty to do that which you cannot do !* ” exclaimed Mr. Dodge.

Young Mowry saw, as he afterwards expressed it, that he “ was in a tight place,” and mentally resolved that he would embrace the first opportunity to right himself which might be presented.

He did not have to wait long. At the next meeting Mr. Dodge again called upon him ; but the devil was victorious, and despite Mowry’s good resolution, he declined taking any active part in the meetings, and indeed was strongly tempted to absent himself from them altogether. This conflict went on for some weeks, but at

length he was forced to the conclusion that he must either take up the cross or be rejected of God.

At the next meeting Mr. Dodge called upon him as usual, and without any further hesitation he arose and led in prayer, but was so confused and embarrassed that he scarcely knew what he was saying. He says of this incident: "I felt that I had injured the cause of religion and disgraced myself, and I almost wished I had never seen Mr. Dodge or Bozrahville." But having taken the cross he was given grace to carry it till it ceased to be a burden.

An extract from one of Mr. Mowry's letters reads:

"Probably but for this experience I should always have been a drone in the church, like thousands of others, feeding upon her life, but adding nothing to her store. If I have ever accomplished anything in the cause of the Master, I owe it, under God, very much to the instruction and training of David L. Dodge, a name very dear to my remembrance."

There was at this time no regularly organized church in the village of Bozrahville. The religious services of the Lord's Day were held in two commodious rooms on the first floor of a large private house, which had been set apart for the purpose by the Company, and consisted of a morning and evening session; the former being conducted by Mr. Erastus Hyde, a Methodist minister who was employed as a bookkeeper at the mill, and the latter by Mr. Dodge himself. A Sabbath-school was also carried on in the afternoon, and great good was accomplished by all three services.

At the close of the year, the Thames Manufacturing Company, from Boston, located at Norwich and bought the mill, together with the village of Bozrahville, and Mr. Dodge removed to New York. The new company, however, were not only able, but anxious and willing to continue the good work which Mr. Dodge had so well begun, and as the nearest organized church was some three miles from the village, they conceived the plan of fitting up the school-house for religious meetings. This was accordingly done, and here the inhabitants of the neighborhood worshipped for several years.

In the summer of 1826, one of the company named Hubbard, a lawyer from Boston, being anxious for the good work to go on, sent a young divinity student named David Sanford to labor for Christ in the village. The result of the efforts put forth was a wonderful outpouring of God's grace, and the fruit of the revival which ensued footed up a total of seventy conversions in the village proper, besides as many more residing in neighboring places.

The Thames Company made many marked alterations tending towards the welfare of the village—enlarging the factory and building new dwellings for its employes—and thus its inhabitants were largely augmented, and upon all sides the desire for a regularly organized church began to be made known.

Accordingly, on the 10th of April, 1828, a council was called, and a church organized with forty-one members.

As an indication of the work done each year, the following table is not uninteresting :

YEARS.	ADDITIONS.	YEARS.	ADDITIONS.
1829.....	15	1841.....	2
1830.....	10	1842.....	2
1831.....	15	1843.....	34
1832.....	6	1844.....	0
1833.....	0	1845.....	0
1834.....	15	1846.....	1
1835.....	3	1847.....	0
1836.....	2	1848.....	9
1837.....	9	1849.....	0
1838.....	0	1850.....	1
1839.....	0	1851-1852-1853.....	2
1840.....	13	1854-1855.....	22
Total.....		161	

It must be borne in mind also, that fully as large a number who found peace in believing through the efforts put forth by this little church, united with other congregations, and located in other towns, so that it is probably not an overestimate to say that in twenty-seven years the fruit of gospel work connected with this little means of grace numbered nearly four hundred souls.

This result is especially notable from the fact that during this entire period they never had a settled pastor, the pulpit being supplied in most instances by clergymen from neighboring towns, who would preach there on Sunday, but having their own flocks to feed, were unable to render any assistance at the weekly meetings.

In these weekly meetings, however, the church found its life. Held as often as every other night during all this time, the fire never had a chance of growing dim ; and indeed, did especial interest warrant, the gatherings

were appointed for every night, while during the whole of one winter, meetings were held *three times a day*.

On the 20th of May, 1828, Mr. Mowry was married to Miss Ruhamah Sprague, of South Killingly, Connecticut, with whom he lived a life of unalloyed happiness for seven years.

He was instrumental of her conversion about one year after their marriage, and they mutually enjoyed the blessings of an Allwise Providence until the time of her death, which took place on the 18th of July, 1835, at her sister's house in South Killingly.

A remarkable fact occurred in connection with this marriage.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. Mowry determined to read the Bible in course, and they began their first day's housekeeping with the first chapter of Genesis. Ten weeks prior to Mrs. Mowry's death, her father and sister, who had been paying her a visit, suggested that she should return with them, thinking that perhaps the change would be beneficial. After consulting with her husband, she consented to do so, and when the day of departure came, and they assembled for family worship, they had reached, in their Bible reading, the last chapter of Revelation, which was read upon that occasion. As she bid her husband good-by, something told him she would never cross the threshold of their home again, and she never did—dying, as above stated, during her visit at her sister's house.

We quote the following from a letter on this subject :

“We had been married seven years and two months,

and not an angry or unkind word ever passed between us. I had often heard of 'sanctified afflictions,' but I did not understand how it could be done. After her death, having no children to divert my mind, I did not know how to endure my affliction. One day this Scripture came to me with particular power, 'Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.' It ran through my mind like a weaver's shuttle, back and forth, day after day, until I was filled with the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

On August 30th, 1836, Mr. Mowry contracted his second marriage, espousing Miss Esther B. Carey, of Scotland, Connecticut, where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Fisher. Mr. Mowry's residence in Bozrahville extended over a period of thirty-one years, thirteen of which saw him at the forge as blacksmith of the mill, and the remaining time as a merchant, keeping the only store in a section of country five miles square.

During this entire period of time he continued to be actively interested in the little church, which, as we have seen, grew in membership and spirituality from year to year.

Besides conducting the weekly prayer-meetings, he was superintendent of the Sabbath School and leader of a very large Bible class. He also officiated as clerk of the church, though never formally elected to the office.

In the year 1855, Dr. Bush, who was then pastor of a Congregational church at Greenville, Connecticut, was requested by the City Mission and Tract Society of

Brooklyn, New York, to send them the name of a person fitted for the office of City Missionary.

He at once sent back a letter endorsing Mr. Mowry, and urged his appointment in strong terms. Mr. Wallace, who was at this time Chairman of the Committee on City Mission work in Brooklyn, immediately wrote to Mr. Mowry, saying that the Committee desired an interview with him, and would be glad to pay his expenses to Brooklyn and return.

The request was complied with ; the interview was had, and the result was an offer on the part of the Society for Mr. Mowry's engagement as one of the missionaries of the City of Churches. The idea of being *employed* to work for the Lord, was very repugnant to him, however, and he returned home, saying that he could give no answer under two weeks. At the end of this time, he wrote to the Society declining the offer. Immediately an answer came back to Bozrahville wishing to know the reasons for his refusal, and containing greater inducements to come. It was finally agreed that he should spend six months in Brooklyn, and let the result of his labors govern a longer stay.

Two children were born of the second marriage, viz., James T. Mowry, born July 27, 1837, and William Havilah Mowry, born February 17, 1839, and they were left with Mrs. Mowry at Bozrahville, while her husband entered upon the duties of his new position in the city of Brooklyn. At the end of the trial term, a new engagement for one year was made, and Mr. Mowry continued to labor unremittingly in the interests of the Society and

the cause of Christ. As time flew by, the work became more and more dear to him, and the result proved his entire fitness for the position he held. Therefore, at the expiration of eighteen months, being convinced that it was the work which God had given him to do, he sent for his family, and became a permanent resident of the City of Churches.

The breaking out of the Rebellion greatly increased the sphere of his labors. Beside attending to the regular city missionary work, Mr. Mowry spent much of his time among the different regiments encamped in the vicinity of Brooklyn awaiting transportation to the seat of war. Many meetings were held in camp, and by personal and unremitting labor with individuals much good was accomplished.

This portion of our missionary's work is full of interesting anecdotes and reminiscences, and their reproduction here would perhaps give no small amount of instruction to Gospel workers, but unfortunately our space is limited, and we are reluctantly compelled to confine ourselves to generalities rather than details.

On the 14th of April, 1864, Mr. Mowry, in company with the Rev. Dr. Budington, of Clinton Ave. Congregational Church, Brooklyn, left that city *en route* for the Army of the Potomac, the former to join the U. S. Christian Commission for a period of six weeks' service. We give the following extracts from his daily journal written during that campaign :

"Started from New York per steamer for Amboy. Took C. & A. R. R., and arrived in Philadelphia at

7 P. M. Went to the store of Mr. Stewart* and obtained our commissions.

“Took tea with Mr. Stewart, and at half past 9 o'clock started for Washington, where we arrived at 6 A. M.”

They remained in Washington one day, and the following afternoon the journal continues :

“I visited Camp Clifftown, where 500 to 1000 soldiers—invalids—are encamped. Had a very interesting time with a young lieutenant, who had lost forty thousand dollars by the war. He was a Southerner, but yet a strong Union man. Circulated 100 ‘Messengers,’ 100 ‘Good News,’ and 400 pages of Tracts. In the evening went to Soldiers’ Rest and held a meeting. Circulated 200 papers.

“Next morning Dr. Budington and myself started for Brandy Station, three miles south of Rappahannock River, where we arrived at 3.30 P. M. In the evening attended a colored people’s meeting near by, held in a shanty whose chief characteristics were an immense old-fashioned fireplace, and an earth floor. Some five or six Delegates† were present, and all spoke at the close of the meeting, which was remarkable for its earnestness and devotion.

“Sabbath morning I conducted service in another chapel of a larger size, but without floor or fire. Five arose for prayers. In the evening held a second service there. Ten arose. About seventy-five were present, mostly colored and contrabands. But few of them could read or write, but they could sing and pray in a manner

* Mr. Geo. H. Stewart, Chairman of U. S. Christian Commission.

† Members of C. C.

that would put to the blush those who had enjoyed better opportunities.

“Monday circulated about three hundred papers and tracts, among teamsters and soldiers.

“In the evening held a meeting again in the chapel with the blacks, one of great simplicity and earnestness. Five arose for prayers, an indication that the Spirit of God was still present and work to be done.

“Tuesday.—Circulated one hundred and fifty papers in the morning among the teamsters and soldiers who are continually coming in. In the afternoon went to see Chaplain Perkins, of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment. Held a meeting in the chapel with some young men who were in a serious state of mind. One was a French Catholic. My interview with him was very happy in its results. As he expressed it, I ‘straightened him right out.’

“In the evening went again to the colored people. The meeting was unusually solemn and impressive. Near the close of it I requested any who were desirous of becoming Christians to manifest it by rising. Six arose, one a white man who requested an interview with me. He said he felt it due to me to state what his previous character had been, as that might stand in the way of his salvation. I was somewhat surprised at his confession, although I regarded it as evidence of his sincerity. He wished me to know, he said, just what he was, and added, ‘I am from the State Prison, and you may not feel like naving anything more to do with me.’ I told him I had been too long in the habit of laboring with prisoners to

decline now. He seemed surprised, but glad to learn that I was accustomed to his class of men. He wished to know if I thought so great a sinner as he could be saved. I answered the Gospel invitation is 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' I made the subject as plain as I could, and urged immediate submission to the claims of God. He seemed deeply affected, and, so far as words and manner could indicate it, he was led by the Spirit of God to decide for Eternity. It was our first and last meeting.

"April 20. Started for Warrenton Junction, fifteen miles north of Brandy Station. Arrived at 11 A.M. Had a letter of introduction to Rev. Mr. Adair from New York. In the evening he preached. During the service at 'roll call' each soldier would leave for a moment to answer to his name, and having done so return again to participate in the season of social exhortation and prayer which followed the meeting proper, and in which many of them took part.

"April 21. Visited the tents of quite a number of New York soldiers. They had seen hard service they said. In the evening attended prayer-meeting in the chapel, which was full, and the meeting interesting.

"April 22. Went three miles west of here to a station on a branch road from Warrenton. Had a very peculiar meeting there with four young men.

"One had been a Baptist preacher before coming to the army. Another had been a member of a Methodist church, but both had hidden their light under a bushel, and neither was known as a Christian. Each admitted

feeling dissatisfied and guilty in living as they did, and promised solemnly to begin immediately a new course of life. I drew up and they signed the following document :

“*Resolved*, That from this time we will strive to attain a higher state of spirituality, and to be known as Christians, or earnest inquirers after God and duty. And that we will at once establish a prayer-meeting and do all in our power to sustain it.’ It was signed amidst deep feeling, and we parted to meet—in all probability—no more on earth.

“April 23. Went one mile west of where I went yesterday. Circulated 275 papers and 100 tracts. Walked back four miles to the Junction. A very undesirable walk. Scarcely any inhabitants, and the road infested with robbers.

“In the evening attended a meeting at the chapel. Rev. Mr. Adair preached. At the close of the sermon we had a prayer-meeting which was fully attended and very interesting. Three or four arose for prayers.

“April 24. Went again to the Three Mile Station, as but little had been done for that place. On my way out, I fell in company with several officers and surgeons who had been home on furlough, and were now on their way back to the army, which was soon to move.

“Among the number, a captain and surgeon were in conversation together; both were in remarkable spirits and very profane.

“The latter, a splendid looking, dashing fellow, had the appearance of belonging to a superior family, having been taught better than to use such language.

“I ventured to ask him why he used such language. He said in reply that he did not mean anything by it, and that he did not even know when he did it unless some one—as I had done—reminded him of it. I asked him if he was satisfied with such an apology as that ; if he was, I was not.

“‘Oh ! I’m going to stop and be good one of these days !’

“‘Will you be likely to stop doing that which you *unconsciously* do ?’

“‘Well,’ he said ; ‘I hope I shall.’

“I replied that what he had said showed that he was wrong and knew it.

“‘Oh, yes ! I’ve been told that often enough. My father is a clergyman and my mother a Christian woman.’

“‘Then you disobey *two Fathers* and one mother every time you use such language.’

“It was evident that he was touched ; and thanking me for what I had said he expressed a hope that he might profit by it.

“The captain remarked that he did not know what I would think of him, for he had been a professor of religion before joining the army ; but he *had* to swear sometimes and could not get along without it.

“‘Why,’ he added ; ‘put you in my place, and I believe you would swear, too, sometimes.’

“Oh, certainly I would, if it was right and any good could come of it. But can you make your men love, respect, and obey you any better for it ? I doubt it very much. I hear men use the same language to their *mules*

every day, and in my opinion they are as much benefited by the application as your men are.'

"By common consent, as it seemed, the sin of profane swearing was laid bare. [For the result of this incident, see page 61.—ED.]

"In the evening we held service for the last time in our chapel tent. It was one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in that tent, and one rarely excelled in power by any meeting to the glory of God.

"It fell to my lot to conduct the exercises. During the meeting the testimony of thirty of the young Christian soldiers was given, some of them openly witnessing for Christ for the first time in their lives, and, as it proved for not a few, the last time also. At the conclusion of the service, many assured me that although they had experienced many interesting meetings in the tent, this last was the crowning season.

"As the order had come to take down all chapel tents in that vicinity on Monday, box them up, and send them to Washington, we were ready and expected to obey; but it proved to be a stormy morning, and as it would not answer to pack the canvas away wet, we were obliged to defer the work. In a few hours, however, the sun came out, the tents were soon dry, and were taken down by the young men who had attended the meeting the night before, many of them seeming glad of the opportunity to do something to aid those who had been laboring so faithfully for them.

"As the chapel tent was now down, and also our cooking and sleeping tent, we were without home or

shelter. The time of the Revs. Messrs. Adair and Allen had almost expired, and they were going to Washington with the boxed-up goods, but I had yet three weeks to stay somewhere, and although feeling no particular anxiety about it, was gratified as well as surprised to find how willing and even anxious those soldiers were to have me stay with them. I had a dozen offers of the best they had. But a captain from Oneida county insisted that I should spend the night with him, urging that he had ample accommodation and better quarters. I accepted his invitation and spent the night with him, not so much on account of the 'better quarters,' as for the reason that it would incommode him less than the soldiers, their space being limited. There was such a field and such a welcome, I decided to remain with him until the army left.

"But it was not so to be. Tuesday, April 26, I left for Brandy Station to report and return. I had completed my arrangements and entered the cars on my way back, when the conductor told me I could not return on that train without an order from General Fitzpatrick. I immediately produced the order which had carried me on the road more than once, but was told that a new order had been issued, and that I could not be allowed to go on that train, unless it was specified in my pass. I went to the marshal, but he could not interfere with their new order. I felt disappointed, mainly because I was unable to do as I had agreed. I went to the chapel tent at Brandy Station, and found there a pressing invitation to come at once to the quarters of the chaplain of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment.

“As the other door was closed, I started across the lots for a mile and a half to see what was wanted. I soon found myself in front of the camp, and as I passed the corner tent, felt a sudden inclination to look in and see what the occupants were doing.

“My badge indicated who I was, and they, to my surprise, requested me to ‘come in.’ I declined, remarking that I was merely passing and simply thought to glance in and see how they looked. They renewed and pressed the invitation so strongly, at the same time moving to make a place for me, that I went in. I observed that they had been playing cards, and were about to continue the game which my coming had interrupted.

“I asked them what they would think if I were to tell them that I had never seen a game of cards played in my life and never intended to.

“They seemed surprised and put up the cards, at the same time demanding my objections to card-playing. I replied that it had been very correctly styled the Devil’s game ; that it was productive of no good, and much evil, and gave several illustrations which seemed to settle the question. We then naturally went from sin to the remedy for sin.

“They admitted never having felt any interest in religion, saying they must have some amusement, or time would hang heavy on their hands.

“‘Why not select something that will benefit, as well as amuse?’ I asked. ‘Here are five of you, and can either one say that he has ever, in any way, been benefited by card-playing or liquor drinking?’

"One after another admitted that he had not.

" 'Then,' said I, 'if such be the case, you will lose nothing in giving them up.'

"After illustrating the subject at some length, the conversation lasting above an hour, I asked them if I had said one thing which they could not conscientiously endorse. They replied that I had not.

" 'Are you willing to take my advice and act upon it?'

"They answered in the most solemn way that they were.

"I took the pledge from my pocket and requested each one of them to sign it. They did so. I then proposed to have a season of prayer, urging each one to ask God for just what he needed. All were willing that I should pray with them, but said *they* could not do so, for they did not know how. When I had explained that prayer was simply asking God for what we felt a need of, either for ourselves or for others, we all knelt down together. I led, and was followed by one of them in a brief but appropriate petition.

"They were quite as much surprised at the result as I was. Upon leaving, I told them I was to be present at the weekly prayer-meeting in the evening, and asked them all to come. They consented to do so.

"I then went to the chaplain's tent and reported myself, giving him an account of my first visit in the camp. He asked to see the names in my pledge-book. As he read them I saw that he was astonished, but not more so than I was, when he told me a moment

later, that *those men were the very ones he had sent for me to visit!*

“He said they were the hardest men in the regiment, especially the one who led in prayer, who was noted for his terrible profanity.

“In the evening they were all at the meeting, and the one just referred to indulged hope in Christ, while another arose and requested prayers for himself. It was a powerful blow to those who had stood aloof from all means of grace.

“The chaplain had been very much discouraged in consequence of this class of men, but now felt the great hindering cause was about to be removed. In the morning he told me of two other tents of a like stamp which he wished me to visit, remarking that he could not do it himself.

“‘If they would only come to the chapel I could preach to them, but I cannot go to their tents and talk to them. The first,’ he continued, ‘is the color-bearer of the regiment. He is one of the bravest men in the army, and also the wickedest—he really fears nothing, and is as depraved as he is brave.’

“He gave me the necessary directions where to find the tent, and I started out, feeling strangely confident of success, but unable to form any plan as to how it was to be brought about.

“On my way, I heard loud talking in a tent near by, and stopped to see what was going on. I found six or seven soldiers engaged in an excited discussion regarding some of the moral and political questions of the day. As

I entered, one of them stated the disputed point, and asked my opinion.

"I replied that eighteen hundred years ago a very remarkable personage made his appearance, and laid down some new and rather unwelcome principles.

"‘These principles,’ I continued, ‘will throw light on the points you are considering, and I will, with your permission, briefly state some of them. The first principle is that there are but two ways through the world, consequently but two classes, and but two places of destination. The second principle is that every act of life serves to indicate, more or less, the way, the class, and the destination of him who commits it. Hence the great power of those words, “He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.”’

"One of the number wished to know what I meant by two places of destination? I replied I meant Heaven and Hell, as the Bible plainly declared.

"‘Well, I believe there is a Heaven, but I don’t believe there is any Hell,’ he answered.

"‘If that be so, then there is but one way, one class, one destination, and that contradicts the Bible,’ I replied.

"As he unhesitatingly admitted that his views did not correspond with the Bible, I asked permission to apply the rule I had laid down to his own case, as indicated by the few things he had said in my presence. He gave a ready consent.

"‘What I have to say is—*First*, Believing in Heaven,

you feel no interest in it, and make no effort to gain it ; on the contrary, you live exactly as you would do if you did not believe in it. *Second*, Rejecting, as you say you do, one half of the Bible, proves that you do not believe the other half. *Third*, The effect is, you are really restrained by no law, either human or divine.'

"He had promised not to be offended at what I might say, so I continued :

" 'You are probably as wicked a man as there is in the army, and doubtless as brave an one, but having no moral principle to guide and restrain you, you are indulging constantly in every sin for which you have any appetite. Mind you, I don't claim to be either a prophet or the son of a prophet, but this is probably a fair statement of your character and habits : if I am wrong or mistaken, I am ready to be corrected.'

"All had listened with marked attention, and each one declared that my assertions were literally correct. He, too, gave his assent, and said :

" 'I *am* the wickedest man in the army. I know it, and I feel it ; but now I wish you to go to my tent and counteract, if you can, some of the mischief I have done. There are two men there who have been almost as bad as myself, but they have been trying to reform, and I have done all I could to prevent it. They have been hard drinkers and swearers, both of 'em, and when they tried to break off, I wouldn't let 'em. I believe you can do 'em good.'

"Upon inquiring for the tent, I found it was the very one I had started out to visit, and, to my surprise, learned

that the speaker was no other than the color-bearer himself—the ringleader of all wickedness.

“On our way to the tent he told me that he had a praying wife whom he dearly loved, and one child. She had borne much from him and waited patiently for a change, but none came. I reminded him of the keen sorrow of that wife, who was toiling alone to bring up his boy, and whom he might never again meet on earth ; for life, always uncertain, was especially so on the battle-field. He admitted all, and was convinced and convicted. He came almost to a full decision to yield to the claims of God, but, like the ruler who came to Christ at noonday, he suffered something to hinder.

“The order to move on came in a few days, and he was in the thick of the battle, bearing the colors bravely as before.

“As nearly as I could learn, he was one of the first to fall. The chaplain also was wounded and afterwards sent back home.

“Oh, how terrible is war, and yet it is only the fruit of that which is still more terrible.

“April 27. Went again to Warrenton Junction, mailed a letter home and took my things to Brandy Station. Met Rev. Theodore Cuyler on board the cars, just from home.

“April 28. Returned to the 10th Massachusetts Regiment, and continued my visits among the soldiers. In the evening attended a class-meeting, in which about thirty took part.

“April 29. Called to see what is known as Mr. Beecher's Regiment—the Phalanx. Found quite a num-

ber who knew me, among them Postmaster Lincoln's son, who is adjutant of the regiment. They all made me welcome, wishing me to call at any time and make myself at home with them.

"Called at one of the tents belonging to the 10th Massachusetts and had an interesting interview with six young men, all smart and intelligent, but not one of them a Christian. They promised to attend the evening service.

"April 30. Attended the 'sunrise service' prayer-meeting in the chapel tent. The service was exceedingly solemn, and quite a number took part. At its close the canvas covering of the tent was removed to headquarters at Brandy Station.

"Another of those young men whom I met on my first visit to the corner tent of the 10th Massachusetts came to tell me he had found Christ precious to his soul. At 6 P. M. held another prayer-meeting in the tent—no covering but the skies. Everything indicates our stay here will be short.

"May 1, The Lord's Day. Met at sunrise inside the walls of the tent. Had a very interesting meeting. At its close visited the Long Island Regiment, and circulated two hundred and fifty papers. Attended a service in the afternoon and evening. Before going to the evening meeting, the surgeon requested me to call in the hospital. I found but few there, and even these were to be removed next morning. Among them two attracted my attention. One was a man of more than average cultivation, who was in a doubting and despairing state of mind.

He had made up his mind that it was useless to allow his feelings to be known, as he had come to the conclusion that he had sinned away the day of grace. He was so positive about this being true, that at first he declined conversing with me, saying it would not only be a waste of time but an increase of guilt and condemnation.

"I begged him not to let the Devil cheat him out of the last opportunity to make his peace with God, for in my opinion his idea was but the device of Satan, and I felt sure that half an hour's conversation would convince him that I was correct. He finally consented to speak and be spoken to, and began in a short time to talk freely, and was soon brought to realize that the time had really come for him to believe and obey the truth. He was filled with gladness ; hope began to kindle into a flame in his dark mind, and he thanked me for *insisting* upon an interview with him. As we parted he shook hands with me, expressing more by his looks than mere words could have done. We shall probably never meet again, but I feel confident that the light of God's truth has shined in upon his pathway.

"May 2. After breakfasting with the colonel and chaplain of the 10th Massachusetts, we rode horseback to Brandy Station. The regiments from Warrenton having left there and come into this vicinity, I spent some time visiting the 146th New York, with which I had labored while at the Junction. Saw Captain Stewart, a noble officer. When I left he accompanied me nearly to Brandy.

"May 3. Visited the 5th Army Corps, General War-

ren's, encamped one mile north-east of Brandy. In the afternoon they moved past the Station towards Culpepper, and encamped about half way there. We also started for Culpepper and arrived there about half past four o'clock in the afternoon. Went to the headquarters of the Christian Commission in the old Episcopal Church. Mr. Williams, who was to be our captain, was very glad to see us, as we were to be his main dependence. A few moments after our arrival a gentlemanly looking officer came in and inquired for some one of the Christian Commission to go and see a young man who had just been sentenced to be shot for desertion. The execution is to take place on the 20th of this month. Three of us started at once for the jail. We were told that he would not see us, and at first he acted as though he did not intend to, but in a few moments he seemed to listen and then be affected to tears. When we left, he expressed his gratitude for our interest in his behalf.

"We were then called to tea at the church; after which we held a preaching service there for the last time. It was a solemn service to many of the delegates and soldiers, who had worshipped in the old church for quite a lengthy period.

"At half-past 12 o'clock A. M. we were called up, and at 2 A. M. we started for the Rapidan, and moved quietly on until between twelve and one o'clock; next morning we crossed the river at Ely's Ford, on the pontoon bridge. After crossing we continued our march for four hours or more, until we came to the Wilderness Tavern, a distance of twenty-five miles. Here we encamped for the night.

At daylight next morning we were called up and prepared to march, but did not go far.

“May 5. We started with the Potomac Army, and it was a sight to behold! It seemed as though all the men, and all the mules, and all the wagons in the world were here. We started in a southerly course for a mile or so, but were then halted, as firing had commenced. In a few minutes a wounded cavalryman came in. No preparation had been made, for we did not know either when or where to make it, but now the question was settled, for the battle of the Wilderness had begun.

“Soon four more wounded came in, one of them so badly hurt that his thigh was amputated.

“In a short time we started in a northeast direction for a mile or more, and there found a suitable hospital field. Here we pitched our tents, and at 9 A.M. firing could be heard in almost every direction.

“At eleven o'clock a general engagement commenced. How strange the sounds which saluted my ears for the first time!

“The ambulance train began to move, and before the sun went down acres were covered with tents and filled with the wounded.

“At nine o'clock I laid down for the night, feeling weary; but I could not rest. In thirty minutes I was with Mr. Williams at the fire we had kindled early in the day for making farina, coffee and tea. We continued at this work most of the night, he making it and I carrying it from tent to tent, and from soldier to soldier.

“May 6, Friday. At daylight the battle was renewed,

and the fighting continued until about nine o'clock, when it was suspended. At 1 P. M., however, the most terrible firing again raged for an hour or more. It was one constant roar; then, with ten thousand shouts, the volleys suddenly ceased, no decided results having been attained. In the afternoon not a cloud was to be seen, and the sun being very oppressive, I took a large iron pail, together with a basin and sponge, and went from tent to tent and washed the faces of at least seventy-five of those who were lying on the ground unable to wash themselves. Oh, how it made them smile! 'How good it does feel!' they said.

"May 7. Another eventful day. The battle commenced at early dawn and raged all day. At night the order came to strike tents and start at once. It was no small job to remove four or five thousand wounded men. Our team of four horses was ready to start at nine o'clock, but our place in the train was in the rear, and we were obliged to wait for the sick and wounded to be removed, which took until twelve o'clock.

"For three hours I stood and piloted with lantern in hand from the field into the road. At last our turn came and we started; but where to go we did not know. It was a dark, though starlight night, and a dreary march.

"Sunday, May 8. At 6 o'clock A. M. we arrived at Chancellorsville, and stopped for a short time to feed our horses and make a cup of coffee.

"Again we started, the terrible devastation of war being visible on every hand. At twelve o'clock, it being

intensely warm and dusty, we stopped again to feed our horses, and give the soldiers a rest.

“We experienced great difficulty in finding water, but finally succeeded in doing so. At 4 P. M. we drove into a vacant lot of fifty acres or more, which in a short time was covered with teams. Here we found a good spring of clear pure water, from which our horses were first supplied, and afterwards we made a little coffee for ourselves, which we drank with our lunch. This over, we commenced adjusting our load, which had become sadly deranged. While busily engaged at this work, we did not observe what was taking place around us, and failed to note that our part of the train had entirely disappeared—when, or where, we did not know. There was no time to be lost, we could not remain there; so we started in line with another part of the vast throng.

“We were soon in the woods, and they were dreary enough, too. Not one face about us that we had ever beheld before. The road, almost impassable at best, was rendered additionally vexatious by our suddenly coming to quite a stream of water. Many took off boots and pants and waded through, but I could not well do that, and hailing an officer who was passing at that moment, requested him to let me have one of his stirrups for a few minutes. He understood exactly what I wished, and, reining his horse up, slipped his foot out, leaving me to put mine in its place, which I immediately did, and, with the assistance of a vigorous spring, landed behind him on the horse's back, and both of us were soon over the watery barrier.

“We had left our captain behind, looking for our part of the train, and when we would meet again was a matter of great uncertainty ; but, as it turned out, we got along in the right direction, and about two hours later he overtook us.

“We made our way along as best we could. Oh, such travelling ! I don’t want to see it again.

“It was evident from several circumstances that our position was growing more and more critical, as the enemy was not far off, and the battle—at the furthest but a matter of the next morning—might begin at any moment.

“It was the most peculiar night of my life. The road was horrible. The night, dark enough of itself, was made more so by our travelling through the almost impenetrable forest. But to some our circumstances were still more sombre ; and at least one man, who, aside from his chronic timidity, was one of the most useful members of the company, started very hurriedly for his baggage, and was evidently, for the time, led to think of making his escape the best way he could.

“A few words were sufficient, however, to convince him that safety could alone be secured through our remaining together.

“From many who would have suffered still more, the gravity of our position was purposely concealed.

“Finally we were brought to a standstill ; we could not move either to advance or retreat. I went on ahead to learn the cause of our detention, and soon found what was the matter. Two wagons had met in a place where

there was scarcely room for one to get through, and having locked wheels, were perfectly fast.

"I had my lantern lit, and, by the help of the light it furnished, a number of men got hold of one wagon and lifted it, load and all, up the side of the bank, so that our train, which was again put in motion, got by in safety. We came soon after into an open field which was covered all over with teams, and with men lying on the ground.

"We were directed to go to the right, and went a mile in that direction into the woods, where we camped for the night, chaining our five horses, one to each wheel of the wagon and one to the tailboard, that they might not be stolen before morning.

"The two armies were not more than half a mile apart, and no one could tell what might happen before morning. We completed our arrangements for the night, and the majority having laid themselves down, I thought I would take a look around so that if we had a surprise we might know how the land laid.

"When I came back I found all the camp asleep, and, as usual, some had taken more blankets than belonged to them. This left me without covering; so I took a seat on the top of the wagon, and spent the night watching and guarding the others.

"In the morning we barely had time to discuss our scanty meal, when we were ordered to vacate the place as rapidly as possible, as the rebel army were marching toward the very spot we were occupying.

"We loaded hurriedly and went back to the opening we had left the evening before. As we came out of the

woods we could see the two lines of battle forming, and it was exceedingly doubtful whether we could pass before firing commenced. We were fortunate enough to get by, however, and began the erection of our tents before the opening shots were fired. Our location was just over the brow of a little hill somewhat sheltered from danger. The fight began and continued all day.

“May 10. This morning the battle is raging, the results, so far, being favorable to our side. Such fighting has probably been rarely witnessed. All night long the firing continued unabated, and the wounded came in by hundreds—awfully mangled, some of them—many with both legs off, others with both arms gone.

“Wednesday, May 11. To-day there was a lull, both sides being tired out. Towards night, however, the fighting commenced again with great energy. The most terrific artillery firing ever heard; so many cannon being in use at the same time that the report was one continuous roar.

“Our expectation was that we should be sent to some advanced post, but the fighting has been so terribly fierce that we are to remain. Once, during the height of the battle, when the artillery and the infantry were both brought into play, the report of the musketry, and the detonation of the cannon was mingled with peals of terrific thunder which shook the very heavens and earth, and was louder and almost as continuous as either of them. I never heard anything like it before, and never expect to again until the elements shall melt together with fervent heat, and this world shall pass away with a great noise.

" May 12. This morning the rain is falling in torrents, and the fighting is raging with fury almost unparalleled, possibly the turning point of the battle. While writing, the rebel General Johnson—a prisoner—passed by. Oh, such fighting! One incessant roar of cannon and musketry. To-night the report is we have taken 42 cannon and 7000 prisoners.

" A greater field of usefulness was never offered to any man than here upon the field. If every one in the work only knew what to do, and had the disposition to do it!

" A man going into battle knows that he is liable to be killed, and that whatever of value he has on his person will be lost forever.

" Under such circumstances the desire to send some message—perhaps of farewell—or some token to friends at home is very natural.

" Having formerly been a postmaster, I saw at once the desirability of organizing a post-office, and therefore gave notice that I would receive all letters, etc., and take them to the General's headquarters.

" When it became known that a *field post-office* had been established, where letters and valuables would be received and forwarded, they were brought by thousands. I soon found some plan must be adopted to receive and transport them speedily, and selected as the best means to such an end the idea of doing them up in bundles of fifty letters each, bound together with strong cord. It was not long before I had all I could carry, and found upon actual count that I had received *forty-five hundred* letters, which I took on my back to the General's headquarters,

“Friday, May 13, 1864. At daylight we were notified to be up and off in the shortest possible time, as the situation was in danger of being shelled. It was muddy and raining hard, but we set to work to obey the order, and all things were in readiness to start, when it was countermanded and we were told to remain where we were.

“We pitched our tents in the rain again, confidently expecting to occupy our position over night at least; but after an interval of only an hour and a half the third order came, ‘Move at once.’

“We started at twelve o’clock, but what travelling! We were three hours in going to a point one-half mile distant, and in plain sight of our place of departure. It was fortunate for me that our progress was slow, for having been attacked by a severe bowel complaint, I found it all that I could do to keep up with the train even at this rate of travel.

“The roads were in a terrible state. Mud, mud, mud, everywhere! In many places up to the hubs of the wheels, and almost to the horses’ bellies. Arrived at Salem Church in the afternoon, and stayed all night.

“Sunday, May 15. At 6 P.M. arrived at Fredericksburg. Here I was as nearly used up as I ever was in my life. I have had but little sleep, and our food—besides being none too good when we do get it—is very irregular. Working all day, and marching all night, I have gone about as far as I can go. Took the only bed in the house, too tired to eat or sleep. For the first time since being with the army, I wished myself home. We took out the load in order to go to Belle Plain for a new supply.

" Monday, May 16. Was advised to rest, and did so willingly. Slept part of the day, but was still troubled with my sickness. Took a refreshing bath in the evening, after which laid down and slept all night.

" Tuesday, May 17. At sunrise was up, feeling very much better. Waiting for orders to move. We rested most of the day, though we paid a few visits to some of the former slave families whose masters have left for parts unknown. They all seem to be for the Union and hope that Lee will soon be conquered and the war over.

" Had some washing done, but it didn't look much better for it. Got it done over again, and still it needed it as much as ever.

" Wednesday, May 18. Cool and comfortable, with the prospect of a fair day. Feeling very much jaded, visited but little in the neighborhood. Afternoon went to Belle Plain for stores. I was requested to drive a span of horses there, where a man was engaged and in waiting to take them back and continue in charge of them.

" Thursday, May 19. Started for Fredericksburg, and after a hard, tedious time reached there about 3.30 P. M.

" Had the honor of being teamster, but was glad to be relieved from driving over a road where the stumps in some places were so high that we were obliged to get something to raise the wheels up in order to get over the difficulty. At other points we were in imminent danger of getting mired. To add to the comfort of the trip was the danger of being waylaid and robbed, which was only prevented by our being protected by a guard.

"Friday, May 20. Loaded up, and had the last thing in readiness to start. As we were about to do so the Rev. Mr. McCauly came up to Captain Williams and said :

" ' You ought not take Mr. Mowry back with you. His time is almost out, and it is hardly worth while to go back for so short a period. '

" While we were discussing the matter a young man standing by said to Captain Williams, who was loath to part with me—

" ' I think I can make his place good, Captain Williams, and I should like to go with you. '

" Williams scanned him a moment from head to foot, and seeing a fine, substantial looking young man, answered :

" ' Well, if you will go I will accept you, and release Mr. Mowry. '

" I took my baggage out of the wagon, and in five minutes, in company with Bishop McIlvain of Ohio, and Mr. Stewart of Philadelphia, was off for home.

" Arrived at Belle Plain at 4 P. M., and taking boat, reached Washington at 11 P. M. Walked two miles to headquarters, carrying forty pounds of baggage, and at 12 M. laid down for the night, taking the soft side of the floor for my bed.

" Took the cars for New York the following evening, and arrived at home safe and sound, though terribly fatigued, on the morning of the 22d.

" I have the impression that my life has been shortened fully five years by my army work, but I do not regret it, and would not part with its experience for any price. "

Mr. Mowry remained in Brooklyn, actively engaged in the arduous duties of his vocation, until the early fall, when, yielding to repeated invitations, he again enlisted for a six weeks' term of service with the Christian Commission.

He left Brooklyn on the 26th of September, 1864, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Myers, *en route* for the Army of the Potomac.

Upon this occasion Mr. Mowry took charge of the Christian Commission work in the 9th Army Corps. There had been a serious misunderstanding between its officers and the medical authorities previous to Mr. Mowry's coming, but the establishment of a satisfactory basis between the parties was successfully accomplished, thanks to Mr. Mowry's patience and sound common sense, and the relations between them became cordial and friendly. About this time large sums of money were forwarded by Mr. Mowry for the soldiers, and being the custodian of other people's property became a weighty responsibility, and gave him more anxiety than any other part of his work. He writes under the date of October 6, 1864 :

"I soon found my complement of help, and work for all of us to a degree I did not dream of. For days, weeks even, I had not less than a thousand dollars in my possession, which I received from the soldiers to be expressed home for them, and for which I gave my receipt. I did not sleep any better for having in my charge so much money belonging to others." But it is somewhat remarkable that not one dollar that was sent was either lost or miscarried.

Under the date Friday, October 14, 1864, the journal has the following :

“Went to the front to see a deserter shot. I conversed with him for half an hour just before he was required to march to execution. He spoke with me freely, but did not want his name known, lest his relatives should learn his disgrace. He gave no evidence of being a Christian. Not less than ten thousand soldiers were present. They were drawn up in a hollow square. The prisoner was required to sit on his coffin, which was placed beside the open grave. Twelve soldiers were halted in front of him about two rods distant. Eleven of their guns were loaded with powder and ball, while the twelfth was loaded with a blank cartridge, thus leaving the possession of the harmless weapon a matter of doubt. The words ‘*ready—aim—FIRE!*’ rang out, followed by a single report, and the man fell over backwards on his coffin without a struggle. It was a very solemn and impressive scene.”

The experience of this second term of service was much the same as that given in the spring campaign, and we will not give it in detail, owing to lack of space. A very interesting incident, which it would scarcely do to omit, however, happened on the morning of Mr. Mowry's return home. He says :

“The last thing I did as I was about to leave the army, was to water my trusty horse.* I was obliged to

* Mr. Mowry being in command of the C. C. during this campaign, was allotted a horse for his own use.

go to a spring some little distance away, and in order to reach it was compelled to cross the ground occupied by a cavalry regiment.

"I had accomplished my mission and was returning, when I beheld an officer riding rapidly towards me, evidently with the design of speaking to me. As he drew up, he asked me if I knew him.

"I replied, not to my knowledge, and wondered what business could follow so peculiar an introduction. He continued :

" 'Don't you remember falling in with a party of officers and surgeons last spring near Warrenton Junction, and of conversing with two of them, particularly, upon the sin of profane swearing? '

" 'Oh, yes ; now I remember the circumstance very well indeed ; and you are —— '

" 'Precisely ; I am the officer you met then. I saw you as you rode on to the spring ; recognized you at once, and thought perhaps you might feel interested to learn that I have been able since that time to make my men obey without swearing at them.' "

Mr. Mowry's heart was full of praise, and he would have been glad to remain for a few moments' conversation at least ; but the time for his departure had already arrived, and he was obliged to speak a hurried "Good-by and God bless you," and take his place in the train, which but a second or two later moved away from the scenes of martial life toward the bustling industry of the North.

At the present writing Mr. Mowry has been actively

connected with the Brooklyn City Tract Society for twenty-two years and seven months. During this entire period his labors in the cause of Christ have been patient and unremitting. In rain and sunshine, in season and out of season, he has proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation among the poor and the wretched of the city.

A part of his duty has been to visit the prisoners confined in the Raymond Street Jail (City Prison), and from one to four times each week throughout these years, he has proclaimed the gospel from cell to cell in that institution, and the Judgment day of Christ will alone make manifest the results.

Going about in the spirit of the Master, his work has been abundantly blessed, and the seeds he has sown have sprung up and are blooming in many instances in the gardens of the Eternal City.

Countless homes have been made happy in the knowledge of the Lord ; weary hearts have found rest in Jesus ; and hundreds of ransomed souls are rejoicing on their homeward march, because of God's work through Havilah Mowry.

It has been the privilege of the writer to be intimately connected with him, and he speaks as one who knows whereof he affirms, and desires to acknowledge for himself the great benefit and the almost priceless information relative to the successful *personal* presentation of God's truths, which has been the result of this intimacy.

The mainspring of Mr. Mowry's success in Gospel work is found in the fact of his untiring and unremitting

Christian *patience* and *long-suffering*. I have known Mr. Mowry to follow one man for nine years, during which time he has again and again raised him from the gutter, and helped him to a fresh start and opportunity to redeem the time.

"Ye shall reap in due time if ye faint not," is a favorite quotation of his, and it has brought comfort to many a Christian worker.

In Paul's epistle to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xii.) we are told "There are diversities of operations ; for to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit, to another faith," etc., etc. The record of Mr. Mowry's life-work leaves but small room to doubt that the gift of the Spirit to him has been *the word of knowledge*, which is explained in the 1st chapter, 5th verse, as "That in everything ye are enriched by him in *all utterance* and in all knowledge." In an especial and manifestly providential manner, Mr. Mowry has always been gifted with the right word at the right time—he has been "enriched in all utterance ;" he has never been left to his own strength in the critical moment of personal Gospel presentation, but the word of knowledge has been supplied as the need arose.

The incidents which are given in this volume from his experience in Gospel work form but a very small part of his labors, and indeed many books of like size would be necessary to the narration of the innumerable interesting and graphic incidents which make up the sum total of his life as a Christian worker.

As the days pass swiftly on, many blessed assurances

are being received as to the results of efforts made in years gone by. Frequent letters from long-forgotten ones bring to him the sweet information of souls redeemed and clothed anew by the power of the lowly Nazarene.

Oh, the blessedness of the Christian's hope! The encouragement to run well the race! How sweet to look back on the record of such a life as that of Havilah Mowry's and know that in the treasure-house of God the crown is waiting to complete the Master's work. How sweet to dwell upon that wondrous day when Jesus shall utter those precious words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER I.

INDIFFERENT SINNERS.

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot."—REV. iii. 15.

MEN become so absorbed in the affairs of this world that oftentimes neither time nor inclination remains for the investigation of religious truth.

It is not the purpose of this work to analyze the cause in every case, but rather to deal with the state resulting therefrom. Therefore, in asserting that indifferent sinners form a large part of the enemies of the Lord Jesus (for Christ says "All who are not for me are against me"), we do not propose to inquire into the reasons leading up to the fact, but simply to dwell upon the best way of bringing people out of their torpid state, of awakening them from their lethargy, and pointing them to Him who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Indifference is a sin which often leaves its victims in entire ignorance of their own state. Their religious sensibilities, or to speak more truthfully, their sensibility to religion, becomes so thoroughly dead that they do not even know their hearts are mausoleums filled with impressions which were strangled or choked to death before attaining the strength of conviction.

But this is not always the case. Many times men are fully alive to the fact of their indifference to the cause of Christ. They are not in doubt upon the subject. They say in answer to the efforts of the Gospel worker, "My dear sir, you will excuse me, but I am altogether unconcerned as to my spiritual state ; in fact, I am utterly indifferent as to my soul's salvation, and have no disposition to enter into any investigation of the subject."

It will be readily seen that the method of presenting the truth ought not to be the same in both cases. A physician is called in to attend two patients, one suffering from neuralgia, the other from influenza ; they are both *sick*, but he does not prescribe the *same* remedy in each case, though in each instance he gives *medicine*. So with the two kinds of indifference, which may be classified as conscious and unconscious indifference ; they are essentially the same sin, but they require different methods of treatment in order to produce the same effect.

In the one man, the first step necessary to conversion is to make him cognizant of the fact that he is indifferent ; in the other, who already knows this fact, the first step is to awaken an interest sufficiently powerful to break through the indifference.

Two men are about to build houses upon adjoining lots. One man finds a rock formation near the surface which must first be removed before he can lay the foundation ; while the other, who meets with no such difficulty, simply puts the spade into the earth and digs down to the required depth.

Now, suppose the latter should look up from his exca-

vation at the neighbor who was driving the drill into the rock, preparing for the blast, and cry out, "Why, what under the sun have you been doing all this time? why don't you dig like I do? Here I am down four or five feet already, and you are still busy on the surface; put in your spade, man, put in your spade!" There would be just about as much sense in the man undertaking to follow the advice and shovel his rock out as there would be in trying to remove the rock of *unconscious* indifference with the same treatment that would be proper where the person was *knowingly* indifferent.

Neither is it possible to give any precise rule which shall infallibly work the same blessed results spiritually. The temperament, the natural disposition, the circumstances surrounding the case, must all be taken into careful consideration.

The Christian worker must make a diagnosis of the patient, so to speak, and prescribe in the faith of God's guidance.

No skillful physician ever attempts to prescribe for a bodily sickness until he has made a careful examination of the symptoms displayed; and if such care be necessary in a disease of the body, how much more watchful and guarded should be the investigation of him who is desirous of being instrumental in the healing of the soul.

Especially is this necessary with those possessing a limited experience in the Gospel field. Workers who, like Mr. Mowry, have been for years engaged in the personal presentation of God's truth, are often enabled, through a few leading questions, to arrive at the exact

state of their listener's spiritual standing, and know as thoroughly, in the course of a few moments' conversation the requirements of the case, the objections to be met, and the hindrances to be removed, as though they had been intimate during a lifetime.

But this insight into the workings of human character is to be attained only by a large experience in this direction, and we cannot, therefore, urge too strongly the necessity for care on the part of the Christian worker that he or she may labor in the power of the Spirit. As an illustration of the evil effects which often follow an unwise remark at the critical period of the soul's awakening, we recall the case of a young man who had become anxious, serious, and thoroughly desirous of the salvation of his own soul. He had requested the prayers of the church in his behalf at one of the evening meetings during a revival season, and had remained for religious conversation at the conclusion of the meeting proper. As he was seated in deep thought, a lady worker whose zeal in Christ's cause far outstripped her knowledge, approached him and entered into conversation.

"Dear brother, are you a Christian?" she said.

"I should like to be one," was the reply.

"Would you like it well enough to tell Christ so?"

"Yes, I have tried to tell Him already."

"Well, then, my dear brother, all you have got to do is to believe you are a Christian, and you are one."

The young man made no reply; such reasoning was evidently beyond his comprehension.

The lady, working her enthusiasm up to the point of explosion at the thought of the young man's conversion, asked in a perfect tremor of suppressed excitement :

“Are you not willing to accept Christ for your Saviour now ? ”

“I believe I am,” was the answer.

“Oh, glory to Jesus ! ” shouted the lady, so that she could be heard by all in the room ; “here is another dear soul born into the kingdom ! ”

When the young man left the meeting that night he did so for the last time. The premature announcement of what *might have been* the truth had the worker waited God's time, so filled him with indignation—knowing as he did in his own heart that he had not passed from death unto life—that he fell back into a position of perfect apathy, and lost all desire to arrive at the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

It is therefore vitally important when we seek to work *for* God, that we work *with* Him as well.

In the subjoined incident the power of the Holy Spirit in conviction and conversion is wonderfully displayed, and forms a striking illustration of the effect of a single passage of Scripture upon the stony heart of unconscious indifference when illumed by the rays of Divine Light.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Are you a Christian?" asked Mr. Mowry of a lady with whom he was brought in contact during one of his missionary visits.

"I suppose I am fully as good as many who call themselves such," was the reply.

"That may be, at the same time it does not answer my question. I do not ask you whether you are as good as Judas or Simon Megus; I ask if you are a Christian?"

Annoyed at Mowry's persistence, the lady at length admitted that she did not know whether she was or not.

"Is it a matter of so little import that you can afford to trifle with it." What prevents you being a Christian; I suppose you are willing?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I am willing, but I have yet to learn that willingness will make me a Christian. I cannot make myself a Christian, and I have done all that I can in that direction."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mowry. "If that be true no blame can be attached to you, and there being but two parties to the transaction, yourself and Almighty God, if you have done all that you can and are not to blame, why He must be!"

She was not prepared to take this position, and evidently felt it a greater responsibility than she dared assume. She dropped her eyes, seemingly wrapped in thought, and Mr. Mowry continued:

"Do you believe the Bible?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you will turn to the 17th chapter of Jeremiah, 9th verse, you will read 'For the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.' Do you acknowledge this as the truth when applied to yourself?"

"No, I do not; for I know better!" was the instantaneous response while the eye flashed defiance.

"My dear sister," cried the missionary, "*now* it is plain why you are not a Christian. God's word says your heart is desperately wicked and you do not believe God's word! He says it is deceitful above all things, you say He is mistaken. You cannot be a Christian *till you accept God's word as truth!*"

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that *you* believe I am as bad as that would make me."

"Yes, I do believe it; I believe it because I have God's word for it, and I take his statement in preference to your denial!"

"Why," she cried, "if I was as bad as you want to make out I could not live!"

"Yes, my dear madam, that is just what ails you, you are trying to live when you are dead—dead in trespasses and sin."

Like an arrow the shaft of conviction pierced her soul. Her eyes were opened, and she saw herself *in the sight of God* a miserable sinner. She fell upon her knees and implored the Almighty to have mercy upon her. Again and again the cry of her awakened conscience was, God be merciful unto me a sinner. She begged Mr. Mowry to pray for her, and so great was her alarm and anxiety

for the safety of her soul, that she did not cease besieging the throne of grace until the answer came. Arising from her knees, a look of peace overspreading her countenance, she exclaimed: "'Tis all plain now! thank God I am saved, saved, saved!"

Where but a few hours before not even the consciousness of indifference existed in her heart, all was calm and peaceful in the evidence that her sins, which were many, were all forgiven and that she was indeed a Christian.

THE PRICE OF A RIDE.

The following incident presents the other side of the sin of indifference, showing how the Holy Spirit used a seemingly trivial incident to the salvation of an immortal soul.

There is also in the fact we are about to relate, a very plain lesson for all who aspire to present the blessed truths of salvation to perishing sinners. Our Saviour says "Ye shall reap in due time, if ye faint not;" but how often the Christian worker grows weary and discouraged because the result of his earnest labor is withheld for a season.

Hold on to God's promises! *believe* that whatsoever ye ask in faith the same *is* granted unto you! Then *rest*, leaving God to choose the time as seemeth best in His sight.

The road was deep with mud, and the darkness of a raw and inclement evening in the fall of the year had

settled down upon it, as Mr. Mowry started from his home in the village of Bozrahville, to attend a prayer-meeting in Norwich, eight miles distant. It was growing late, and he was making as good speed as the state of the roads would permit, when he overtook a man travelling on foot in the same direction as himself. Being in haste, he omitted asking him to ride, and was not a little surprised, when, upon turning around to ascertain the cause of sounding footsteps, some minutes later, he beheld the same man clinging to the rear of his wagon.

The horse was at once pulled to a standstill, and the stranger invited to take a seat by his side, which he gladly accepted. After riding some distance in silence, Mr. Mowry proposed they relieve the tediousness of the journey by conversation, and asked if his passenger had any choice as to the subject to be discussed. He answered he had no particular preference, and Mr. Mowry accordingly inquired what he thought about religion.

"I don't think about it at all; and for that matter I care as little as I think," was the heedless reply.

"Well, I suppose you have known some very good people who *did* think a great deal about it?" queried Mowry, feeling his way carefully into the drift of the stranger's ideas.

"Yes, that's so; my mother is everlastingly talking and thinking and reading something about religion!"

"What has been the effect of this course of life on your mother—good or bad?"

"Oh," was the unhesitating reply, "she is as good a

woman as ever breathed the breath of life, if I do say it ! ”

“ If it has worked so well in her case, I see no reason why it should not do as much for you, and we will spend the remainder of our time while together, in finding out, if we can, why you have never felt any interest in the religion which has done so much for your mother ! ”

Thus opened a discussion which grew in interest and solemnity until they reached the journey's end. As the young man sprang out of the wagon he asked :

“ What's to pay ? ”

“ Nothing. ”

“ But the ride has been a favor, and I insist upon paying for it. ”

Mr. Mowry again refused to accept any remuneration, but the stranger only insisted with greater vehemence that he should name a price for the ride.

“ If I should you would not pay it, ” said Mowry with apparent hesitation.

“ Why not ? Try me and see ! ”

“ Will you promise not to beat me down ? ”

“ I will pay what you ask, certainly. ”

“ Then, since you insist upon paying for your ride, and have given me your word you will not ask me to take less than my price, I will name it. It is that you should accept the advice I have given you during our journey, and act upon it ! ”

They separated, neither knowing the other's name, nor having seen each other's features in the darkness with sufficient distinctness to be able to recognize each other

in daylight. For two years Mr. Mowry heard nothing of his passenger, and the incident almost escaped his memory. At the end of that time a stranger came to Bozrahville and hired out as a machinist. Mr. Mowry, who at this time was keeping the store at the village, noticed the man, observed his habits, but had no opportunity to speak with him upon the subject of religion. At length a revival broke out in the village, and one of the converts approached the stranger on the subject. The man declared that he had thought very little about religion, until one night, about two years before, he got a ride to Norwich with a gentleman who conversed with him on the subject in a way he had never forgotten.

This fact coming to Mowry's ear, he recognized in the stranger his companion of the ride, and determined to visit him and demand the payment of the price agreed upon. He did so, and the following conversation ensued :

"I believe I have a small account against you, Mr. —, and I have called for settlement."

"Account ! I guess not ; I have always paid cash for everything I got at your store, and am positive I don't owe you a cent."

"Do you remember riding one stormy night with a stranger as far as Norwich about two years ago ?"

"Yes, I do. Are you the man ?" he exclaimed.

"I am, and I am here to collect, if possible, the price of that ride," answered Mowry.

He acknowledged the obligation, but was not ready to discharge it according to the agreement ; and though Mr.

Mowry repeatedly visited him, and urged the claims of Christ, he passed through the revival unconverted, and finally left Bozrahville to seek employment elsewhere.

Again nothing was heard of him for two years ; but the seed sown had sprouted and was working its way slowly towards the surface. One day the mail brought Mr. Mowry the following letter :

“ MY DEAR SIR :—

“ That old account of four years standing is now, by the grace of God, settled in the manner you requested, and this is to ask of you a receipt in full. That evening’s ride and conversation have followed me in remembrance ever since, and to them, under God, I owe the conversion of my soul.

Yours respectfully,

_____”

Thus, *in God’s time*, the sinner who began by acknowledging his indifference to Christ, was brought to the Saviour. He was a consistent Christian up to the time of his death, some fifteen years afterward.

CHAPTER II.

ELECTION ; OR, GOD'S CHOICE.

"I know whom I have chosen."—JOHN xiii. 18.

"YE have not chosen me," said the Saviour to his disciples, "but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

Christian workers often say, in their anxiety to help a soul into the kingdom, that which is not in accordance with Christ's teachings.

For instance, how common it is to hear in the inquiry-room the assurance, "You may leave this room a Christian *if you want to* ;" or, how frequently the leader of a prayer-meeting will say, in giving the invitation to sinners to come to Christ, "You may have salvation *now if you will*." Neither of these statements are true as they stand, and, with kindred assertions, they have done more harm—none the less fatal that they were unintentionally so—than any mistake ever made from a good motive.

A few words will serve to make the truth of this matter plain.

If sinners could be born into the kingdom of God through the simple exercise of their own choice, Hell

would never receive another accession to the number of its sin-tormented souls. Indeed, we might then embrace Universalism without fear, for surely in the death moment, if at no earlier period, the soul would make its choice to dwell in Heaven.

But it is Bible doctrine that we are saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by faith alone! The only question left to decide then, is, *Whence is this faith?* Is it controlled by us, or is the exercise of it in any way discretionary with us? The Bible says, No. It teaches that faith is the *gift* of God.

Paul says to the Ephesians (chap. ii, v. 8), "For by grace are ye saved through faith; *and that not of yourselves*: it is the gift of God."

Now, the thing given is never controlled by us in any sense until it has passed into our possession. It first becomes a gift when we have received it at the hands of the giver. Therefore faith, being the gift of God, becomes such only when it has been bestowed upon us; or, in other words, faith is not a gift *until it has been given and received*.

It must therefore be plain that the following deductions are inevitable:

First. We can have no control of faith—in the sense of grasping it or appropriating its efficacious properties—*until God sees fit to give it us.*

Second. The giving, or the withholding, being entirely at the discretion of Almighty God (who of his own will and pleasure moldeth one vessel to honor and another to dishonor), it is *therefore* in no sense true that we can at

our own option will ourselves either into conviction or regeneration.

Third. It therefore follows as a natural sequence, that whosoever passeth from death to life, does so because of the election or choice of Almighty God, who alone gives the power so to do !

“Ah,” you are perhaps exclaiming, “does not this make salvation a matter of Divine Sovereignty *in toto*, leaving man, as a free moral agent, no part to play ? ”

Not at all ; the doctrine of election, on the contrary, recognizes to the full man's part in the divine scheme of salvation. Let us again take the declaration of the Bible, “Faith is the gift of God.” Now a gift, in order to become such, *must be received*. If I offer you a thousand dollars, it is optional with you to refuse or accept it.

If you refuse it, it is but a proffer on my part ; if you accept it *and receive it at my hands*, then it becomes a gift and only then. Until you have done your part in receiving it, the transaction is incomplete, and the *offer to give*, has not passed into *a thing given*.

Therefore the free moral agency of man plays a very important, though secondary part, in God's plan of redemption, and the Almighty very properly holds men responsible for their souls' eternal well-being, having first provided the way of attaining Eternal Life.

I should not dare to say to any human soul, “You may be saved now if you are but willing,” for it would not be the truth as God has revealed it in his Word, but I would say unhesitatingly to any anxious seeker, “If you are being drawn to Christ by the power of God, and are

willing and do now accept the Saviour as yours, through the mercy of God, you are treading upon holy ground, and have passed from death unto Life." Would my assertion be true and in accordance with the Bible? Yes. It says, "He that hath the Son *hath* Eternal life." Now if God, by the Holy Spirit, should offer his Son to you as a free gift, and you should accept him as such, the transaction being complete, Christ would become yours by the *reception* of the gift, and you would therefore, at the moment of your acceptance of him, pass from death unto life.

Mr. Mowry had been presenting the subject in a somewhat similar train of thought to a lady who had strongly combatted it, and was finally met with the declaration :

"Well, I suppose I do not understand it as you do, but I believe nevertheless in 'free agency.'"

"If you will but act upon your belief I shall have less fault to find with you," replied Mowry.

"But I have no disposition to act upon it."

"Oh, you will have, by and by, won't you? You are growing better as you grow older, are you not?"

"No; I am not growing better, by any means."

"You expect to, however, some time in the future?"

"I do not know that I do."

"Then what better are you for being a free agent if you never exert the power you claim to possess?"

"Perhaps I am no better for it."

"Now, suppose at this point God should influence you to do what you ought to have done, but did not—and

what is more, never expect to do—would you find fault if it was accomplished through the grace of election? ”

“No, I do not think I should,” was the reply given more thoughtfully.

“Well, that is about what is meant by the doctrine of election, and I commend it to your prayerful consideration!”

They parted to meet again after the lapse of a quarter of a century, and almost the first words spoken by the lady, conveyed the information that she had found the truth of the old conversation through a blessed experience at the hands of Almighty God, who had given her the desire for salvation, and had granted its fulfillment.

An incident which forcibly illustrates the exercise of God’s elective power, is found in the sketch that follows:



ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND ANOTHER LEFT.

One evening Mr. Mowry called upon a family largely composed of females who were employed as weavers in a cotton factory. As he entered the room one of them hurriedly arose and precipitately darted by him and up the stairs. Evidently she well knew his object in coming, and the mission being unwelcome to her, she chose to absent herself. The missionary had determined to make the visit one of personal conversation with each one present, but altered his plan, fearing that others might follow the example already set, and thus frustrate his labor.

Taking therefore the loom as an illustration, he began to explain and expound the scriptures, using the web as typical of the length of life ; the shuttle, darting to and fro, as the days and weeks and months ; the “cuts” as years, and the end of the web as the terminus of life.

All listened with wrapt attention, and before the remarks were hardly begun, the young lady who had absented herself so unceremoniously, slowly descended the stairs, and, seated upon the bottom step, was an unobserved auditor of all that was said. Her action, however, was not the result of any desire to be benefited, but simply the gratification of common curiosity, and when the interview was over she retired from her position without any one knowing that she had been there.

The following morning she tripped to her work in the factory as gaily as usual. No thought of aught Mr. Mowry had said the evening previous had claimed a moment of her time or attention since ; it had apparently—to use a suggestive phrase—passed in at one ear and out by the other. At length she reached the factory noisy with its thousands of spindles, and was soon prepared for her work before the loom. She adjusted the belt on the pulley, and the loom started, but with the first movement of the shuttle the thought, with the velocity of an electric flash, rushed through her,

“You are weaving out your own life ; the end of the web is coming, and after that—what ?”

So powerful was the impression that with one impetuous movement she threw the belt off and stopped the loom.

Then the thought presented itself, "What! will you allow yourself to be influenced by such nonsense!"

Again the belt was adjusted and the loom started, and the shuttle flew in and out the web. "You are weaving out your own life! Beware of the end of the web!" cried the voice of the inward monitor.

What could it be! Surely some spell had seized upon her; never in all her life had she known such twinges of conscience; apparently her emotions were becoming stronger than her will; but should it be so? No, she would not be moved by mere phantasy! Her life had thus far proved happy enough, and she had no desire for any change. All her experiences were pleasant; nothing had arisen to dampen the ardor of youth or blight her prospects in any way, and she was content as she was; and would live on in the same contented vein!

Again the loom resumed its steady motion, and once more the shuttle glided upon its gospel mission. Yes, for the third time came the message, "You are weaving out your own life—but a few more 'cuts' and the end is at hand!" Pale as death itself she stopped the machinery for the last time, and fled from the spot.

Conviction settled deep upon her soul. She stood before Almighty God and in her own sight, a miserable, unredeemed sinner. Oh mercy, mercy, mercy, was her cry! She was no longer unrelenting; she felt so keenly her position in the sight of God, that every thought save to find acceptance with the Father forsook her. And He who has said "They that seek me shall find me," "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," was

true to His promise, and this poor soul was peaceful in a sense—a realizing sense—of sin forgiven.

The other young ladies who made no objection to the missionary's visit were not called at this time.

UNDER CONVICTION.

The doctrine of election sets forth God's work in conviction, as well as in regeneration, and holds that no soul of its own freewill ever sought forgiveness of its sins at the hands of Almighty God. "They shall be led in a way they know not of," says the Word. Armenianism on the contrary translates this truth to mean "They shall lead themselves in a way they know not of."

Christ spoke of the blind leading the blind, and the illustration certainly would not be misapplied to a soul dead in trespasses and sins, guiding itself in a way it never knew! The subjoined incident treats of the drawings of the Father.

Several visits had been paid to a man whose reputation as an infidel was well established and upon whom the efforts of gospel workers had no effect. Finally he removed from the neighborhood, and for two years Mr. Mowry lost sight of him.

One day, however, he noticed a new sign bearing the man's name upon a shop lately opened, and accordingly went into the store to enquire if it belonged to his former acquaintance.

It did indeed ; and he proved not only glad to see the missionary, but was desirous of making it apparent.

"Do you know," he began, "this is the first time since our acquaintance that I have ever been really pleased to see you?"

"Indeed! And why are you glad to see me now?"

"Well, I will tell you. I am perfectly wretched, and think perhaps you may help me. My trouble is a mystery to me; I do not know how to explain it. I have no peace either by day or night, either at home or abroad. I have kind friends by the score, and yet I feel friendless. I have property, probably all I shall need to render me comfortable until the day of my death, and yet I feel distressedly poor. What to do I can not tell; one thing, however, is certain; I can't stand this state of torment much longer."

"How long have you been feeling this way?"

"It began about last spring, and has been increasing ever since."

"What has been the drift of your thoughts, generally speaking?"

"Bible truths; a future state; and kindred subjects, such as we used to discuss in our old interviews."

"Do you love to think about them?"

"No, I do not."

"Why, then, do you do it?"

"Well, I think perhaps it is because I am afraid that what I have disbelieved so many years is true after all. And then again I seem to dwell upon this subject because I can't help myself in the matter. I *must* think whether I will or no."

“ Have your thoughts led you to pray to God ? ”

“ Yes ; I have prayed more during the four weeks just passed than in all my life before, and yet the more I pray the worse I feel ! ”

“ You have then been using prayer as a sort of remedy for your feelings, much the same as a person afflicted with cramps in the stomach would take hot-drops or some counter-irritant ; they take the medicine not because they like it, but for what they expect it to do for them. Now, God don't hear such prayers as that, and you may just as well stop that method of seeking relief first as last. You must not think I am underrating the efficacy of prayer to cure your malady ; but it must be prayer of a different nature—spiritual prayer ! To be effectual it must be in faith—not necessarily a great faith. Christ says, faith small as a grain of mustard seed is availing. Now how is this true ? *Asking for what you want* will never give you peace. It is the *answer* to your prayers which brings the boon of rest ; now, where does this faith come in of which we have been talking ? Just *at the time of asking*—to *believe* that God grants the petition, and grants it immediately, although He may choose His own time and way of fulfilling it, and of making the answer apparent. God has been calling you. Christ said : ‘ No man cometh unto me except the Father, who sent me, draw him ; ’ now, these heartaches, this restlessness, this torment, this thinking perforce about heavenly things, are the drawings of the Father, and if you will but wait patiently God's answer to a fervent prayer, you may receive peace and joy in believing.”

"I have myself thought, perhaps the aching void I have felt was to make me realize the necessity of something better than the things of this world. I have tried to be satisfied without Christ, and without salvation. I did not expect, or wish, or believe, that I should ever feel as I do now, but I begin to be glad that I have been led to see my condition, for now there seems the possibility of light ahead!"

And there was light ahead! He pressed on in a different spirit. Praying no longer in the tone which had characterized his former petitions, he asked for mercy, crying, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief." And the answer was not long delayed. He entered the kingdom rejoicing, and has been and is not only a useful but eminently pious member of the community.

THE DIVINITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

The opponents of the doctrine of election do not recognize the total depravity of human nature. In one form and another they assert that there remains in the soul, however small it may be, some trace of the divine origin of man.

The following incident bears upon this theory.

Passing along the streets of Brooklyn one pleasant day, Mr. Mowry noticed two gentlemen apparently engaged in earnest conversation. Upon closer inspection,

he discovered that one was a clergyman of his acquaintance, who immediately extended his hand in cordial greeting, and drawing Mowry forward, gave him an introduction to the gentleman with whom he had been conversing, saying :

“ Now, Mr. ——, won't you repeat to Mr. Mowry the remark you have just made to me ! ”

“ Certainly, why not ? ” was the reply ; “ I said,” turning toward Mowry, “ that I believed human nature to be of God, and therefore divine ; consequently that I did not believe any man to be so false to the divine principle in him, as to advocate and defend that which he did not believe in relation to religious truth. Of course a man might advocate error through ignorance—any one is liable to be mistaken both in fact and judgment—but I submit that the divine principle of God in man, will not admit of his knowingly advocating error ! ”

“ Do you regard that argument as conclusive, sir ? ” inquired Mowry.

“ Yes, sir ; I hold it to be unanswerably so.”

“ Well, sir, you have already admitted that all of us are liable to be mistaken, both as to facts and judgment, and you may perhaps be so in this case, despite your confidence. In reply to your assertion, I will ask you two questions, which will probably settle the matter to our mutual satisfaction. *First*. Did you ever know a man to *do* wrong knowingly—to commit a dishonest act knowing it to be such ? ”

“ Why, certainly, that's a matter of every day experience.”

“Well, *Secondly*, Which indicates the greatest falsity to the divine principle of God in man, to *do* wrong knowingly, or to *advocate* wrong knowingly?”

He was completely silenced; and it is to be hoped departed on his way a wiser as well as a better man.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

“No man can come to me except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him.”—JOHN vi. 44.

An incident beautifully illustrating the above passage of Scripture occurred in the case of a relative of Mr. Mowry's, living in Connecticut.

She was a young lady of strong mental attainments and affectionate temperament. For some time, being morally convinced of the reality of religion, she had been anxiously trying to work herself into acceptance with God, but with no result beyond the desire already noted. She thought, as many others have done in a similar frame of mind, if she could but witness a season of revival of God's saving grace, she would be carried along on the flood-tide of acceptance and joy, and pass into the haven of Rest.

The revival came, and all around her, friends and acquaintances were convicted of sin, and righteousness, and judgment to come, while she remained obdurate and passive.

Then the thought occurred to her, " If my two cousins could be converted, and faithfully labor with me, I should certainly be able to yield myself to Jesus."

In God's Providence the conversion of her cousins was soon an accomplished fact, and both found joy in believing, and became—one more especially—instrumental of great good in the hands of the Lord. But apparently the more earnestly they pleaded with her, the harder grew her heart ; and she began to be discouraged and disheartened at the small prospect of reconciliation with God.

Finally, the Devil suggested to her mind, " If you could but witness some terrible dealing of Almighty God in your very presence, similar to the striking down of Ananias and Sapphira, it would be such a powerful warning, you would surely be able to succumb."

One day, when she was left alone in the house during the temporary absence of her family, a stranger presented himself at the door and asked for a cup of cold water.

She invited him to enter while she procured a glass. He did so, and she drew the water and gave it to him. He drank it, turned deadly pale, and with no word of warning, no parting message, sank into a chair, and before she could summon help, expired in dreadful agony before her eyes. Her wish was granted. She was alone with a terrible visitation of Almighty God's destroying power.

But, as in each former instance, the very foundation-stones of her father's house were no less unmoved than was her obdurate enmity to God.

First she had sought the help of a revival of religion to convert her soul ; next, she had invoked the aid of her intimate friends and relatives ; and lastly, she had enlisted even the Destroying Angel in the work, but all to no purpose. God alone can convict and regenerate the soul ; but she did not ask His help and therefore did not receive it.

She believed now that nothing could subdue her impenitency, and gave up all hope of obtaining salvation.

But, having stripped her of all hope in the means of safety which she herself had planned, God deigned to point her to the Blessed Redeemer, whose precious blood alone is an acceptable sin-offering in the sight of heaven.

She was providentially led to visit Mr. Mowry's house in the midst of a season of revival, and though at first unwilling, was subsequently induced to attend a meeting held upon the evening of her arrival. Upon returning it was observed she did not enter the family-room with the rest ; nothing was thought of this however, until some little time after, when Mr. Mowry had occasion to enter the front room, which he supposed was empty, and found his guest on her knees in prayer to God. She was too deeply absorbed to notice the intrusion, and he retired unobserved. Subsequently his wife entered the room only to find her still kneeling, unconscious of everything but the contending emotions of her own soul. Not long afterward, in a state of excitement, full of remorse and alarm, she entered of her own accord, the room where the family were sitting.

It was an instance of fearful conviction ; the con-

science, long slighted and trampled upon, was revenging itself unsparingly upon the defenceless sinner.

Her moans and cries for mercy were truly piteous ; but at length the voice of Jesus, full of tenderness and compassion, whispered to her soul words of peace, forgiveness and love ; melting the last vestige of insubordination forever.

She at once entered upon the obligations of an active Christian life, "redeeming the time," and giving God the glory, and became a light set upon a hill, reflecting on every side the rays of His goodness toward the children of men.

How many, like this lady, have sought help from every source but the right one ? How many have been striving to pattern after the experience of friends or pastor, wishing to be as they, instead of seeking to be like Christ ? Solemnly come the words of the law, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me ;" and again, "It is not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

CHAPTER III.

UNIVERSALISM.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."—
COL. ii. 8.

A COUNTERFEIT coin, so finely executed that but one point of difference exists between it and the genuine, is a very dangerous and treacherous production. The more closely it resembles the true piece, the greater its chance of deceiving innocent persons who handle and pass it with no suspicion of its spurious character. Let us suppose, if you will, a poor woman whose entire possession is a bright new silver dollar. She needs a few articles of food to sustain life, and expends the coin in providing for her necessities. Having purchased the articles, she satisfies her hunger and carefully puts the remainder away. Hardly has she completed her meal, when a knock is given at the door, and the tradesman enters, saying: "Madam, here is the coin you gave me, it is a very clever counterfeit and you must give me a good one in its place." "But," exclaims the poor woman in great trepidation, "I have not another cent in the world, it was all I had." "I am very sorry for you, madam, but I cannot help that; you have received goods

at my hands for which I must have an equivalent, and you must give me good money or you will be obliged to suffer the consequences." What a strait that poor woman would be in. "If some one had only warned me beforehand," she thinks as she weeps bitterly, "I should never have attempted to pass that coin, for I would not have taken it myself! But I have been basely deceived. The person who gave it me, knew that I was poor, knew that it was all I had to depend on! Alas! What shall I do!"

Reader, there is no counterfeit in the world so dangerous as the theory of Universalism. There are many living to-day, who have received its doctrines as the genuine teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ; but ah! when payment is demanded of them at the day of settlement, they will cry, like the poor woman, "I have been basely deceived, what shall I do?"

Predicating their doctrine on the Bible, they weave a fictitious character around the Almighty; destroy the office-work of the Son of God, and make the Atonement a matter of convenience rather than of necessity in the work of salvation.

Ostensibly teaching holy living, Universalism tends to produce the exact opposite in practice. If all men are to attain the same eternal abiding place, what an inducement is held out for the gratification of every fleshly lust!

"It is a very comfortable belief," said one notorious wordling who was advocating its tenets. Yes, he was right, as far as its bestowing the widest margin to sin is

concerned, for while pretending to uphold the nobility and sanctity of God's work in regeneration, in reality it nullifies it. Instead of making the consequences of sin to the sinner as terrible as God has portrayed them, Universalism takes the opposite course, and tells men "you may disregard God's laws, but you will be saved through his mercy and love." The leading Universalist divine of this country once told his congregation, "My hearers, the mystery of the Atonement is such that were a murderer to die with his hand dripping with his brother's blood he would go to heaven there to dwell forever with the Lord Jesus Christ!"

Now such a doctrine as this may be a very "comfortable" belief *for the murderer*, but would it prove equally comforting to his victim?

Does such an outrageous misrepresentation of God's truth uphold the purity of the Divine character?

What becomes of justice as an element of character in the Godhead?

Can purity exist where justice is entirely disregarded?

Is mercy possible save as justice plays the midwife and brings it into existence?

We leave these questions to the consideration of those persons who have blindly followed the teachings of this false denomination, trusting the Almighty to convict such of the error of their conception regarding the character and the divine attributes of Jehovah.

We have said that Universalism was a clever counterfeit, differing in one essential point only from orthodoxy.

The subjoined Articles of Belief, adopted by the General Convention of Universalists in the United States, in the year 1803, have never been altered, so far as we know, being perfectly satisfactory to the denomination. They read as follows :

“ART. I.—We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

“ART. II.—We believe that there is one God whose nature is love ; revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of grace ; who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

“ART. III.—We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected ; and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works ; for these things are good and profitable unto men.”

Without entering into a critical and exhaustive examination of these three pillars in the Universalist's confession of faith, we propose to glance for a moment or more, at a few points of interest.

The first Article might be incorporated intact in the creed of every evangelical church, being a simple declaration of belief that the Scriptures are from and of God, “profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.”

That the Scriptures also reveal the truth respecting the final destination of man cannot be gain-sayed, in confirmation whereof it is but necessary to quote the sixteenth

verse of the final chapter of Mark's gospel ; where Christ himself says : " He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

There is perhaps no passage in the New Testament which more concisely sets forth the intents and purposes of God relative to the final disposition of the creatures He has made. It is conclusive, comprehensive, and forms an indisputable statement from the very lips of the Divine One, as to His immutable purposes in the reward of the righteous, and the punishment of the wicked.

We, of the othodoxy, also cry Amen to Article II, up to the commencement of the last clause of said Article ! This clause tell us that God " will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness."

There never was a theory more at variance with the revealed word of God.

False in doctrine, it is also false in principle and effect,—a curse to the unwary and a snare to the ignorant !

Seen in the light of Universalism, the passage we have quoted above would be interpreted thus : " He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but *he that believeth not shall be saved likewise !*"

" Ah, yes," cries the Universalist, " that is all very fine, but we do not claim the wicked go unpunished for their sins, we only say the punishment will not be eternal !"

" *We*" claim, "*we*" think ; it is "*our*" opinion ; "*we*" believe ! say the Universalists. Exactly, but of what use are *your* claims, thoughts, opinions or beliefs ! The wel-

fare of the world does not depend upon them. Mankind needs GOD's claims, thoughts, opinions, and ideas upon this subject.

What though *you* claim universal salvation. *God says* of unsaved souls, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment ; but the righteous into life eternal."

"But," say the Universalists, "everlasting punishment does not mean eternal punishment. The word is used in the sense of everlasting as applied to God's created works, such as the 'everlasting hills,' for instance. Now you will not pretend to say that the hills are to be eternal, when the Bible expressly declares they are to be destroyed by fire?"

We can better refute this idea by giving an interview on this subject between Mr. Mowry and a prominent Universalist minister of the City of Brooklyn.

The missionary, who was personally unacquainted with the divine, called upon him at his residence, and upon being ushered into his presence, said :

"I desire, sir, to see and converse with some one who is familiar with the New Testament in the original tongue, and for that purpose have called upon you."

"Though I claim no particular proficiency in the Greek tongue, still my knowledge is doubtless sufficient to answer whatever question you may ask concerning it," was the reply.

"Well, sir, the point I desire to submit to you is this. In the forty-sixth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's gospel, occur these words, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment ; but the righteous

into life eternal." Now I desire to know what the difference is in the original tongue between the words here translated as "everlasting" and "eternal"?

"There is no difference, sir," exclaimed the minister, referring to his Greek Testament. You can plainly see, the characters forming the two words are exactly the same,—in fact, the words are entirely identical."

"If that be so, and, as you say, the fact is plain even to one not versed in the original, will you tell me why the translators made any difference in them. Why were they not rendered alike in the English version?"

"I do not know, unless it might have been to avoid tautology."

"You admit, then, that there was no *special design* governing the translators?"

"Why certainly, there could have been none; it would have been too palpable!"

"Then allow me to say, if the words had happened to be reversed in the translation, and everlasting had been put where eternal is, and *vice versa*, it would have meant, according to your Universalist theory, that hell was to be eternal, forever, and heaven everlasting, or for a limited period!"

The minister, completely taken off his guard, was unable to answer for a few moments, but in some degree recovering himself, he said, with ill-disguised annoyance at the turn the conversation had taken:

"If you will go over to Dr. —, of New York, I think he will be able to straighten that point for you."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Mowry;

“he would be obliged to admit just what you have—for it is the truth—and when he admitted it, he would have overturned the whole theory of Universalism as you have done!” and bidding the discomfited pastor good-day he took his leave.

A short glance at the third Article of Faith, and we shall pass on to a few incidents practically illustrating some of the workings of Universalism.

As in both the other Articles, there is a proportion of truth large enough to give coloring to the claim that their belief is founded on the Word of God.

They say holiness and happiness are inseparable. No truth was ever more purely stated, and no orthodox believer will hesitate to accept it as such, but then follows the moral theory of their belief, viz, that men ought to do what is right, because it is good and profitable for them to do so.

Now, such teaching is just as contrary to God’s word as it could well be. No man ever has or ever will—according to the revealed word—attain heaven on any such basis. Works never brought a soul into God’s favor, under any other condition than as the offspring of faith.

Universalism teaches, be correct and moral, do good works because it is profitable for you to do so.

The Bible teaches, be correct and moral, do good works because faith in Christ has given you the desire to do that which is pleasing to him, with no thought of self.

The two classes are portrayed by Christ himself—the one saying, “Lord, when saw we thee a-hungred or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and

did not minister unto thee ;” and the other crying, “ Lord, when saw we thee a-hungred, and fed thee, or thirsty, and gave thee drink, etc.”

The first class being wrapt up in themselves, working for themselves, practising good works because it is “good and profitable” for men to do so, never see Christ in their fellow creatures. While the other class, being filled with the Spirit of Jesus, who “went about doing good,” not from personal considerations, but that God might be glorified, shall find in the day when He comes with His angels in glory that “inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.”

But what could be more appropriate than this third Article of the Universalist creed to characterize the doctrine of which it is part and parcel ?

Why, indeed, should men live for any higher motive than self-interest presents, if there is to be no discrimination between the righteous and wicked in the world to come ?

It is not to be expected of a system which robs God of the attribute of justice, that it should incorporate even the remotest suggestion of it either in theory or practice, and we leave the reader to pursue the subject in the light of the subjoined illustrations.

UNIVERSALISTIC FUNGÆ.—I.

MAN HONORED MORE THAN GOD IS
FEARED.

“ But I don’t believe in future punishment ! ”

“ I presume from the evidence of your daily walk and conversation that you speak the truth ! Non-belief in God’s word has about the same effect upon you as upon others, I presume, and if you please I will apply a test or two to prove my assertion ! ”

The man reluctantly consented.

“ Why do you make use of profane language ? ”

“ I suppose *you* will say it is because of my belief or that it is a habit. My belief certainly can have no connection with it ; and to prove that it has not grown to be a habit, I need only say that I have never used a profane word in the presence of my mother in my life ! ”

“ I am glad you have acknowledged it is not a habit, for you have not even that mean excuse to urge in palliation. The truth is, you love and respect your mother more than you do God. You would not insult her by uttering a profane word in her hearing, while not a day goes over your head but you blaspheme the name of your Maker countless times in the presence of Almighty God ! You would not wound the ear of your earthly parent, but what matters it that you stab the heart of a heavenly Father ! Yes, young man, the Bible says truthfully, ‘ By their fruits ye shall know them ; ’ and a doctrine which seeks to rob God of the attribute of justice, may well

produce the result you have conceded ! Surely a God who could have so little regard for his own honor as to comprehend in his scheme of salvation those who openly disregard his commands and wilfully blaspheme his name is worthy of no respect, and you are conscientiously living up to the doctrine you profess."

UNIVERSALISTIC FUNGÆ.—II.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

A young lady who was residing in another part of the country, came to Bozrahville upon a visit. She was gifted with capabilities of no mean order, and was not only a spirited conversationalist, but likewise a tolerably sound reasoner.

She professed to believe in Universalism, and was not backward, whenever occasion offered, to sustain by argument the views she advocated.

Mr. Mowry was brought in contact with her, and held several interviews upon the subject, seemingly to little purpose.

At length the day of her departure for home arrived, and the missionary resolved to make one more effort. He felt that the Holy Spirit alone could accomplish the desired effect, and therefore he invoked Divine aid in speaking through him.

The meeting which took place was a hurried one, giving no time for the elaboration of any argument, and it almost looked as though she was not to be touched ;

but as she turned to go towards the stage-coach which was waiting, she said :

“I can only say, our entire conversation has not produced the slightest change in my opinion ! Why, I have no more doubt about Christ getting all His sheep into His fold, than of my own existence or of the sun’s rising to-morrow ! ”

“Very true, Mary ; I have as little doubt on that point as you have. All the sheep will undoubtedly be gathered into the sheepfold, but, Mary, *how about the goats ?* ”

She looked him squarely in the face for a moment, and turning, without a word of reply, ran like a deer from the spot. The arrow had struck home.

A LION TAMED.

During Mr. Mowry’s connection with the Factory at Bozrahville, a stranger made his appearance in the village, and upon application was engaged by the company as a wood-worker, and was requested to sign the rules which every employé was obliged to endorse by a written signification of compliance. One of these rules related to total abstinence.

The stranger was not a temperance man at heart or in practice, but he desired work, and therefore signed the articles binding himself to adhere to the pledge he was forced to take.

The first day’s restraint found vent at the noon

intermission, when, gathering a crowd around him, he denounced in terms of bitter sarcasm the company's method of governing its employés. "'Tis the old blue law times revived," he cried.

It was not in Mowry's nature to witness the enemy sowing tares in a field already dear to him, without striving in some way to nullify the action. Accordingly he asked the man how he proposed to remedy the matter.

"Why," was the reply, "I propose to apply Universalism."

Before Mowry could speak again the factory bell was rung, and all were obliged to return to their respective posts.

They soon met again, however, and the stranger was asked if, in his opinion, Universalism was taught in the Bible.

"Of course it is ; where else do you suppose it came from ?"

"I have my opinion in regard to its origin, but will you select the chapter which you conceive teaches it plainer than any other the Bible contains and we will examine it together, agreeing to go no further than we harmonize as to its meaning?"

"Yes, I am agreeable, and if you never believed it before, perhaps you may after we get through with that chapter."

"We shall see," replied Mowry, tersely.

The meeting was appointed and had. The chapter was selected, and proved to be the second of Paul's first epistle to Timothy.

"Now I should just like you to take the fourth verse of that chapter, and if that don't teach Universalism, then I'm no judge, that's all!" cried A——, in a manner which bespoke an easy victory.

"The fourth verse," replied Mowry, "reads, 'Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' I should like to ask you a question or two before we go any further. Who wrote this Epistle?"

"Why Paul, of course; every one knows that."

"Well, to whom did he write it, to a man who honored God and kept his commandments through faith in Christ, or to an unbelieving sinner?"

"Timothy was a Christian, to be sure; but what of that?"

"Everything! I may promise to give my neighbor ten thousand dollars if I choose; but that promise does not benefit you, nor are you included in it. It is made to him, and you would not dream of usurping it. If then you would not dare to do it in a mere affair of personal right, involving a temporal matter, why should you attempt to appropriate a divine privilege where the gift is Eternal Life?"

That's all very well, but God says in that verse, he will have *all* men to be saved; now, don't you believe he's able to perform what he promises?"

"Decidedly I believe it! But He has not left an *unconditional* promise in the whole Bible. He does will all persons to be saved, and if they comply with his conditions they will be saved, but only when they have fulfilled

their part of the contract. If you look in the eighth verse you will see that 'He will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.' Now, why don't you say because God wills it that every man in the world ought to pray everywhere, and as such is not the fact, God's ability to accomplish what he wills is not to be believed in?"

"Oh, that's a different thing altogether. Of course nobody expects sinners who don't believe in God to go about praying and exhorting! That would be ridiculously inconsistent!"

"Would it indeed! But it would not be at all inconsistent in God to give these very sinners the salvation they did not want, would not believe in, and spurned with contempt! Such a course, I suppose you imagine, would be perfectly in harmony with divine wisdom!"

A—— seemed for a moment completely overcome, and before he had the chance to reply, Mowry continued:

"Besides you forget that God, who promises salvation,—and whose ability to keep his word you claim to be so trustful in,—this same God also promises eternal punishment and damnation to those who neglect his salvation."

"Well, I'll admit that the doctrine of Universalism is not proved as fully in this chapter and verse as I had supposed, but then, it is in the Bible, and I know it."

"Mr. A——, I have heard men of your stamp talk just that way before. You say you *know* it is in the Bible, but the truth is you know it is *not* in the Bible;

neither can you produce the first verse or passage substantiating the assertion you have made."

No further selection was suggested, and the interview terminated. They continued, however, to discuss the subject from day to day as they met, and finally agreed to have a formal investigation, in which each should be at liberty to say whatever he honestly thought in connection with any form the discussion might take.

The first topic selected was prayer.

"Now I believe in prayer myself, and pray as much and as often as you or any one else," said A——.

"If *desire* is prayer, whether addressed to God or some one else, your assertion may possibly be true ; but that you are in the habit of praying to Almighty God, I do not believe, and what is more, I doubt whether you *ever* uttered such a prayer in your life," replied Mowry.

"If you think I am a liar," retorted the other fiercely, "what's the use of our talking? "

"Didn't we agree to express our honest opinion upon anything that should be said? "

"Yes, we did ; but that's no excuse for giving me the lie."

"I have simply done as we agreed beforehand. I have merely given my opinion of what you affirmed. I hope I am mistaken ; but you know whether I am or not."

Mr. Mowry had providentially "hit the nail upon the head," as the saying is, and when they parted, A—— went directly to a spot where he could be undisturbed, and resolved to make at least one prayer, in order if the matter came up again he might call God to witness the

truth of his statement. Accordingly, he knelt down, but having neither the spirit nor the form of prayer, he did not know what to say or do. His conscience smote him so powerfully he did not dare blaspheme further the name of God, and he arose as little able to combat Mowry's assertion as before.

For a few days he kept out of the latter's way ; but happening to meet unexpectedly, Mowry gave the entering wedge a still harder blow.

"A —, do you honestly believe that you love God?"

"Yes, I do ; and that, too, as well as you, or any one else."

"Well, my opinion is that you are as destitute of love to God as are the very devils in hell. I don't say you are as bad as they ; though for aught I know, you may be even worse."

The eyes of the other fairly flashed, and he absolutely gnashed his teeth with rage. For a moment the evident feeling was to fly at Mowry and tear him in pieces ; but, measuring with his eye the stalwart proportions of his opponent, and knowing something of his gigantic strength from seeing it exerted in their daily work, he turned upon his heel, filling the air with foul-mouthed curses and imprecations upon the object of his ire.

For a moment Mowry questioned the wisdom of his course, but remembering that he had spoken the truth, and that in God's service, he left it to the care of the Master.

A—— entered his boarding-house openly denouncing Mowry and threatening vengeance, but, wisely deeming

cretion the better part of valor, he never ventured where they were likely to meet for a long time.

In the interval a revival had begun, and the seed which had been sown was being harvested in the ripe grain.

A——, tormented by conscience and forsaken by Universalism, found no peace by night or day. He felt a longing for rest, and yet would not seek the Source of rest. The evening meetings were held in the school-house, and one night Mr. Mowry went there early for the purpose of lighting the lamps and seeing all things in readiness for the service.

At the rear end of the room stood two old-fashioned high desks, running the entire width of the apartment, and behind them the settees which the scholars used for seats.

These settees were never occupied on Sunday evenings, because the desks in front prevented a view of the speaker at the other end of the room. But this evening, as Mr. Mowry lit the lights, he noticed four fingers of a man's hand just visible over the top of one of the desks, as though the owner were reclining at full length upon the settee behind it and preventing himself from falling by holding on to the desk. Without appearing to do so, Mowry carefully scrutinized the hand—or as much as could be seen of it—and came to the conclusion from the peculiar squareness of the fingers, that the man was none other than his opponent A——, and he resolved to go out until the time of meeting came, as though nothing had happened.

The bell was rung as usual, the room began to fill up, and finally, when all were seated, Mr. Mowry took his accustomed place and opened the meeting by invoking God's blessing upon all which might be said and done, earnestly beseeching a special manifestation of God's grace in behalf of any poor convicted sinner who might be seeking the road to Zion.

No other person present knew of the listener on the rear seat ; but Mr. Mowry, in choosing the subject for dissertation, did so especially with reference to him, and kept firing hot shot one after another over the listeners' heads into the soul of the intruder. The terrible punishment of the unrepentant sinner in the world to come was fully dwelt upon, and equally full was the description of God's mercy and love as shown in the declaration, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

The meeting at length came to a close. The congregation dispersed as usual, and Mowry, extinguishing the lights, went out and locked the school-house door after him.

When all was quiet, and the sound of the last retreating footstep had faded away, the moonbeams peeping in at the windows saw a man slowly raise himself up from his recumbent position on the low bench back of the high desk, and stretch himself painfully, as though stiff from long confinement in one posture. It was some little time before the strained muscles adjusted themselves sufficiently to permit comparative freedom of action ; and

then the man cautiously moved toward one of the windows on the shadow side of the house, raised the sash, climbed over the sill and dropped to the ground. True enough, it was the former advocate of Universalism, A——.

On the following day Mr. Mowry paid him a visit and inquired if he was still holding the opinions he had previously expressed.

A—— acknowledged that his views had not only altered in a marked degree, but that he was also seriously awakened as to the worth of his soul.

“Would you attend an inquiry-meeting if one were to be held this evening?”

“Yes ; and glad to at that.”

“You shall have the opportunity.”

The meeting was held and A—— was present. Perhaps in all Mr. Mowry's experience, no clearer case of conviction of sin had been openly manifested.

At the conclusion of the meeting, A—— went away filled with unutterable longing for the salvation of his immortal soul. The desire to get away from the entire world, and present his case to God, took undisputed possession of him. He strolled off by himself, and entering a piece of woodland, threw himself upon his knees and begged for mercy and deliverance.

The hours came and went unheeded. Still he plead for grace. Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief. The answer did not come, the agony increased ; but like Jacob he wrestled and would not be denied.

As the first streaks of the morning light flashed up

from the eastern horizon, the words came "Receive thy sight," and into his bruised heart came a flood of light and peace.

It was done, the great transaction was a thing accomplished, and he was a new man in Christ Jesus.

The immediate change in his life was such as God only could bring to pass. For years he had been living apart from his wife and children. She had borne with him until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and she was forced for her own and her children's welfare to remove from his debasing influence.

They were reunited, and their home became a happy one. Godliness reigned there, and praise and thanksgiving was the language of their hearts.

He remained in the town until he had saved a thousand dollars, by industry and frugality, and then removed to the great West and bought a farm. Should this meet his eye—if he be yet in the land of the sojourners—it will be the first intimation he ever received, that his Sunday evening visit to the little school-house in Bozrahville, was ever known to any save himself and Almighty God.

A UNIVERSALIST'S VIEW OF HELL.

At the close of a meeting held in the city of N——, a total stranger, evidently a man of wealth and position, came to Mr. Mowry and invited him to spend the night at his house.

“It is impossible, sir ; I have already promised to go home with Mr. ——,” said the missionary in reply.

“But he does not need you at all, and I do. You must come. I will at once see Mr. ——, and secure your release ;” and without waiting to hear the answer to his proposition, he darted away in search of the friend with whom Mr. Mowry had engaged to visit. He soon came back saying,

“I have seen Mr. ——, and, under the circumstances, he consents to your going with me.”

It was the first time in Mr. Mowry’s experience that an entire stranger had ever made such a demand ; but the gentleman’s manner was so urgent, so earnest and determined, that Mowry, though receiving no hint as to the motives governing the request, accompanied him without another word.

Arriving at the house, which gave unmistakable indications of refinement and elegance, the guest was ushered into the sitting-room and made heartily welcome.

After being introduced to the lady of the house and engaging in a few moments’ pleasant chatty conversation, the gentleman rang for the servant-maid and desired her to go to his uncle’s—near by—and request him to come in. Instinctively Mr. Mowry connected the uncle with the object of his visit, but no word confirming his suspicions was spoken by the host.

In due time the uncle came, and made one of the little circle around the pleasantly glowing fire. The introduction was commonplace, and revealed no hint of any previous understanding between either party to the inter-

view. Finally, when the silence had become somewhat oppressive, Mr. Mowry, hoping to break the ice, referred to the meeting of the evening, and expressed his satisfaction at the interest displayed.

Not a word from the uncle, and very few from the nephew.

The missionary was fairly at his wit's end, and determined as a last resort to carry the war directly into the enemy's territory, being resolved to know why he had been brought there, or else seek another place of lodging. Turning to the uncle he asked with some little abruptness.

"Mr. —, are you a Christian?"

"According to *my* understanding of your question, I am."

"Have you been born again,—regenerated?"

"I do not know anything about becoming a Christian that way."

"How, then, did you become a Christian?"

"By the death of Christ."

The glitter in the nephew's eye, alone revealed that the object of his bringing the two together was being accomplished. Mr. Mowry read it at a glance, and knew that, feeling his own incompetency to lead his uncle to Christ, the nephew had been led to seek the missionary's aid. He resolved to do his utmost by the aid of the Holy Spirit towards the accomplishment of such an end, and continued,

"You say you were made a Christian by the death of Christ. Will you tell me how his death resulted in your

being made a Christian any more than they who were born before his death?’

“I don’t exactly know. *You* may not think I am a Christian, but *I* do, for I believe that all are Christians; I believe in the Universal Salvation of all mankind.”

“What! do you believe in Universalism, and the Bible too?”

“Yes, of course I do.”

“Please turn to the sixteenth chapter of the gospel of Luke where it is said of the rich man, ‘in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments,’ and account for the correctness of your notion—I will not say doctrine—of Universalism! If all men are saved, if there is no such thing as future punishment, how do you sweep away this statement that there is not only a hell where the wicked are punished, but moreover the torments are of the most terrible nature?”

“There is nothing more simple, sir,” was the reply. “The word translated ‘hell’ in the passage you quote is elsewhere given as ‘grave,’ though exactly the same in the original manuscripts. The hell which you orthodox people make so terrible is merely a figure of speech, taken from the Gehenna of the Jews, a place of burial—in short, the grave.”

“Then if I understand you, sir, the passage should read, ‘and in the grave he lifted up his eyes,’ etc. Taking a common-sense view of your assertion, let us see what it would amount to. According to your version, the rich man says to all intents and purposes, ‘Father Abra-

ham, here I am in the grave, dead and buried. The grave is a terrible place to lie in, damp and uncomfortable to the last degree. I am very greatly annoyed by the condition in which I find myself ; won't you be good enough to effect a change in my condition ? ' ' Impossible,' replies Abraham ; 'you have the same privileges that all in your position enjoy, and besides I could not accomplish any change were I so inclined.' 'Then won't you be pleased to send to my father's house, he lives in such-and-such a street, so-and-so town, and tell my five brothers from me, that they must never, under any circumstances, come where I am.' Or, in other words, the rich man, according to your interpretation of the Bible, wanted Abraham to convince his brothers that when they died they must never be buried."

The uncle remained silent as one struck dumb ; but all the lion in Mr. Mowry's composition was aroused, and he did not mean to leave his opponent in doubt regarding the truth of his pet "notion."

"Let us take another example. If you will turn to the twelfth chapter of Luke, you will find in the fourth and fifth verses as follows : 'And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell (the grave) ; yea, I say unto you, fear him.' Or, in other words, if hell means the grave, and you are directed to fear him who puts you into it, you must fear the undertaker."

It is safe to say that the self-styled Universalist was

stricken as with an arrow from an archer's bow, and he hung his head in silence and shame.

"It must be evident to yourself that you are not a Christian ; do you not desire to become one ? "

"I think I do."

"Let us then join in a season of prayer, asking with united hearts that God will reveal to you your lost and guilty condition, change your heart, and give you speedy evidence of your acceptance into the kingdom."

He consented, and each in turn solemnly supplicated the throne of grace for an outpouring of Divine mercy upon the needy one. For the first time in the half century of his existence the uncle audibly asked God's forgiveness, and when the three separated, Mr. Mowry and his host to a night of peaceful rest, the other departed to spend the hours in thoughtful wakefulness, and anxiety for his eternal welfare.

The incident was used of God to the conversion of his soul, and he became not only an earnest and thorough Christian, but also an active and aggressive one. Mr. Mowry did not know the result of that evening's work until some years afterwards, when a stranger accosted him on the public street.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," said the missionary, failing to recognize him.

"Do you remember some years ago of passing the night at my house in the city of N——, and there holding a conversation about Universalism with my uncle ? "

"Oh, yes, perfectly," responded Mowry ; "and pray tell me what was the result of that interview ? "

“Well,” answered the gentleman, “some time prior to that interview, my uncle and myself had been business partners together, but we had a disagreement and severed our business connection, leaving matters in a very unsatisfactory state to both parties. Being unable to come to an amicable adjustment of our differences, the affairs of the old concern were still unsettled at the time of your visit. My uncle went home that night, but found himself unable to sleep; the conversation of the evening seemed to haunt him and render sleep impossible. Finally, in the middle of the night he arose, dressed himself, and came to my house. Having succeeded in awakening me, he begged me to dress myself and come down to him. I did so, and we went to the barn together, and there before God our differences were all settled, and after a season of prayer and confession my uncle was born into the kingdom of God. It was as clear a case of conversion as I ever saw in all my life. He has ever since led a consistent Christian life, and many times have both of us praised our heavenly Father for the results of that evening’s conversation at my house long years ago. I am truly glad of this opportunity of telling you this fact, for you surely will rejoice with us in victory of the Truth.”

After a few words of like import they parted, the missionary experiencing a new sense of joy and thankfulness at this example of the abounding grace of God.

CHAPTER IV.

INFIDELITY.

"I found an altar with this inscription—*To the Unknown God*.—ACTS xvii. 23.

INFIDELITY has been described as absolute want of faith in God, as utter unbelief in the truths of revelation, and the great principles of religion.

Some authors—and in fact it may be said the great majority of theologians—class infidels in two grand divisions, viz.: Atheists and Deists. Certain men of ancient Greece, 'tis true, promulgated the idea of atheism under the leadership of Epicurus, about the year 3700 A. M., and it was adopted by numerous Roman philosophers, among whom Celsus, Pliny the elder, and Lucretius were the most eminent. But we doubt if Epicurus, even, with his learning and his pride, ever *believed* in his own statement, that the world was but the fortuitous concourse of atoms and not the handiwork of a great Creator. Neither do we believe any avowed Atheist since the Reformation, from Machiavel and Spinoza down to Hume and Voltaire, has conscientiously believed in his inner heart the doctrines he avouched.

A man may tell the same lie over and over again, until the conscience becomes dead and inoperative, and

he ceases to think of it *as a lie*, but we deny that he ever comes to regard it *as the truth*, or that its repetition ever deceives him as to its utter falsity and viciousness.

We deny the existence of direct or speculative atheism, but recognize in the lives of those who pretend to believe in God and yet do not keep His laws nor conform their practice to their preaching, a result practically synonymous with atheism. To this class we may give the title practical atheists, in contradistinction to the chimerical or speculative atheists who have no real existence in the world.

Practical atheists include every human being whose belief in God—or in no God—results in a disregard of the experimental application of revealed Christianity in their daily lives.

Or, in other words, practical atheists are they who live as though God did not exist.

It will thus be seen that infidelity and practical atheism are synonymous, and include all who are not working out their salvation with fear and trembling.

It would be utterly impossible to illustrate—yea, even to enumerate—the different phases which infidelity assumes. It is the Devil's theology, and is as prolific in the character of its assumptions, as the progenitor of it is inexhaustible in trickery and deceit. Infidels from time immemorial have delighted to attack the Bible, and no part of it has received their attention more fully, as betraying a gross inconsistency in the Scripture, with the avowed character of the justice of God—than those

passages which refer to the fore-knowledge and fore-ordination of God.

The Christian worker will constantly be meeting persons who hurl fore-ordination at him, and ask him to reconcile it with the idea of free agency and moral accountability. It is therefore a matter of great importance to be able to meet and silence these objections, and forever set at rest in the minds of those who may honestly doubt in regard to this matter.

The worker should also remember that it is one thing to handle a subject and quite a different affair to handle an individual. It is probably no misstatement to say that of all the ministers of the gospel who fill the pulpits of our land to-day, not more than one in every hundred is capable of practically applying the truths he preaches to the needs of the individual ; they handle a *subject* passably well, but they utterly fail to handle *men*.

This age is surfeited of theorists, of mere doctrinal proclamationists. Mankind needs the practical application of divine truth, and he who would teach the Word, must be able to fit it to the peculiar need of the individual taught.

Why is it that we see so little of "the inquiry-room" system adopted by our preachers throughout the land? It is because they are painfully conscious of their weakness ; because—as one minister said who was prevailed upon to appoint an inquiry meeting at his own house, which was largely attended—"I don't know what to say to them."

"Why did you appoint the meeting then?" asked his

wife, to whom he made the confession. "Why?" he replied, "I didn't believe anybody would come if I did appoint it, and thought I should run no risk."

Christian worker, study to *apply* the power you possess! Do not hurl scripture at the heads of men indiscriminately, hoping that in the general onslaught some one may be hit. Such was not Christ's method of teaching. He never failed to handle the man as well as the truth! Don't waste your ammunition. Make every blow you strike for God, a telling one. *Then* having done your part, you may rest in the confidence that *He* will give the victory in His own time.

The subjoined incident in relation to fore-ordination, does not aim to furnish a guide in every instance, but contains valuable truths whose principles can be universally applied.

FORE-ORDINATION NO HINDRANCE TO FREE AGENCY.

The Westminster Catechism contains the following sentence: "He for his own glory has fore-ordained whatsoever cometh to pass." This statement is not only unfortunate in phraseology, but likewise *entirely false as a presentation of Bible truth.*

Mr. Mowry having occasion to frame Articles of Belief for a new church organization, inserted as one of the affirmations: "We believe that neither fore-knowledge

nor fore-ordination furnishes any hindrance or excuse to the sinner."

A prominent Doctor of Divinity, who was moderator of the council, and chairman of the committee selected to examine the Articles of Belief and the general credentials of the church, objected to this clause, and had stricken it out, when Mr. Mowry entered the room.

"What induced you to put in that Article, Mr. Mowry?" said the doctor in evident amazement.

"Because I have spent at least one-quarter of my time for the last twenty-five years in counteracting the false statement made in the Westminster Catechism, and generally incorporated in the Articles of Belief of our churches, and I think it is proper we should, at length, have a clear and comprehensive statement on the subject, which will not alone be substantiated by God's word, but commend itself to common sense," said Mr. Mowry.

"Be pleased to explain yourself more definitely."

"Certainly. The Bible statement of fore-knowledge and fore-ordination *applies to God's own acts*, and *not* to the acts of a free moral agent. Is it not the height of absurdity to teach that we, gifted by God with the right and privilege to accept or reject the proffer of salvation, are fore-ordained to do either the one or the other?"

The doctor remained silent for a few moments, and quietly reinstated the erasure.

This idea of God's fore-knowledge is often so grossly misrepresented, that honest doubts have grown out of it in the minds of many persons, who fail to reconcile the theory presented by the quotation at the beginning

of this article with the teaching of man's accountability to God. A case in point will serve as an illustration.

One Sabbath evening in mid-winter Mr. Mowry was to have spoken at a Mission Chapel in the city of Brooklyn. Shortly before the time appointed, he repaired to the place, but found the doors closed, and apparently no indications of their being opened. Evidently some mistake had been made, but before being too hasty in taking his departure, he decided to accept for a few moments the friendly shelter of a drug store close by.

As he entered the store the young clerk exclaimed,

"Ah! good evening, Mr. Mowry; I was just hoping you would come in. I have a friend here in the back office, who has been worsting me in a religious discussion. I can't handle him, but I thought if you were only here and could meet his objections, he might possibly be convinced of his error."

"What is the trouble?" queried Mr. Mowry.

"Oh, its about fore-ordination."

"Well, bring your friend out here to me," quietly observed the missionary.

This was done. He proved to be a fine, spirited looking fellow, evidently possessing natural acuteness and intellectual ability. After being introduced Mr. Mowry said :

"Will you ask me the same questions you have asked your friend the clerk here?"

"Certainly. In the first place I asked him if he believed God to be infinite. He said he did. I then asked

him if he believed God fore-knew everything. He said 'Yes, I believe it.' Then I said, will you tell me how it is possible for me to alter anything which has previously been fore-ordained? This is the question upon which he could give me no satisfaction; I now present it for your treatment."

"Before I proceed, I should like to ask if you reason on every other subject in the same manner?" queried the missionary.

"I don't know whether I do or not," was the reply.

"Are you a man of business?"

"Yes; I am engaged in one of the largest publishing houses in New York city."

"Well, if you do not know whether you apply this line of thought to any other subject, I advise you, when you enter the establishment to-morrow morning, to sit down in a chair, take up the morning paper, and pass the day as you please, for of course as God fore-knows everything and has fore-ordained everything, it will not—according to your theory—make any difference whether you work or not, it is all settled beforehand. What do you suppose your employer would say to your argument? If you do not care to wait for his opinion in the matter, I will tell you what I would do in his place. I would show you the door and command you to quit the house. If you did not go fast enough, I should very probably accelerate your movements. I would not have such a creature in my employ."

The young man evidently saw fore-ordination in a new light, for he cried "Enough! enough!"

“Let us then adjourn to the back room and have a season of prayer over this interview,” said Mr. Mowry, determined to follow up his advantage.

“I am satisfied you should pray, but I don’t care to,” was the reply.

“Why, have you nothing to ask for? Prayer is simply asking God for that which he alone can inspire and bestow.”

“If He were here, I would ask for something quick enough.”

“What would you ask for?”

“That my unbelief might be removed, for it is a sore burden.”

“Then ask Him now to remove it, for that is prayer; and He is here with us to hear and to answer.”

With no further encouragement, they knelt and offered up petitions at the throne of grace. Mr. Mowry left the store grateful for the opportunity to point a soul to Christ, resolving to see his quondam friend again the next morning. He did so, and found that he had remained in the store all night, praying and praising the God who sent the light of Faith to illumine his soul. Let all remember that fore-knowledge and fore-ordination refer to the acts of the Creator in the exercise of His Divine Will, but in no way affect or apply to the moral agent, who is left free and unrestrained, entirely responsible for his own position, for or against the All-Wise God.

A LITTLE SPARK, AND A GREAT FLAME.

In the following reminiscence, an infidel was brought gloriously into the light of Christ's gospel, and became a power in the land.

A young man in speaking of his infidelity, said : "The trouble is, to get rid of it," and it is in replying to such well-worn aphorisms, that the power of experience is most successfully used. Weigh every statement made by your subject ; however trivial it may seem to you, *to him* it may be of vast importance. The little fuse a long distance from the blast, plays a prominent part in the ignition of the vital force confined in the heart of the rock.

One day Mr. Mowry went to the office of a leading member of the legal fraternity in the city of N——, to speak with him on the subject of religion.

Upon entering the office, he found it in charge of a young man, whose manner and presence indicated ability and intelligence.

"Is Mr. —— in?" inquired the missionary.

"No, he is not ; can I be of any service to you, sir?" was the reply.

"I think not, I prefer to see him personally."

"I am just as capable of taking a complicated case as he is, and as he is gone out of town to remain two weeks, you would do well to trust your matter in my hands."

"I think I would prefer to see him about it."

"But, my dear sir, it must be plain that I am compe-

tent to attend to his business, or he would not have left it in my charge."

"Well," calmly answered Mr. Mowry, "you seem so anxious to take the case, I will try you. Perhaps when you hear it you won't be so ready to accept it."

"Be seated, sir, and state it ;" and placing chairs, both seated themselves, the young lawyer waiting for his new client to unfold his case.

"I called upon your principal," began Mr. Mowry, speaking with great quietness and deliberation, "to converse with him on the subject of religion, are you willing to take the case ?"

"Yes, and thank you for it, too," was the unexpected answer ; "I have been anxious about the subject for over a year. In fact, I have often attended prayer-meetings hoping some one would converse with me about it ; but neither the leader of the meetings nor any person present ever spoke with me about salvation. Why, I had begun to think that either there was very little sincerity in the desire of so-called Christians to help others to Christ, or that no one cared for me personally. I am glad to see you, and will be grateful for any instruction about my soul's salvation."

Before the missionary had an opportunity to reply, the door was flung quickly open, and in bounded a young man, brimming over with animal life and youthful vigor.

"Hello, old fellow !" cried the new-comer impetuously, addressing the young lawyer, "are you ready to take that horse-back ride ?"

"No ! I am engaged just now ; sit down until I have

finished with this gentleman, and I will talk with you," he answered, evidently not a little annoyed at the interruption.

The other took a seat some twenty feet off, without any further remark, and Mr. Mowry continued his conversation. Deeper and deeper grew the interest of the young lawyer as the glorious truths of the gospel of the Son of God were unfolded to him. Question and answer followed one another in rapid succession, and link upon link was furnished and added to the chain of evidence, proving the authenticity of the message of salvation, and the adaptability of the gospel to every need of the sinner.

As the interview grew in interest, the new comer gradually moved his chair closer and closer, until he formed one of the group; when Mr. Mowry turning to him observed:

"What I have said to your friend is equally applicable to you."

"Oh, I don't know about that; I'm a skeptic on the subject of religion."

"Indeed! Has skepticism ever done you any good?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do you honestly believe that it ever will?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Then you would not suffer any loss to give it up, would you?"

"Well, I suppose not, but the trouble is to get rid of it!"

"You are mistaken, my friend, the trouble is a deeper

one. It is to get the *disposition* to get rid of it. Once you get the disposition, and you may be rid of infidelity very easily!"

"Oh! as far as that's concerned, I've got the disposition now."

"I doubt it! Are you willing I should test you as to the truth of your assertion?"

"Yes, perfectly so."

Without further remark, Mr. Mowry took the temperance pledge from his pocket, and said:

"Are you willing to sign this?"

The young man took it, and scanning its contents, replied,

"I am," and accordingly did so at once, also making a copy of the document for preservation. Turning from him, the missionary presented it to the lawyer, who likewise added his name without objecting.

"So far, it is well; and now, we will carry the test one step further; come with me into the inner office!"

The two friends followed, and the door was closed to prevent intrusion.

"Now, we will have a season of prayer to Almighty God!" observed Mr. Mowry.

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I am willing, and will be glad to have you pray, but I cannot do so."

"Nor I either," added the self-styled skeptic.

"You have both intimated a desire for your souls' salvation, and if, by the mercy of God, you ever attain it, it will be because you ask for it. If you want to enter

the kingdom of God, you must knock at the door yourselves."

"But then, we don't know how to do such a thing," exclaimed the other.

"Christ has said," answered Mr. Mowry, "'Whosoever will be my disciple must deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' Now, it would be no cross to you for me to pray. I have no doubt you would both be glad to hear me do so, and would, as much as you are able, unite with me in your hearts; but you must begin to bear the cross yourselves, and that means to do something you do not love to do, or know how to do, and to do it because God commands you to, and to continue to do it until such time as you do love it, and it ceases to be a burden."

Both the young men stood undecided; finally they consented to ask for the things uppermost in their hearts, and knelt in prayer. When they arose the young lawyer said but little, seeming quiet and subdued; the other, however, placing his hand upon his breast, exclaimed:

"I don't know what this means! I have never felt so in all my life before!"

"How do you feel?" asked Mr. Mowry.

"Oh! so peaceful, so happy, so—well, I can't describe it, only I know that it is a new state of experience."

"God grant it may be confirmed and abiding, building you up into a knowledge of Himself!" feelingly observed the missionary, as, after a few words of kindly advice and admonition, he took his leave.

The outgrowth of that morning's work was somewhat

remarkable. One year after that interview Mr. Mowry was in the city, and saw the young lawyer. He had joined the church, and was an earnest and active member. The succeeding year he again met him, and was rejoiced to find that he was not only rising to an eminent position in his legal calling, but that he had demonstrated that the profession of the law was perfectly consistent with that of the ministry, by often working hard at the former all the week, and preaching the gospel in one of the largest churches in the city on the Lord's Day.

After an interval of four years, Mr. Mowry heard from the former advocate of infidelity. He was then at college studying for the ministry. He was afterwards ordained, and became not only an eloquent and forceful preacher, but what is better, a thorough worker in the field.

Thus the result of that one interview has been blessed to hundreds. Verily, how great a flame a little spark kindleth. Let none esteem any service small which is done in honor of God's glory. He can use *one word* to the salvation of hundreds of precious souls. The virtue lies not altogether in the instrument, but in the power which wields it.

"YE SHALL REAP IN DUE TIME IF YE
FAINT NOT."

The power of patient waiting on the part of the Christian worker is the result of grace. Earnestness, faith, and perseverance are necessary qualifications of the gospel worker. To such God gives fruit in due season.

The following incident setting forth the conversion of an infidel, will be read with interest :

“ How would you like me to go home with you and see mamma ? ” asked Mr. Mowry one day of some children who were playing together in the street.

The little ones seemed struck with the idea of capturing a great big man and carrying him home with them, and at once gave a joyful assent. They led the way to the house, and presented their prize in a spirit of great glee. The family proved to be English by birth, and consisted of father, mother, and six fine looking boys. The father’s business was of a nature which permitted his working at home, and one room was set apart for that purpose.

“ I met your boys in the street,” explained the missionary, as he and the children came somewhat unceremoniously into the sitting-room, “ and was very desirous of seeing the mother of such healthy, noble-looking little fellows.”

The manner and tone of the voice indicated a deeper motive than the mere words implied, and the good woman immediately bade him welcome, and pointed to a chair, awaiting the unfolding of her visitor’s mission.

She was not left in doubt any great length of time.

“ Do your boys attend Sunday-school anywhere, ma’am ? ”

The answer and subsequent conversation indicated that she was not a religious woman, though a strictly moral one, and was seemingly content to do the best she could, without being very desirous of doing any better.

While the conversation was at its height, the door of the adjoining apartment opened, and her husband, who had doubtless heard all that had been said, entered.

"Are you what they call a free-willer?" he asked.

"If you mean by 'free-willer' one who recognizes the truth that God has made me responsible for my own acts, I am."

"Well, I don't believe in any thing of the kind. I'm an infidel."

"Indeed! Will you tell me in what manner infidelity has benefited either yourself, your family, or the circle in which you move?"

"As far as that is concerned, I don't know that it has been much of a help to me in any respect."

"Why, then, do you advocate, and profess to believe, a system which results in good neither to you nor yours?"

The man remained silent, while the missionary added:

"Now, I believe in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it has not only made me a better man, but in a countless number of ways has proved its truth and divine origin by its practical workings under my own observation. I would not advocate a system which could not prove its teachings by some benefit derived from the observance of them."

The conversation was continued at some length, Mr. Mowry being careful not to enter into any attack on the system of belief advocated by his opponent, but confining his entire remarks to pointing out the barrenness of the results produced by it. These in turn were contrasted by the inexhaustible riches of the gospel of our Lord

and Saviour, and thus without saying one harsh word, the beauty of Christianity and the hideousness of infidelity were placed, as it were, over against each other. Mr. Mowry, so far from making the truth repulsive, fairly won the others' attention and respect, and when he took his leave, was requested to come again, with the assurance that he would receive a kindly welcome.

Four years of earnest, patient, missionary work followed this initial visit. The progress made was almost imperceptible, but whatever was gained was surely gained, and not the spasmodic result of a passing emotion. The man, though unable to give a satisfactory reason for his belief, remained apparently unmoved by any argument in favor of Christianity, and though the wife was most of the time engaged in thinking seriously about her soul's salvation, yet the influence of her husband was so strong she could not acknowledge her convictions, and openly espouse the Master's cause.

Then she was taken sick, and she received the impression that it was to be her final illness. At her request, the husband sought Mr. Mowry, and invited him to her bedside. Again she desired to be told the way of Eternal Life. The cry of her soul was, "Lord, what must I do to be saved?"

"Is it possible," she said, while every deep-drawn line of pain upon her face, and the searching look of the sunken eyes bespoke her wonder—"is it possible that Christ's death and resurrection can make God willing to pardon sinners even on their dying beds?"

"Yes, such is the mercy of our God, and such His

appreciation of the atonement made for sin, that He is willing to pay those who have served but one hour, the same price as those who have borne the heat and burden of the day."

The husband, who was listening to each word, was so overcome by the strength of his emotions, he burst into tears, and left the room.

A few days later, she passed away calmly, trusting in Christ; saying to her husband, with the last words that ever passed her lips, "Meet me in heaven."

It was a lonely home to which that grief-stricken father and his six boys returned when all was over, and the wife and mother, freed from toil and trouble, had been laid away in the silence of the grave. The duties of everyday life remained to be fulfilled, but when the boys were away, some at work, and the rest at school, the man felt the absence of the wife more keenly, and began to dwell upon her parting admonition.

One day Mr. Mowry found him seated at his bench with the tears streaming down his cheeks. Evidently the ground thus broken and ploughed up by affliction was ready for the seed, and in answer to a question as to the cause of his emotion, he replied:

"I feel the need of something more than either men or angels can give."

"Can you not describe your need more accurately?"

"I can, and in one word; I want *rest*."

"Then you are in reality—without being conscious of it perhaps—seeking and wanting Jesus, for He alone can give the thing you crave. He says, 'Come unto me all

ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*.' 'Tis the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, whom you seek, and why not ask Him now for the boon you desire? He is here in our midst!"

"I wish I could do so."

"What hinders your doing it?"

"I have never done such a thing in my life, and do not know how."

"You have said you want rest,—ask simply for that and nothing more."

"But will the mere asking for it, ensure its being granted?"

"Yes, if you ask understandingly and in faith."

"What do you mean by understandingly?"

"Rest, in your case, would imply that you acknowledge your position as a miserable sinner, dead in trespasses and sins; that you come to God pleading no righteousness of your own, but through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ whose atoning blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness, you seek the pardon and remission of your sins, and adoption into the family of Almighty God. This is what I mean by praying understandingly for rest, because all this is implied in the use of the word, to one in your position. Can you, and will you, ask Almighty God for your want?"

"I can and will," was the deliberate and solemn answer.

Together they knelt down, and besought mercy, and grace, and peace. The result of this interview with the Lord did not bring the answer the man had desired,

and though his manner evinced his deeper religious tone, he did not dare to call himself a Christian.

In the spring he too was taken sick, and also became impressed with the idea that he would never recover. He was right in so judging. He sank rapidly, growing weaker and weaker with each succeeding day, until finally, knowing the end to be near, he sent for Mr. Mowry to bid him farewell.

In response to the summons the missionary came, finding him quiet and patient in the hands of the Lord. He said: "Dear sir, we shall never meet again in this world. We have had many an interview, many a pleasant chat together, but this is the final one. Yes, I feel it here, and I want to say a few words to you for your encouragement."

"Had you not better save your strength, instead of overtaxing your powers."

"It will not overtax me; besides, I wish it. I feel that I am going soon, and that I am ready whenever God says 'come.' I feel, too, that I owe my conversion, under God's grace, to your patient, earnest labor for my salvation. Many had spoken to me before I saw you, but their words were empty sounds to my unbelieving ear, and they went as they came. You sought not only to benefit the soul, but the body likewise. If you had not proved your sincerity and interest for my welfare by giving me your custom, and inducing others to trade with me also, and by many acts of unmistakable kindness, I should never have believed you any more than the rest; but you came with *both* hands full—one with the message

of peace and Christianity, the other bearing the fruits of your teaching in the practice of your life. I began by respecting *you*, and then *your religion*. Respect, in time, gave way to an awakening interest in the truth, until now, upon the threshold of the grave, I can praise God that the interest has ripened into belief, into faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as my all-sufficient Saviour, and I am a free man in Him."

The missionary's heart was full of praise to Him whose word never returns unto Him void. Eleven years had passed away since the day he had first followed the laughing children home, and, at last, the grain was ripe for the harvest! It was their last interview. The sick man died before Mr. Mowry came again, falling peacefully asleep in Jesus. Verily "Ye shall reap in due season if ye faint not."

In building every important work of architecture, great care is taken with the foundation upon which the superstructure rests. In that great piece of civil engineering known as the East River Bridge, what an immense amount of labor, and study, and time, and means, was expended upon the caissons upon which the bridge towers now rest. Before a single stone of the piers themselves were laid, months of patient toil was necessary in order that the after work should stand upon a firm basis.

Just so it is in building for Christ. How many have hindered the work they desired to advance, by striking either in the wrong direction or at the wrong time. Undisciplined zeal, as a rule, is bad policy in every

experience in life, either in the moral, physical, or spiritual domain. Especially is this true in the latter case.

If you are burning with zeal to work for God, go to Him, before you take another step, and ask His guidance in the presentation of the word of salvation. Any other course is sure to be fatal to the welfare of the soul you seek to benefit. You cannot in your own wisdom and strength accomplish a single thing for God! You can—*at best*—so hinder and obstruct the surface, that whoever comes after you, must first remove the unsightly ruins of *your work*, before laying a foundation which will stand the strain of the practical superstructure of life.

The weapon which God Almighty has put into your hands is a powerful one, it is two edged and cuts both ways! Seek, then, instruction from the Lord how to wield it, lest peradventure when you would strike the enemy you should maim yourself and injure your friend.

In the case of the Practical Atheist, which we now give, perhaps no other course would have opened the way to the lasting benefit of the man's soul. It was a foundation built to stand; and was clearly the leading of the Holy Spirit.

THE JEWELLER'S TEST.

Mr. Mowry was asked upon one occasion, to visit a man whose family, consisting of his aged mother and his two motherless children, were in great distress and want through his culpable neglect. He proved to be a manufacturing jeweller by trade ; and was an exceptionally fine workman, capable of earning ten dollars per day. But the curse of intemperance had bound him fast ; the appetite for liquor was swiftly dragging him down to everlasting ruin and destruction. Finally he became so low and thriftless that the aged grandmother was obliged to beg food to keep the children from starving. All his time was spent in the dram-shop, and every penny he could manage to get, was given for rum. His neighbors were sober, industrious mechanics, who were working hard and receiving perhaps two dollars a day, and at length they became tired of supporting the children of a man who could earn almost as much in eight hours as they could accumulate in an entire week. Accordingly they induced Mr. Mowry to call upon the man, and attempt his reformation.

Fortunately he came upon him in a lucid interval ; and found him at work in his little shop for the first time in weeks.

As the missionary entered, the man looked up from his work, and waited for him to make the object of his visit known.

"I have called," said Mowry, "to examine your work.

You are a manufacturer of jewelry I believe, and though I do not at present want anything in your line,—still I may in the future, besides using my influence to direct my friends here. Show me some of your best work, will you?"

"Are you a judge of good work?" queried the man, glancing at his visitor keenly.

"Well, I shall at least give you my opinion of it."

The man handed Mr. Mowry a chain of gold without further comment.

"Is this the best you can do?" asked Mowry.

"Don't you call that good enough?" cried the other.

"I did not say whether it was good or bad; I asked you if it was the best you could do?"

"No; it's not the best I can do, but *this* is," at the same time offering another delicate chain for his visitor's inspection.

Mowry examined it with evident attention, and in perfect silence; the man meanwhile awaiting his decision with a feeling of interest for which he could not account.

"Well," said the missionary at length, as he handed the trinket back to its maker, "I am satisfied that you are a good workman, that you understand your business thoroughly, and that I may safely patronize you myself and influence my friends to do likewise."

The object of his caller was evidently deeper than he had yet revealed, and the man, though gratified by the praise accorded his work, was curious as to the real cause of the visit. Suddenly a suspicion of the truth

dawned upon him, and thinking to take the wind out of his adversary's sails, he cried abruptly :

"Well, you have had your say, but I don't know who you are, nor what you are ; as for me, *I believe in religion !*"

No word had been used in reference to the subject, that could have given rise to a suspicion that its introduction was the real object of the visit, and the man's barefaced assertion, coming so unexpectedly, would have confused a less experienced worker. Indeed it was so abrupt, that it almost unsettled Mr. Mowry, but instantly seizing the chance to insert the small end of the wedge, he asked with well assumed amazement,

"What ! believe in religion ?"

"Yes, religion ! I believe in religion myself."

"*Believe in religion !* what is religion ? black or white, round or square, long or short ; *what is it ?*"

"Why," was the hesitating reply, "it's doing as you'd be done by."

"Oh ! that's what it is, eh ? Well, where's the test of your belief in it, my friend ?"

"Why, in here !" answered the man, tapping his breast with his hand.

"Haven't you any other test of your religion except 'in here' ?" exclaimed Mowry, imitating the action of the other and striking his breast repeatedly.

"No ; ain't that enough ?"

"What do you keep in that little vial on your work-bench," asked Mowry, paying no attention to the other's question.

"Oh, that's acid."

"What do you use it for?"

"To test old gold with."

"Now see here, my friend, if a man should come to you and say: 'Mr. — I've got a lot of old gold here which I should like to sell.' You would answer, 'All right; I will buy it at so much a pennyweight.' The man being satisfied with the price, you would commence to test his gold. Then suppose he should cry out 'Hold on! what are you going to do with that stuff in the bottle?' 'Why I'm going to test your gold with it,' you would say. 'Yes, but what's that for? it don't need any test; *I* know it is gold;' you would ask, 'How do you know it?' 'Oh, I know it *in here*,' he would reply, tapping his vest; 'it's all right; it's enough, ain't it?' Now, I ask you, what would you think of that man?"

"Well, I should think he either knew his gold was impure, or he was mighty afraid of it!"

"Then you wouldn't buy his gold upon any such test as 'in here'?"

"Not if I was sober."

"Well then, if *you* wouldn't accept *old gold* by any such rule, you will excuse me, if *I* decline to accept your *religion* unless you can prove it by some better test than you have offered," said Mr. Mowry, looking his opponent squarely in the eyes.

The man seemed completely overcome; he had been given an illustration which came home to him, which he could understand, and he asked meekly:

"Well, what is *your* test for religion?"

"The word of God," was the solemn reply, followed by a careful, timely, exposition of the words of Eternal Life, which was listened to with respectful attention and growing earnestness, as point after point was taken up and explained in turn.

The visit was immediately productive of good ; a great change was apparent in his manners, and he became thoughtful and diligent. His aged mother was no longer under the humiliating necessity of begging means for their support. Visit followed visit in rapid succession, until finally this seemingly lost sheep was safe within the sheltering fold.

AN INFIDEL CLUB,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Avowed Infidelity is not always as courageous as it appears. Persons who openly court notoriety in opposing the work of divine revelation, often resemble the dog whose bark was worse than his bite, and in many such instances conviction has either begun its work, or the awakening speedily follows. A case in point is subjoined.

In the winter of 1866, a Sabbath-school teacher came to Mr. Mowry with a letter, which read as follows :

"MR. S——,

DEAR SIR :—I am much obliged to you for the interest and attention you have manifested toward my children

since they have been in your Sabbath-school, but I cannot consent to have them study any longer a book which I do not believe to be the word of God. I have therefore removed my little ones, and shall not allow them to return unless you can convince me of my error in regard to the Bible. You are at liberty to visit me at any time for this purpose, and may bring with you any person you please to aid you in your effort.

Yours resp't'y,

D—————."

"What shall I do about it?" asked the teacher.

"Go and see him, and vindicate the truth of God's word."

"But, I do not feel competent to cope with a man of his ability, and am afraid I might only confirm his false ideas, by being unable to overcome his prejudice."

"Then you must take some one with you in whom you have confidence."

"That one, with your consent, shall be yourself. Are you willing?"

"I am. Make the engagement and I will go with you."

This was done, and at the time appointed, Mr. S—— and Mr. Mowry presented themselves at Mr. D——'s house. What was their surprise when, instead of meeting their host and calmly discussing Bible truths, they found an organized Infidel club awaiting their coming in the best spirits, anticipating an easy victory over the champions of Christianity.

Mr. Mowry, however, had been trained to accept circumstances as they might be presented, and calmly awaited the enemy's opening fire. After the meeting had been called to order, the president arose, and announced the topic for discussion. It was this :

"Is the Bible true, as the word of God?" In assuming the negative side of the question, he produced most of the well known arguments of Thomas Paine, and, being a man of rare ability and oratory, succeeded in building an argumentative structure which his fellow members thought absolutely impregnable. For over half an hour, his words poured forth in an impetuous torrent, and then, amid murmurs of applause and glances of admiration, he took his seat, leaving the affirmative side to recover from the blow if it could. Mr. Mowry arose, and said :

"In judging the truth or falsity of a proposition, or in estimating the intrinsic value of any commodity either material or mental, we must apply some test. My test for proving the falsity of Infidelity is the Bible ; but you do not coincide with me as to the value of this test, therefore I desire to ask, before I proceed, upon what test can we agree to establish either the truth or falsity of your theory ?"

"Reason," was the sententious reply.

"*I accept it, sir,*" said Mowry, without the slightest hesitation, to the evident surprise of the entire gathering.

"I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Bible is the revealed word of God, and propose to

prove a system which contradicts this assertion, blasphemously false, applying Reason as the test. The Bible contains these words, "For by their fruits shall ye know them;" and you will admit, I think, that no system of Theology or morals is ever better than the results it produces. This statement being true, let us look for a few moments at the practical results of Christianity and Infidelity, as demonstrated in the lives of their respective adherents, and judge each by the test of Reason."

Mr. Mowry then went on to paint in glowing terms the effect of Christianity in the every-day life of an earnest, conscientious child of God; who, believing the Bible to be God's Word, lives in accordance with its teachings. Applying the test of Reason to the results produced, it was conclusively shown that, in every particular, Christianity is in accord therewith, and merely strengthened by the application. Then he turned the gaze of his hearers to the results of Infidelity as evinced by its professed followers; saying, "I have applied the test of your selection to my own life; I have shown that Christianity prevents me from using profane language; from drinking intoxicating liquors; from indulging in any appetite the flesh may crave in antagonism to God's Word; and I have shown also that neither of these habits or practices are in accord with Reason. Now I desire to put your system to the proof, and I ask how many of you are constantly given to the daily practice of the vices I have named. Is there one among your number who does not use profane language? If so, speak; that we may score

it to the credit of your system. What, no answer! Is there one among you who does not drink intoxicating liquors? Still silent! Then let me ask if some of your company cannot deny the vice of gambling, that you may at least score one point in accordance with Reason on your side of the argument! Not one voice replies. Gentlemen, I have nothing further to say. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Never was a party of disbelievers in God's Word more thoroughly and completely routed. No one seemed disposed to break the awkward silence which followed; until finally the leader arose, and said, he, for one, was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor, but it had not become a habit with him, and he had just as lieve take the pledge as not.

"If you mean what you say, you may take this opportunity to do so," said Mr. Mowry, taking the pledge from his pocket and handing it to him.

Despite the evident disapprobation of the remainder of the club, the president signed his name to the document and recorded his determination to be true to his word.

Stimulants had really been the life of their gatherings, and the course adopted by their acknowledged leader was received with general disfavor, and the meeting soon after broke up, nothing being said about another invitation to discuss the question of the evening.

Mr. Mowry invited the president to meet him at his own house. The invitation was accepted, and it was not long before he renounced infidelity, and the club ceased to exist,

Three years after, the father, whose letter led to the incident we have related, sent his children back to the school, and announced that he, too, had given himself to the Lord. When questioned as to his conversion, he answered :

“Well, I’m not superstitious, as you know ; but one Sunday as my little girl was playing about she fell down the cistern, and was nearly drowned before we got her out. The thought came to me then, ‘If she had been in Sunday School this would not have happened.’ But I soon forgot it, and everything went along as before. On a subsequent Sunday my boy fell down the same cistern, and was taken out, as we thought, dead. He was finally brought to life, but for six months was terribly ill from the effects of it. I could not be negligent of the second warning to give myself to God, and send my children where they might learn to keep holy the Lord’s day ; and that is how I was led to become a Christian.”

One day a policeman came up to Mr. Mowry and said :

“I should like to have my children go to Sunday School if you will be good enough to take them.”

“Certainly, I will find a place for them.”

“You don’t know me, do you ?”

“No. I do not remember having met you before.”

“Don’t you remember that Infidel Club at Ducker’s ?”

“Yes, yes ; were you of the number ?”

“I was indeed ; but thank God, I’m a member of His club now.”

Upon another occasion the sexton of a mission school came to the missionary and said :

"You have often been at our mission, but I don't believe you recognized me as one of that club that used to meet at Ducker's."

"Well, no I did not ; but I am glad to know it, and to know also that you're in another line now."

"You gave us some pretty hot shot that night."

"And from all appearances I guess some of 'em struck home."

Thus, one after another, *every member* who was present on the evening we have described, was in due time led to embrace the blessed truths of Christianity.



"WE'LL SERVE THE DEVIL IF WE HAVE TO DO IT ALONE!"

While the incident which follows might properly have been given under the head of Election, nevertheless, its characteristic features illustrate pointedly the practical results of Infidelity. It will be found to contain many points of value to Christian workers.

The revival was growing in power, and the results were becoming more and more apparent, in the village of B——. The devil, however, never deserts his ship while a plank is left to stand on, and in this respect alone, sets Christians an example they might follow with profit to themselves and the cause of Christ. There were three families, living in one house in B——, who looked with entire disapprobation upon the work of grace being

carried on around them. Being filled with the lust of flesh, and the pride of life, they imagined their amusement and enjoyment would be seriously hindered by the revival; should every one relinquish the former mode of life, and live in accordance with the word of God, where would they look for companions? Finally the three women came together, and formally agreed, "If everybody else in B—— gets converted, we three will serve the devil! We'll do it if we have to do it alone!"

The husband of one of them incidentally told of their action in the presence of Mr. Mowry, who inwardly resolved to follow them until they were either converted to God, or His spirit should say 'Let them alone.'

Accordingly he immediately sought Mrs. H——, and explained the object of his visit, pressing the importance of salvation and urging the acceptance of mercy while God was gracious, for He might not strive forever to win her to Himself!

"You talk just as if there never had been a revival before, and never was to be another after this one, but I want you to understand this is not the first thing of the kind I have seen," she exclaimed with no little acidity.

"If you have witnessed another you probably saw it *a long way off*, and was in no sense influenced by its force."

"I don't know what you mean by a 'long way off.' It was so near that my own father and mother were converted."

She stopped for a moment, and added, in a milder tone, "Yes, all my father's family but myself."

"Did God call you at that time?" asked Mr. Mowry, solemnly.

She did not answer, but began to tremble visibly, her whole frame being shaken as by a power beyond her control. It was some little time before she became calm enough to resume the conversation.

"Tell me, what caused the remarkable emotion I have just witnessed?" asked the missionary.

"I can't tell you, besides I dare not if I could," was the reply. Being pressed upon the point, she finally yielded, and began to describe her realization of God's voice in the call He had graciously given her. She told how sweetly the Spirit had pleaded with her, saying, "Daughter, give me thy heart," and how she had repulsed Him, and bade Him leave her alone, adding:

"And He did leave me! From that time to this, I have never had any feeling on the subject, and never expect to! I have made up my mind to give myself no further trouble about it, and I wish you and every one else would let me alone. It only makes me unhappy, and does no good. I saw you as you came towards the house, and something told me your coming was on my account; but I wish you would keep away, and let me alone!"

"Mrs. H——, I am not surprised at your disliking to see me; but I have labored earnestly and kindly for you; and I feel as much interest in your welfare, as I ever felt in any one whom I was led to point to Jesus. If the time should come when you desire to see me, and you will let me know it, I will come, even if you send at

midnight," and turning from her without another word, the missionary left the room.

Mrs. H—— gazed after him with a sense of relief, and thought to herself, "If you only come when I send for you, this will be your last visit." As she reseated herself and took up her work, Conscience said: "After all, he was right and you were wrong; and you know it, too, yet you despised his advice and sent him away! Could you blame him if he never should come again?"

Then she was led, in a way she could not resist, to contemplate her position of avowed opposition to God; her eyes were opened, and she saw herself a sinner deep dyed and rebellious. The sight was too powerfully vivid for nature to counteract, and she fell from her chair to the floor, unconscious.

A godly woman, living on the same floor, heard the fall and ran to see what was the cause. She found Mrs. H—— still lying prostrate, in great agony of mind. She enquired what was the matter, and if she could be of any assistance. For some little time her question elicited no reply; then Mrs. H—— desired she would send her little daughter to Mr. Mowry's house, and request him to come and see her at once. The little girl was dispatched on her mission, but returned with the information that Mr. Mowry had just gone away for the day.

"I cannot wait; I must have relief at once!" cried the penitent one. "Oh, Mrs. B——, you profess to be a Christian, and to love God, won't you pray for me?"

"I never did pray with any one in my life," said Mrs. B——; "but if you will pray for yourself, I will try."

They retired to an adjoining room, and there knelt in prayer to God for the salvation of her soul.

True to His own word, the answer came; before they left the room Mrs. H—— was a converted woman, gloriously trustful in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and the power to be kept from evil; while Mrs. B——, too, who had never been actively engaged in spreading the truth she had long enjoyed herself, was so baptized by the Holy Ghost, that it almost seemed, and in fact was, a new revelation.

* * * * *

The second one of the trio was Mrs. W——. The day chosen by Mr. Mowry for his visit to her, was the first of January. After the commonplace salutation usual to the occasion, he said :

"Mrs. W——, I am here to-day because of a special purpose. It is the custom to make New Year's calls, but I never do anything merely because it is fashionable to do it. The thought struck me, 'Why, this is New Year's Day, and a date easily fixed in the mind, would it not be a capital opportunity for Mrs. W—— to start out in the narrow way which leads to eternal life.' It seemed to me that it would be, and I am come to urge you to accept God's invitation, and receive at his hands the gift of his Son. Oh! what a New Year's gift that would be to you? Will you not take it?"

"If I make no promises, I shall have none to break,"

she answered, apparently touched more than she was willing to allow.

“It is true, if you do not promise you will not have a promise to break *so far as I am concerned*; but with God the case is different—*whether you promise or not, your obligation to Him remains the same*, and He will hold you as responsible for failing to keep His commandments—*not having promised so to do*, as though you had bound yourself to that effect by every oath administered by the Christian Church.”

She gave some evidence of awakening interest, and Mr. Mowry continued:

“Remember God is a discerner of the *inward* thoughts and intents of the heart! He has said whosoever is not for me is against me, and He measures your sin not by any promise you make, and fail to keep, but by your guilt in refusing to live up to the light He gives you.”

The interview continued at some length to develop this idea, and was made instrumental of her conversion, which displayed no such instantaneous evidence of God's power to convict and save, but was complete and full, and granted in His own way and time.

* * * * *

The third person who had agreed to serve the devil, was the wife of the man who had informed Mr. Mowry of the fact; and in her case God chose to leave her to the error of her evil way, exemplifying the truth “I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy.”—Rom. ix. 15.

CHAPTER V.

ROMANISM.

“Whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish.”—II THESS. ix. 10.

THE devil is never more to be feared than when he comes in the form of godliness.

Romanism—with its pomp of outward show—its gorgeous *ensemble*, its symbols and forms, its priests and nuns, its confessional and penance, its Mariolatry and Canonization of Saints, its weight of superstition and error, its willful perversion of the truth, and its lasciviousness and lewdness, forms a terrible object to contemplate.

It holds its converts with a grasp of iron. Composed for the most part of the lower order of society, its members are scarcely able to read the Scriptures, much less to understand a single word of the “Latin” jargon rehearsed in their religious services, and they are dominated by the priesthood, and accept with implicit faith whatever is taught by the Church.

Trained from childhood up to hate Protestantism, and to fear the awful curse of the Church if he should adopt its views, the average Romanist is a very difficult person

to reach. He does not consider himself bound by any ties of honor to speak the truth upon the subject of religion ; on the contrary, it is esteemed rather meritorious than otherwise, to throw the Protestant gospel-worker as far astray, and do him as much violence, in a moral point of view, as may be possible. What is to be the future of Romanism in this country, is a very serious question, which we do not propose to enter upon. Let one and all, however, unite in the effort to do everything that will tend towards leading these people out from the bondage and thralldom of Popery, into the light of Truth.

Be vigilant, earnest, patient, painstaking, prayerful, and in the spirit of the Master, warn them to flee from the wrath to come. Remember the words of Jesus, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven."

The incidents selected for this chapter contain many valuable hints to gospel-workers ; and though want of space precludes the possibility of giving illustrations of all the various tenets of this false church, we have nevertheless chosen subjects which are most frequently presented for treatment.

HOW A ROMANIST WAS REACHED.

The Christian worker who attempts to turn the Romanist from his belief to the gospel as it is in Jesus Christ, must expect to work patiently. The peculiar education of the Roman Catholic Church, begins with the child, and never relaxes its efforts to deepen the prejudice against Protestantism in the minds of its converts, and its teaching can only be counteracted by long and patient work.

If you seek to influence a Romanist in favor of your system of Christianity by denouncing his, you have committed the greatest error possible, and may as well give over the conflict before the battle is fairly begun. If you cannot attack their belief, are you wondering how a change is to be effected in them regarding it? The solution is to obtain their confidence in your sincerity to benefit them personally and temporally. If you can by any means convince them of your willingness to sacrifice your own pleasure for theirs; if you can make them believe, in short, that their religion is the last thing in the world influencing your interest, you have reached a point where it is safe to commence the campaign, and by God's help bring them to the light as it is in Christ.

The following incident is a fair sample of quiet, patient work in this direction :—

Some years ago a poor woman fell and broke her arm, at the same time slightly cutting her hand with a

looking-glass she was carrying at the time of the accident. The latter wound, apparently so trivial, was not even dressed, but the broken bone was carefully set and taken care of. The quicksilver on the glass, however, communicated poison to the blood, and the arm became inflamed, and in spite of all precaution, was through necessity amputated above the point of fracture. Instead of healing, however, a second operation became imperative, and the stump was taken off at the shoulder. The disease had nevertheless gone faster than the amputation, and the body became affected, and death finally ensued.

From the moment of the accident up to the time of her death, she was sustained entirely by charity, and for three years Mr. Mowry followed her up and ministered to her wants, supplying her with whatever was necessary to render her life measurably comfortable.

She was an ardent Romanist during most of this time, but Mr. Mowry never spoke against the Roman Catholic Church, or in favor of Protestantism. The staple of his conversation was CHRIST, and God blessed the course adopted, and the sufferer was finally won over by love for the dying, the risen, *the living Son of God!*

Had Mr. Mowry begun by denouncing Roman Catholicism at a time when she had faith in its truth, he never would have gained her confidence and won a soul for Christ; but the Lord gave him patience to bide His time and to work with judgment and *knowledge*.

No work done ostensibly *for* Christ, is of such power

against Him, as the zealously of a Christian worker unaccompanied by knowledge.

One day two of the Sisters of Charity came to visit the dying woman, and while giving her a few pennies, put their hands upon her forehead in a mechanical way, and asked in a whisper who Mr. Mowry was.

"He is a Protestant friend of mine," was the honest and unhesitating reply, "who has done more for me and mine than all my Catholic friends put together." It is unnecessary to say the "Sisters" never visited her again.

By request of the dying woman, Mr. Mowry officiated at her funeral, and rode to the grave with her Catholic friends, who evinced their appreciation for his kindness by listening with respect to his remarks.

The daughter, whose care of her mother through her long and trying illness, had displayed a devotion seldom equalled, soon after united with a Protestant church, saying in answer to the questions of her Catholic friends, that she had judged of the correctness of the two systems of theology by the *results of their practical workings*, and she could not but believe her mother had done wisely in fixing her choice upon the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom was *all* the fullness of the Godhead.

THE INFINITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

"The Blessed Virgin" plays a very important part in the ceremony of the Romish Church, and every Romanist

venerates and adores her. Almighty God has said, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me." Romanism, however, throws this commandment overboard, and sets up a perfect galaxy of gods of various degrees of standing, from Mary down to the meanest saint on the calendar. No indignity can be offered to a Romanist greater than an attack upon the divine attributes and powers of the Virgin Mary. It is, however, absolutely necessary to overthrow belief in her, before they are fitted to receive the truth in Christ. An argument as pointed as it is conclusive and unanswerable, is furnished by the following sketch :

In the course of one of Mr. Mowry's visits to the jail, he became greatly interested in a smart, talented young man who possessed no mean knowledge of the Scripture. He was an ardent Roman Catholic, and in accordance with the views of that doctrine, was upholding Mariolatry. His tongue was very glib, and the other inmates of the cell, likewise Romanists, were in no little exultation at his apparent ability to worst the missionary in an argument.

Finally the course of the conversation brought them to the subject of prayer.

"To whom do you pray?" asked Mowry.

"To the Virgin Mary," was the answer.

"Do you believe that she is capable of hearing and answering your petitions?"

"Certainly; why not? You pray to Christ; and surely the mother is greater than the child!"

"I pray to Christ because he has proved his infinity;

but the Virgin Mary is not infinite, therefore it is useless to pray to her."

"What is the reason she is not infinite?" exclaimed the Romanist, while his companions flashed angry glances at the missionary for daring to assert so great a heresy.

"Gently, my good fellow; don't begin to lose your temper; remember I did not get angry when you seemed to have things all your own way a few moments ago. We are conversing together quietly upon a great subject, and we must be cool and calm over it. We must be able to demonstrate by proof whatever assertions we make, or it will be of no value. Now, I have claimed that the Virgin Mary is not infinite, and I propose to prove it to your satisfaction."

The good-natured, quiet tones of the speaker averted the threatened storm, and the prisoner said:

"All right; that's fair; we won't get mad; but if you expect to prove that fact to my satisfaction, you have undertaken the largest job you ever attempted!" and he winked confidently at his companions, who were again in good humor and eagerly listening for what should follow.

"I suppose then, as a starting point, you acknowledge that you believe the Bible to be true in all its statements?"

"Yes, if you mean our (Catholic) version of it, I do. With the Protestant Bible I want nothing to do."

"Well, I am speaking of your Bible, which is identical with mine in the description of the fact I am going to use. You remember, I suppose, the account of the

Virgin Mary and Joseph going up to Jerusalem with Jesus to worship, when he was twelve years old ? ”

“ You mean upon the occasion when he taught the elders in the temple—why of course I remember it.”

“ I thought you did ; well, if you recollect still further, when they started to go home again ; the child Jesus remained behind ; and they had already proceeded one day’s journey before it was discovered he was not of the party. Do you remember this also ? ”

“ Certainly, but what has it to do with the divinity of the Virgin Mary ? ”

“ We will come to that presently. To continue the narrative, you also remember that the ‘ Holy Family ’ immediately returned to Jerusalem, and at once instituted a search for their missing son. All day long the Virgin sought for Jesus ; she went from one end of the city to the other, hoping to recover her lost boy, but with no result. And you will remember, too (for your Bible says so and therefore you acknowledge it must be true), that she, the Virgin Mary, spent three whole days searching for Jesus before she was able to find him. Is this not all true ? ”

“ Yes, so far as that goes it is ; but I ask you again what has all this to do with the divinity, the infinite character of the Virgin Mary ? ”

“ This much ; if the Virgin Mary was divine, if she was infinite, why did she not immediately go to the Temple and claim her lost boy, *instead of searching three days to find that which she could have recovered in a few moments ?* ”

The argument was unanswerable, and the Romanist and his companions were absolutely without a reply.

At length the vanquished champion of popery, as a last resort, said :

“After all, that does not prove your assertion. The Virgin Mary may be infinite *at the present time*. The divine power may have been bestowed upon her at a subsequent period.”

“Well,” exclaimed Mowry, “I have known the Devil to squirm out of very small holes ; but this one is most too diminutive. If she had not the power to divine the whereabouts of her own son, and rescue him in his supposed dilemma, it is very safe to say she has never received the gift since that period ; therefore I would advise you when you pray, to seek answer to your petitions of some Power, capable not alone of hearing, but of granting them likewise.”

Whether the seed sown in this instance ever bore fruit, will be known only at the Judgment day. Mr. Mowry never saw the young man again, but repeatedly used the incident with telling effect in like cases.



TRANSUBSTANTIATION REFUTED.

The following needs no comment ; it speaks for itself.

The doctrine of Transubstantiation as taught by the Romish Church, claims the conversion, or change of the substance of the bread and wine in the eucharist, into

the veritable body and blood of Christ, through the consecration of the priest.

The benighted converts to the Romish faith, profess to hold this doctrine in absolute certainty of its truth, and nothing excites their ire to a greater degree than a contradiction of it.

A Catholic, with whom Mr. Mowry was conversing one day, and who, after being forced to abdicate one position after another, brought forward Transubstantiation as an incontrovertible fact, said in a tone which plainly indicated, "Get over it if you can,"

"Well, you've got to admit one thing, anyhow."

"It depends upon what it is," retorted the missionary.

"It's this. Christ said at the last supper, when giving the bread and water to his disciples, 'This *is* my body, and this *is* my blood,' didn't he?"

"Yes, that is the substance of what the Saviour said."

"I thought you'd have to acknowledge it," triumphantly cried the Romanist, chuckling to himself as he continued: "And you'll admit, too, I suppose, that if he said, This *is* my body and blood, he didn't say, This is *like* my body and blood, as you Protestants want folks to believe."

"I will give you an answer by referring you to the text found in the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians, twenty-ninth verse," said Mr. Mowry, opening his Bible and reading the word: "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." You say the Bible teaches the doctrine of Transubstantiation because

of a forced construction of the passage you have quoted, claiming it in a *literal* sense to show that the eucharist is the very flesh and blood of Jesus. If such be the case, you must admit that his flesh and blood, according to the passage I have quoted, is, under certain conditions, damnation. Whether you are ready to swallow a doctrine which can *under any circumstances whatever make Christ's body and blood damnation*, remains for you to say."

The Romanist stood for a moment entirely speechless. Then, in a manner plainly conveying his appreciation of the position his antagonist had forced upon him, he slowly said :

"Well, I guess I'll have to look into this subject a little bit before I say anything more," and quietly walked away, evidently with food for thought.

Literalism in Bible reading and interpretation has wrought many dangerous consequences in the religious history of the world. In every age literalists have caused trouble and bloodshed. No bigot is so bigoted as the literalist. Overturning the evidences of analogy, treading remorselessly upon reason and common sense, the literalist stultifies himself, and seeks to bring the work of Almighty God down to the miserable level of his own circumscribed comprehension.

It is a remarkable fact, too, in connection with this class of people, that while they are stringent as to the literal application and meaning of certain passages of Scripture, they are, on the other hand, equally radical in the looseness of their interpretation of passages standing in juxtaposition to them.

It is, however, a matter of small wonder. God's word is verified in them. The truth in relation to it is summed in the words of Paul to the Corinthians (1 Cor. ii. 14), "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The looseness and the literalism of biblical interpretation, focus largely in the Roman Church, and conspire to build a fabric of gigantic proportions, both as to falsehood in theory and failure in practice.



THE APOSTLE PETER'S CELIBACY.

It is equally an astonishing and true fact, that the great mass of the Romish Church know nothing of the Bible except what the priest sees fit to read to them. They do not possess a copy of the Scriptures themselves, and are dependent entirely upon hearsay as to their contents. Mr. Mowry, finding it necessary upon a certain occasion to procure a Douay Bible, was astonished at the difficulty attending its purchase. He sought vainly among dealers and second-hand book shops, and was obliged finally to pay an exorbitant price for a second-hand copy.

Gospel-worker, never fail to read the Scriptures to a Romanist whenever opportunity offers !

* * * * *

"All our theories and practices are founded upon the Bible," cried a Roman Catholic to whom the missionary was speaking.

"Are you sure of it?" quietly asked Mr. Mowry.

"Yes, certain; and you can't prove to the contrary."

"Would it shake your faith in the truth of Romanism if your assertion was proved to be false?"

"What's the use of talking, you know it can't be done," triumphantly exclaimed the man.

"Let's apply a simple test and see. Your priests don't marry, do they?"

"No, of course not; the Bible forbids it."

"Does it? Why, your very first Pope was married; and lived in open opposition to the teachings of your Church."

"I deny the truth of what you say," the other angrily retorted.

"Who was your first Pope?" asked the missionary calmly.

"Peter, the rock upon which the Church is built."

"Well, my friend, if Peter was not married, how came he with a mother-in-law. You will find in Matthew, eighth chapter, fourteenth verse, the following words: "And when Jesus was come unto Peter's house, he saw *his wife's* mother laid, and sick of a fever." Now, either the Scriptures are false, or Peter your first Pope was a married man."

The Romanist was effectually silenced, being obliged to admit that he had never known the fact before.

WHY JOHN CAME TO MEETING.

Romish Charity—save of the kind which the world teaches should always begin at home—does not flourish as a green bay tree. Skilled in the extortion of money from the poor deluded victims of Church avarice and greed, the priesthood are equally skilled in retaining it in their possession.

They instil in the mind of their people a very literal rendering of the exhortation “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,” and the Church is the last resort to which a starving Romanist turns for help.

The following incident explains itself :

A young Irishman who had lately married the daughter of a family with whom Mr. Mowry was acquainted in Bozrahville, was unexpectedly thrown out of work.

He belonged to the “night gang” of the Rubber works, and owing to a depression in business was discharged, and with others found himself out of employment, with a young wife to support, and winter coming on.

In this predicament he happened in at Mr. Mowry’s store. Mowry, noticing his dejected air, said kindly :

“Well, John, you’re looking downhearted ; what’s the matter ?”

“Why, sir, I’m out of a job ! With winter staring me in the face, and no prospect of work, I can’t feel very cheerful.”

“Oh ! there is no necessity of your having any apprehension on that score ; the priest will help you, won’t he ?”

“Not a copper’s worth.”

“Well, then I’m sure the Church itself will see that you don’t want; they won’t let one of their people starve to death, that’s certain?”

“The Church don’t support poor people in distress, and I could expect nothing from that quarter, even if I asked it.”

“Then, John, since your priest, and your Church won’t do anything for you, I will see what I can do. Come and see me to-morrow morning. Good day.”

Before the time appointed, Mr. Mowry went to the agent of the Cotton Factory, and induced him to give the willing young Irishman employment. The result was, he was engaged for a year at a liberal compensation, and was overflowing with gratitude to his benefactor.

Soon after, Mr. Mowry moved to Brooklyn, and therefore had no opportunity to carry on the good work in this particular case as he had planned to do: but the foundation had been substantially laid, and was ready for the superstructure.

About eighteen months afterward, the missionary paid a visit to the town of Bozrahville, and riding along the road, was met by his protégé, the young Irishman! After some hearty words of welcome, Mr. Mowry invited him to a meeting which he purposed holding that evening. John at once expressed his willingness to come, and when the hour arrived, was in his place according to his promise.

At the conclusion of the meeting, a Mr. H——, who was present, and who had always been an active worker in the Lord’s vineyard, accosted Mr. Mowry as follows:

"I noticed John —— at the meeting to-night. I presume he came by your invitation, did he not?"

"Yes, that is true."

"Well, I have urged him to come for over a year, and never have succeeded in getting him to do so even once. You ask him, and he comes at the first invitation ; now I'd like to know the secret of it."

"The secret is this. You asked him to come ; but as he did not want to comply on his own account, and you had never given him reason to do so on yours, he stayed away. I asked him to come, and though he did not wish to do so as far as his own choice was concerned, he accepted the invitation because I had done him a kindness once, and he felt under obligation to come on my account. You may take it as a pretty safe rule, that where human nature is stubborn as to its own best good, it is yielding to a sense of obligation created through a favor granted, or a kindness done."

"Thank you, heartily," cried Mr. H—— ; "I shall be a dull scholar if I do not profit by the lesson."

About a year subsequently, Mr. Mowry again paid a flying visit to Bozrahville, and during the intermission, as the hour between the morning and afternoon Sabbath services is termed, Mr. H—— invited Mr. Mowry to accompany him, without stating where they were going. He led his companion to a house, where, gathered together in a room awaiting their coming, were about twenty Roman Catholic adults of both sexes assembled to be instructed from the word of God.

It was the missionary's turn to be surprised.

“Why, Mr. H——, how did you ever manage to get all these Catholics together into a Bible class?” he said.

“Do you remember my question to you about John —— when you were here last time?” was the reply.

“Yes.”

“Well, I have simply followed out the advice you gave me then. I have made these people under obligation to me in the first place. I called upon them; told my plan of starting a Bible-class and invited them to come. One said, ‘I can’t come, I have no clothes;’ I immediately replied, ‘I will furnish you with clothes;’ another said, ‘I cannot read, no use for me to come;’ I said, ‘I will teach you to read;’ another urged, ‘I have no books to study;’ I said, ‘I will provide you with books.’ In short, whatever objection or excuse was made, I removed, and though they did not want to come on their own account, they felt *under obligation to me*, and for that reason they attended. Afterwards they became interested, and the fire burned until it was no longer a matter of obligation, but choice. Now they are eager to be fed from the living word.”

The result of this plan materially dampened the power of Roman Catholicism in the town of Bozrahville, and it all grew out of the reason that made John come to meeting.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVANT-GIRL.

A subject of vital importance is treated in the following sketch :

Are you doing your duty by your servants ?

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Pharisee, lifting up her hands in dismay, "what! preach to my servants! Point them to Jesus! Show a great interest in their eternal welfare! Why, to do that I should be obliged to place myself on a level with them, and then what sort of respect would they have for my commands? Oh no, my dear sir, preaching is all very well in its place, and I've no doubt it would be a very good idea for *somebody* to go among that class of persons, but there should be reason in all things. Don't expect *me* to do it." And she enters her equipage, is driven rapidly to the doors of the fashionable church. She sweeps in at the open portal amidst the soft rustling of her costly silks, and the admiring glances of the fashionable elders and deacons. She passes up the aisle, wearing upon her countenance the fashionable religious smirk, with much the same grace that she balances upon her head the fashionable bit of lace and silk called a bonnet. Having at length reached her fashionable, high-priced pew, and having excited the envy, the jealousy, and the attention of her fashionable friends and acquaintances, she settles herself down in a fashionable attitude, reclining her fashionable head upon her fashionably gloved hand, and she makes a fashionable prayer ; which, being translated, would read :

“Dear Lord, I’m glad Thou hast placed me just a little higher than anybody else! And I’m glad there’s some style about me! I wouldn’t be like Mrs. Fitz So and So for anything in the world! Why, her clothes are horrid! No set to them—and besides I’m positive that overskirt is not new! And then there’s—bless me! did Jennette forget to fasten that curl with a second pin! How vexatious! suppose it should drop off during service! I certainly shall give that girl warning, she’s getting altogether too careless. Time’s up. Amen.”

There are too many mistresses who, in a greater or lesser degree, parallel the above case. They are “fashionable Christians,” and have never known—even in the remotest experimental way—the joy of being children of God, or the pleasure of working for Christ. But there are, also, earnest Christian women, who are neglecting God’s work in connection with their servants. Some, from a sense of diffidence, a lack of confidence, cannot muster up courage to do their duty in this matter; while others are absolutely forgetful of it. They work zealously in the temperance reform, or in the mission-school, or in some other field of gospel labor, but they forget their servant-girls. God is no respecter of persons, and the soul of the poor, ignorant, deluded Roman Catholic servant-maid is just as precious to Him as the soul of a princess of the blood royal, and if you win it for God, it will be as bright a jewel in your crown, as though it were a queen.

Have you been neglectful in this matter? Be so no longer. Let not another day expire before you shall

have said some word for the Master in this direction.

In Mr. Mowry's report to the Society for the month of September, 1860, mention is made of the conversion of a Roman Catholic servant-girl.

"She resides," says the report, "in a wealthy family who are Protestants. They had not spoken to her on the subject, as they had two others of the same stamp, and thought it would only make them difficulty."

Ah, yes; here we have it; it would result in some little annoyance to themselves, and so they could not speak on the subject. What shall be the result at the Judgment day when this flimsy excuse is offered for your neglect? Afraid of trouble for Jesus! Ah, lady reader, was He afraid of trouble for you. How self steps between the soul and heaven! How the comfort of the flesh defrauds the Spirit of His rightful joy!

One day, continues the report, this servant-maid came to her mistress and acknowledged that she was very unhappy. Upon being interrogated, she explained the cause of her trouble as dissatisfaction with her spiritual condition. When a child, she had been made a member of the Lutheran Church, but as she grew older, and began to think for herself, she became conscious that she was not a Christian, and that her religion did not bring her any comfort. In this state of mind, she was urged by a radical Romanist, in whose house she was living at the time, to join the Romish Church. Said this woman: "You will never be any better, or find any peace until you unite with the true (R. C.) Church."

Thinking perhaps it might be as she was told, the poor girl took the woman's advice, and became a member of the Romish Church.

"I joined it last winter," she said, "but I am no better satisfied than before. I wish some one would tell me what to do."

The mistress called Mr. Mowry to her aid, and the following day he paid the girl a visit. The burden of her enquiry was, what must I do to be saved and be happy.

"Christ alone can save you, my girl, and He alone can make you happy," explained the missionary, as he unfolded the precious promises of God to those who seek salvation through the blood of Jesus.

The following morning Mr. Mowry called for her, and took her to a morning prayer-meeting which he was in the habit of conducting at that time. As they walked along to the place of worship, he said to his companion:

"You will be a stranger at the meeting, and no one but ourselves and God will know that I am talking to you in everything I shall say there."

At the close of the exercise, she took Mr. Mowry by the hand, and thanked him for what had been said, as she felt greatly profited by it. She hastened home, and was soon questioned by the other domestics as to the number of people at church, supposing she had attended their usual place of worship. Her first thought was, "I will not let them know where I have been," so she replied there were not many present, without saying anything further about it. But the thought came

to her, "I am doing wrong in deceiving them ; I will tell the truth." Accordingly she at once said, "I have not been to our old church ; I am no longer a Roman Catholic. I have left them forever."

Mr. Mowry called again the next day, and, meeting the gentleman of the house, was warmly welcomed.

"I want to tell you what I saw yesterday afternoon when I got home from church," said his host. "I found Mary (the girl) sitting at the feet of my wife, and they were both of them weeping, and blessing God for what she had found—not a church, but Christ."

A PRIEST'S IDEA OF SOUL PERIL.

It is not altogether astonishing that the defenders of the Romish Church fail to substantiate their theories by the revealed word of God. Even with their garbled Bible they cannot prove the position they assume. God speaks to man so plainly that whatever is not of Him, though it may deceive for a time, and may blind the ignorant, is nevertheless doomed to destruction with those things which are the work of Anti-Christ.

On a Friday morning, as Mr. Mowry was walking along one of the streets in search of a poor family whose case had been given to him as worthy assistance, he happened to pass a Roman Catholic Church. In the grounds belonging to it paced a priest slowly back and forth. As the gate was open, the missionary, intent upon sowing

the seed of the kingdom, entered and accosted the other with a polite "Good morning to you."

Near by was a Protestant industrial school, where poor children were clothed and fed, as well as instructed in the elements of learning. It had long been an eye-sore to the Romanists, who looked upon it with especial disfavor as an encroachment upon their territory.

The priest returned the missionary's greeting with civility, and as an evidence that his mind had been occupied with the Protestant school, he immediately pointed towards it, and exclaimed :

"Don't you think it's too bad to peril the souls of those poor children by giving them meat on Friday?"

"Peril their souls! Why, you have exactly reversed the theory of the Bible on that point! Peril their souls by eating meat on Friday! Why, you forget that Christ said, 'Not that which goeth *into* the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh *out* of the mouth; this defileth a man. * * * Do not ye yet understand that whatsoever entereth in at the mouth, goeth into the belly, and is cast out into the draught. But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and they defile the man.'"

The priest was so completely nonplussed, he stood without reply, and could not be induced to enter into any further discussion on the subject.

SAVING FAITH, FROM A ROMISH
STANDPOINT.

A somewhat similar incident is as follows :

A noted Roman Catholic priest preached a sermon upon a certain occasion from the text "Ye are saved through faith." His discourse, which was two hours in delivery, went to explain what Faith was, and what it was capable of doing for the soul of the believer. He finally shaped his argument to show that the faith necessary to salvation, was faith *in the Roman Catholic Church*. At the conclusion of his sermon, he said, if there was any one present whom he had failed to convince, he would be glad to have that person call upon him the following morning, at the house of Father O'N——, where he was stopping (being a stranger in the city) for the time being.

Mr. Mowry, who had gone to hear him at the earnest solicitation of a Catholic woman with whom he was laboring, accordingly presented himself at the priest's door the next morning, and enquired for the Jesuit who had preached the night before. He was ushered into the presence of the person he sought, who was apparently enjoying a quiet conversation, in company with four other priests.

Mr. Mowry at once announced the object of his visit, and the discussion immediately began. To use the missionary's characteristic words in relating the incident, "The fur flew for an hour, I can tell you!"

One after another, the priests got up and retired from the room, until he was left alone with the Jesuit.

“You have tried to show that the faith which pleases God, is faith in the Romish Church ! If you will look at the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, you will see a very complete list of Old Testament heroes who pleased God by their faith long before the Romish Church existed. And it is my opinion, if Enoch and Noah, and Abraham and Moses found favor with God, by reason of their faith, *two thousand years before the Romish Church was born*, it has very little claim upon the sole proprietorship of this saving grace.”

The Jesuit was silent ; he had received the *coup de main*.

CHAPTER VI.

TEMPERANCE SKETCHES.

“Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor DRUNKARDS, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.”—1 COR. vi. 10.

THE sketches chosen for this chapter, are selected from an innumerable number of such instances which have accumulated in the experience of Mr. Mowry during his half-century of Christian work.

The cause of Total Abstinence always laid very close to his heart, believing, as he did, that rum is one of the most powerful of Satan's angels, and responsible for more misery and crime than every other cause combined.

During the eighteen years of his life as a merchant in Bozrahville, he never sold any spirituous liquors. In those days it was esteemed ridiculous to argue in favor of temperance. Almost every one denounced total abstinence as an attempted usurpation, and an infringement upon the liberty of the private citizen. Its adherents were treated with cold condescension at best, and in many instances suffered a great deal of annoying, petty persecution on account of their principles. Mr. Mowry was no exception to this rule; he kept the only store in a tract of country five miles square; but in eighteen years lost some two thousand dollars which he had saved from his blacksmithing, besides the money left him by

his grandfather and various relatives. When he closed his business, his credit was good for fifty thousand dollars, but his ready means and personal property would scarcely have footed up as many cents. Men refused to trade with a storekeeper who wouldn't sell rum. What a revolution in public opinion since that hour. Praise God for the temperance wave that is sweeping with resistless power across this broad continent to-day! Would to Him that the Church took a deeper interest in this matter! Speed the time when no human being shall be allowed to enter into fellowship with the visible church of Christ, who tastes, touches, or handles this unclean thing!

Mr. Mowry's work in the city of Brooklyn alone, will give some idea of the extent of his labors in the cause of Temperance.

A RECRUITING OFFICER RECRUITED.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mr. Mowry, of a friend who desired he would call upon a certain man.

"Well, the truth is, he drinks too much liquor," was the reply.

"That is rather an indefinite answer, because in my opinion, if he drinks any at all, he drinks too much. How is he affected by the poison?"

"He spends the greater part of his time in liquor saloons, and his money is transferred to the till of the rumseller about as fast as he earns it. Often his wife is

searching for him 'till midnight. When sober he is a man of intelligence, and were it not for the curse of rum, they would be as happy a couple as there is in Brooklyn."

Mr. Mowry paid the visit, and found the family occupying the third floor of a very respectable house, in a quiet neighborhood. Knocking at the door, he was invited by a voice inside to enter. He did so, and confronted the man he sought to benefit, who said :

"You have the advantage of me, I do not know you."

"Well, I guess we are about even on that ground, for I don't know you, but I made up my mind unless I came to see you, we should never get acquainted."

"Why should you wish to know me?" asked Mr. L——, with no little curiosity displayed in his expression.

"I'm a recruiting officer, and am in search of recruits," was Mr. Mowry's reply.

His wife, who had just entered the apartment, exclaimed :

"It's rather remarkable for *two* recruiting officers to get together."

"So you are in the recruiting business, eh?" cried L——.

"Yes, that is my business, sure enough," answered Mr. Mowry.

"How long have you been in it?"

"Twenty-five years or more."

"Why, how's that? I didn't know there was *anybody* in it before the Rebellion?"

"Oh yes! you're mistaken; there have been some in it ever since the *first* rebellion."

"What bounty do you pay?"

"Oh, the bounty pays a hundred-fold down—insures their lives, and gives them an eternal inheritance when the war is over."

"W-h-e-w-wh! well! that goes ahead of my price, by a long figure! Where do you make your headquarters?"

"Usually at any place where I find a man to be recruited, but to-night, at 8 P. M., No. — DeKalb Avenue, near Fulton Street."

"Well, by jingo! I'll be there; for I should like to see how you do things in your way."

It was the stormiest night of the season, and Mr. L—— did not come, though his wife afterward said he walked the floor all the evening, and would have gone, but thought, on account of the weather, "*the office*" would not be open.

The next day Mr. Mowry called upon him, and asked him if *he* was ready to be recruited.

"Well, I'll confess I don't know what you are up to. If you will explain yourself, I'll tell you quick enough what I will do," he cried in open amazement.

"Certainly. I'm raising recruits for the tee-total army, hoping that each one, after proving themselves good soldiers in *that* division, may be transferred to the army of the great Captain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ."

"To come down to a fine point, then, you are trying to get folks to sign the pledge?"

"Yes, that is why I came to see you."

"Well," losing all interest at once, "I do not see any necessity for it; I'm not a drunkard, and when I get so that I cannot take care of myself, I will sign that document."

"Do you think your argument sound and good?"

"I don't see why not."

"I will tell you why not. You say when you *can't* take care of yourself, you *will*! Now I tell you the exact reverse is the truth; when you can't, you will not. Besides, you know the old saying, one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"Do you mean to tell me I am in danger?"

"Yes, every one is in danger who uses such kind of stimulants. It is running a terrible risk."

"Nonsense! did you ever see me drunk in your life?"

"No, I have never seen you drunk; but I have seen you the *worse for liquor*; worse, in that you are not as good a man, not as tender a husband, not as worthy a citizen, as you would be if you never used liquor as a beverage. All these faults may be summed in one word, you are not a Christian, and all, doubtless, because you are what is called a moderate drinker. If I am wrong, say so. If your course is the safest and best, continue on; if not—you being judge—sign the pledge, and be true to it as long as you live."

He stopped, thought a minute, and impetuously seizing a pen, cried:

"You are right—give me the pledge, I will sign it!"

He did so, and they parted; the one to his work for

the army of the Union, and the other for the army of the Lord.

It may be well to add, that Mr. Mowry did not know at the time of his first visit, that he was going to see a recruiting officer, and the use of the word as an introduction, was purely providential.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

As a rule, a man dies as he lives. If he has lived to God's glory, he dies in glory ; if he has lived in sin and shame, he dies in despair and gloom. Press home this truth.

In Mr. Mowry's native village, at one time, lived six wealthy men, each of whom, strange to say, held the rank of Captain in the State militia. During a revival of religion, all of them, with a single exception, became deeply interested in the movement, and their new-found joy led them to yearn for the conversion of Captain B——, who was seemingly proof against every influence. Each of the five in turn called upon him and urged the cause of salvation ; but alas ! the effect of their visits only made him the more determined to set religion at defiance. The longer they pleaded with him, the harder he drank, until finally, sober moments were a novelty in his experience. But his five brother officers gave him but little reason to doubt their sincerity in the matter, and continued to labor unremittingly with him, in the interest of his soul.

At length he declared no amount of money could induce him to remain in a place where everybody had gone mad about religion, and he would sell his valuable farm at a sacrifice, rather than be compelled to listen any longer to their harpings on the subject.

His threat was speedily carried out, and he moved West, with his entire family, "Where," said he, "I can do as I please, without anybody's interfering."

Some years after, during the infidel's last sickness, the pastor of the church from the far-off Connecticut village, happened, providentially, in the vicinity of Captain B——'s place, and determined to pay him a visit, hoping to find a change in his ideas upon the subject of religion.

He made his way to the bedside of the dying man, and saw—what? A fellow-creature in the last agonies of death, and within easy reach of his hand, at the head of his bed, a barrel of whiskey on tap, from which, as long as he was able, the miserable man drank the poisonous liquor. He died as he had lived, an outcast from his God—a miserable slave to rum!



SAVED BY GRACE ALONE.

The blessed denouement in the following instance leads one to besiege anew the throne of heavenly grace for mercy upon the drunkard.

During the spring of 1859, Mr. Mowry was called to

attend the funeral of a mission-school scholar. He was a promising lad of thirteen; the joy and hope of his mother, and a favorite with all who knew him.

His father had been a police officer in two cities, yet was one of the most brutal inebriates under the curse of rum.

At the funeral of his promising boy, he was so terribly intoxicated, that his presence in the room was impossible.

At the close of the exercises, his poor wife, dreading to take him with her to the place of burial, and still more fearful of leaving him behind, reluctantly consented to have him conducted to the carriage. Accordingly two gentlemen, by main strength, lifted the besotted man into the vehicle, while the bystanders looked on with disgust and indignation. Oh, it was a terrible sight! No words can describe the anguish and mortification of the bereaved mother; and the friends who were present sympathized with her deeply in her two-fold trial.

Some thought the man might be led to see the error of his ways, through this stroke of affliction, and turn toward right living and sobriety; but the effect was exactly the opposite. There had been a slight restraint before, but now all sense of shame seemed to have forsaken him, and his condition grew rapidly from bad to worse.

There remained, finally, no course to pursue save to have the man arrested and dealt with by the law.

This was accordingly done, and he was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for six months.

When his term of service had expired, he resolved to

go to the West, and start anew. Crossing the East River to take the Albany steamer, the desire to see his wife and children once more, took strong possession of his mind.

Ah, yes, the future did look dark to him! Ruined in purse and reputation, destitute even of a good name, he felt terribly alone, and resolved once more to seek his wife and children before he left for the West.

Retracing his steps, he sought the woman he had wronged, and the children he had neglected, but his welcome was pitilessly cold. The wife had borne so much from him, that her heart was hard, and she requested him to go where he would, so he but left her in peace. Permission for a night's shelter, even, was denied, and he went out into the world more friendless, more dejected, more miserable and forsaken, than before his visit.

But he felt that he could not blame her. He acknowledged, with remorse, the bitter truth that it was all his own fault; that the wife who had once loved him so fondly, was estranged through his own ill treatment; that the children, who had never known a father's love, could not be censured for their indifference.

Yes, he alone had done it all, and rum had been the cause.

As he left the house without even a thought as to where he should sleep, he wandered aimlessly from street to street. It was early in the evening of the Sabbath day, and the bells were calling saint and sinner to assemble in the places of worship. Presently he came upon a church brilliantly lighted, and throngs were

pressing in to hear the word of God. The thought took possession of him "Go thou and do likewise," and though he would fain have passed on, the invitation of the Friend of sinners stood before him, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He hesitated no longer, but entered the sanctuary, and taking a position out of sight in the gallery, listened to the message as it came from the lips of God's servant.

The subject of the discourse was "The Gospel, the remedy for sin and its consequences." Like a magic balm the words came with soothing power to his bruised and sin-laden soul. "What! is there peace for such a wretch as I? Can it be possible that this message is to me—that I can be forgiven and accepted of God?"

The minister announced a service for the following evening, and with hunger for more of the blessed word, the man resolved to attend it. He found a place to pass the night, and all the next day waited eagerly for the hour of gathering to arrive.

It came at last, and with it the invitation to "Come to Jesus."

The famine was sore in his soul; but there was plenty at the Father's table. Yes, he would arise and go to the Father, and seek forgiveness and pardon and peace. He would be, by God's help, from that time forward, a consistent, earnest Christian.

Again he went to his wife; he told her the story of

his conviction, and begged her to forgive him, and be reconciled.

“My God has forgiven me against whom I have sinned more grievously than against you ; can not you forgive likewise ?”

“Can such things be ?” thought the poor suffering woman ; and yet there was that in her husband’s words and manner altogether different from anything she had ever seen there before. Could she believe him ? Could she trust the evidence of her own senses ? How often had he promised reformation before ! how numerous had been her acts of forgiveness, and yet they had always been abused ! The promises had been broken, and contrition had always been followed by speedy relapse and ill-treatment. But now, something seemed to say, “Trust him once again.” She placed her hand in his, and looking him in the face said solemnly : “I will try you just this once.”

She had never been a professing Christian, though a good moral woman ; but gladly accompanied him to the next meeting of the church he had visited.

The invitation was extended for those desiring to commence life in God’s service, to come forward for the prayers of God’s people. Both husband and wife knelt at the foot of the altar, and there in sweet consciousness of forgiveness of sins, together passed from death to life, united in one at last.

They immediately commenced life anew ; all the old difficulties were banished, and they were happy in the Lord.

A little more than two years afterward, as Mr. Mowry was visiting the soldiers encamped at the Park pending transportation to the seat of war, he noticed a fine-looking man whose face seemed familiar, but whose identity he could not place.

The other was in the same predicament.

"Have I not seen you at the jail?" inquired the missionary.

"Have I not met you at the penitentiary," asked the other.

"I have never been at the penitentiary," answered Mowry.

"Nor I at the jail," said the stranger; "but I think I remember now where we met. It was at my boy's funeral—you recollect, do you not, Mr. D——'s in C—— Street?"

"Yes, yes, very well; are you that man? What has wrought the great change in your appearance?"

"The grace of God," was the reverent answer; and then he related the facts as given above, testifying with meekness to the truth of scripture, Where sin abounded grace does much more abound.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

Close attention is especially requested to the following incident:

Upon one occasion, when Mr. Mowry was seeking

converts to the cause of temperance, he asked the proprietor of a store to sign the total abstinence pledge.

"No sir," was the answer; "I don't think I ever shall."

"Why not?" queried Mr. Mowry.

"Because I am no drunkard, and don't see any necessity for it."

"A very poor reason, sir; there's not a drunkard in the land to-day but could have said the same thing with truth at some former period of his life. They did not see any danger at the time, but it existed nevertheless."

"Well sir, there is no use talking any more about it; I will not sign the document you propose."

Mr. Mowry, from the manner of the other, decided it would be wiser to say nothing further of a personal nature at that time, and gave the conversation a more general character by remarking:

"There may be some person in whom you are interested who *is* in danger, and who would be benefited by taking the course I have suggested."

"Yes, that's so; there is my brother-in-law, if you can get *him* to sign the pledge, I will do what I can to help you."

"What are the circumstances of his case?"

"Well, he's the best man I ever had in my business, and yet the worst. I can neither get along with him, nor without him. He has a wife and three children—the youngest of which, five years old, he has never seen. He is completely under the power of rum."

"What do you mean by his never having seen his five years old child?"

"Why he left his wife and went away, just before the child was born."

"What, deserted them! and at such a time!"

"Yes, ran away to sea, and was gone three years, during which he neither wrote them a word, nor sent them a penny. They were obliged to go home to her mother's, who has taken care of them ever since. He came back from his voyage when the three years had expired and has been with me until the present time, now at work, now drunk, and apparently beyond the reach of reformation."

"Has he made no effort, during the two years he has been with you, to see his wife and resume his position as the father of his children?"

"Oh, yes, repeatedly! but the mother-in-law will not let him see his wife, and is rigidly against any effort looking to their reunion. And, as far as that's concerned, I don't blame her much."

"No, nor I either," was Mowry's sententious reply.

"Well, you've got the facts of the case, and if you can by any means bring about a change in his habits you will do more than I expect."

"God alone can do that. I will make the effort to influence him and leave results to Him," said the missionary, promising to attend to it at once, and taking his departure.

The course adopted by the man whom he just left, was the subject of Mr. Mowry's thoughts, as he passed along

the streets on his errand of mercy. He was ready to see the benefit of taking the pledge in the case of his brother-in-law, but with himself it was a vastly different thing. *He* was a man of some moral stamina; in no sense dominated by indulgence, and was able to govern his appetite at any and all times—in short, he was a man! But the other—poor wretch—had no will of his own, one sip was the precursor of glass after glass; moderation was something unknown to his vocabulary; he was not to be trusted; in short, *he* was a sot.

People carry out this same idea in relation to giving themselves to the Lord. How many mothers—how many fathers—are anxious and active in securing their children a place in the Sunday-school; who insist upon their being instructed in the truth of the gospel, and yet never give the eternal welfare of *their own* souls a moment's thought or attention. They think perhaps that they do not need it, being able to take care of themselves. Often the reason is a purely selfish one; they are conscious, in their own hearts, that something is lacking—that they need Christ—but they know, also, that having Christ means giving up the world, the flesh, and the devil. It means not only renouncing the devil (oh yes, they are ready at any time to do that) but likewise *all his works*, and just there the shoe pinches. So they content themselves with *talking* religion to their children and friends, and *practicing* the opposite in their own lives.

They “do not think it wise” for So-and-So to use tobacco, or drive a fast horse, or play billiards, or go to the theatre, for it might lead him astray, but as for them—

selves—well, they are “seasoned,” and not to be infatuated.

Ye short-sighted hypocrites! No infatuation is so dangerous as your own! Do ye reckon upon making your peace with God when at length the vanities of the world have palled upon your satiated appetites? Listen to the voice of God to such as have made a like calculation.

“Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; * * * I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. * * * Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.”

Such were the reflections of the missionary as he hurried along, and at length arrived at his destination, which proved to be a store and dwelling combined, in a somewhat unfrequented quarter of the city.

Upon entering, he found several young men congregated there, and among them one whose appearance tallied sufficiently with the description he had received, to identify him as the person he sought. Paying no particular attention to him, he addressed some of the others—evidently men of the same course of life—and began, in a guarded manner, to feel his way towards the introducing the subject of temperance. The opportunity was at length afforded, and he strenuously advocated their signing the pledge then and there. His efforts were not rewarded with success, however, and the others soon went away to seek more congenial quarters,

leaving the man in whom Mr. Mowry was interested behind them.

We might pause in the story just here to note the hand of Providence in their departure and his remaining. People often say "well, that was lucky, wasn't it?" and even professing Christians are frequently heard to remark, this and that happened "by the merest chance." It would be more in accordance with their calling, and with the truth, if they were to say "was it not *providential*?" It is time the world should be awakened to the truth that *nothing ever happens by chance!* The overruling Providence of Almighty God is manifested in *every* detail and circumstance, whether in the moral or physical department of life. Nothing escapes the foreknowledge of God, nothing comes to pass without his permission.

"Well, my friend," said the missionary, addressing the man, "those men are a pretty hard lot, I guess?"

"You're right; there's not many in Brooklyn harder," was the reply.

"They made a great mistake when they refused to sign the pledge, did they not?"

"Maybe so and maybe not; there's many a worse thing done in the world than drinking."

"There may be acts committed whose immediate effect is worse, but there are none whose results in the long run bring so much misery and wickedness to pass. But what particular act had you reference to?"

"Well, I'll tell you what; I'm a married man, and yet I'm not allowed to see my own wife and children, and I

drink on account of it, and as long as they keep us apart, I'll keep on with my rum."

"A rather peculiar story, friend ; who is it prevents your seeing your wife and little ones ?"

"Oh, my mother-in-law, an infernal old hag !"

"What right has she to do it, unless you have in some way forfeited your claim upon your family ? Have you always done your duty by them ?"

"Well, you see some time ago I took a notion to go to sea."

"Did your wife know you were going ?"

"No, she didn't exactly know it till after I'd gone," he answered, reluctantly.

"Well, there's wrong doing on your part to begin with ; did you try and right it by sending her word where you were, and money to support herself and family till your return ?"

"No, I didn't have no time to write," replied the man doggedly.

"What, no time to write after deserting your wife without saying a word to her about it ! Pray how long were you gone ?"

"Oh, some time," answered the other, evidently making up his mind to keep that to himself.

" 'Some time' is rather indefinite ; was it two weeks, three weeks, three months, or three years ? What do you mean by 'some time' ?"

At length he acknowledged, after some sharp cross-questioning, that he had been away three years, and had utterly failed to provide for his wife ; that since his return

he had never sent her any money because she wouldn't live with him.

"Then, if I understand you," exclaimed Mr. Mowry, fixing his gaze upon him steadily, "you think that keeping a wife and children from starvation, when her husband runs away, and is gone three years without doing anything for them, is a worse crime than drinking liquor and getting beastly intoxicated. You have told me all I need in order to judge what sort of an individual you are, and I not only endorse everything your mother-in-law has done—according to your own story—but I tell you plainly, if you had treated a daughter of mine as you have treated hers, I would have you placed behind the bars of a prison cell, where you properly belong."

The man hung his head in shame, feeling the honest indignation of the other to be a righteous judgment. But the devil is always ready with an excuse. And right here let us remember, in waging war against this arch enemy of the soul, that *he never sleeps*—never ceases to hover around the soul even to the last moment of our existence on earth. There are those who have been accustomed to look upon the devil as an inmate of hell; they picture him sitting upon a burning throne in the realms of the damned, directing the affairs of his kingdom. This is a mistake. There is no worker *in this world* more industrious than Satan. He never ceases by night or day to plan and execute some movement against the cause of Almighty God. He is omnipresent on the earth. This does not necessarily mean omnipotent, but the fact that Apollyon is constantly in attendance, alike upon

saint and sinner, is indisputable. He is always waiting to take advantage of the slightest laxity on the part of his foes, and does not wait for them to grow careless. He presents temptation after temptation, seeking to *furnish*, by hook or by crook, *some* inducement for men to give ear to his words. There is not a more terrible truth in the Bible, than is contained in the thought of Paul in the fourteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of Second Corinthians, "For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." Ah yes, believer; he comes to you also, and he pretends to teach Christ; and he counterfeits so closely the blessed truth, as it is in the Son of God, that unless you are protected by the everlasting Arms of Love and Power, you will be entrapped and ruined. You will be deluded in the possession of the spurious coin; when you present your passport at the gate of the Eternal City, it will be pronounced a forgery—a clever one 'tis true, but nevertheless a forgery. Then let me caution you to put on the *whole* armor of God. You will find that there is not one portion of the harness that can be dispensed with, *all* is necessary to the presentation of yourselves blameless before Him in the day of His coming.

Now, in the case of this poor man, he was ready to acknowledge in his heart that he had done wrong; that he had transgressed the laws of God, and violated every usage of civilized humanity, when the devil whispered in his ear, "Hold on! what are you going to do? You're not half as bad as they try to make out; better think twice before you acknowledge it." So he said,

turning to Mr. Mowry with a simulation of injured innocence, "Well, suppose I did do wrong, and acted mean in going away without saying a word to my folks; how do they know but I've reformed since then, and would do what's right by 'em now?"

"The best proof of that is in your daily life; you are constantly mingling with those who fear neither God nor man; you are drinking and spending your time in riotous living, and knowing this, do you suppose any one is going to believe whatever assertion of reformation you may choose to make?"

"Well, if I had my wife and family back, I'd stop all that sort of thing. I don't do it because I love it."

"Stop it first, and then what you say may have some force with others."

For some few moments neither broke the silence which followed; at length,

"Can you come here on Saturday night?" asked the man, as if some sudden thought had taken possession of his mind.

"Perhaps I might if I imagined you would be benefited by doing so," answered Mr. Mowry.

"I don't make no promises, mind you; but you just come here Saturday night—that's all I've got to say," he cried.

There was a new light beaming in his eye which bespoke determination to carry out whatever plan he had conceived, although he did not reveal what it was; and the missionary bid him good day, satisfied the visit would not prove altogether barren of results.

On Saturday night he went to the place of meeting, and there found, not only the man he sought, but several of like stamp, whom he had brought with him for the purpose of signing the pledge together. This, then, was the thought which took possession of him; he would lead a better life, and not only would he begin by giving up rum himself, but he would induce his comrades to do so likewise. The immediate result we have seen. How far those young men were true to the promise they made, is known only to God, but in the case of the one in whose story we are more particularly interested, a radical change not only in his appearance, but in his behaviour likewise, was the effect of a few days of total abstinence. Mr. Mowry called upon him from time to time, encouraging him in the good way, and sowing here and there, as opportunity offered, the seeds of salvation. Gradually his eyes were opened to the sin and guilt of his previous course; and the Lord sent him the question, "What shall I do to be saved? what shall I do to retrieve the past?"

"To the first question," replied Mr. Mowry, "I answer in the words of holy writ, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;' as to the second interrogation, there is but one course to pursue; leave time and your daily record to plead your case with the ones you have so deeply injured. Prove by your life that you desire to undo, in some measure, that which has been done. If you will take my advice, you will select some neighboring church, and be regular in your attendance there. Seek earnestly to acquire a knowledge of God's

forgiveness ; for all wrong-doing is sin against God, and He alone is able to forgive and blot out the past, impart grace for the present and strength for the future. Having made your peace with Him, it will be a light matter, comparatively, to make your peace with them."

He agreed to accept the advice, and act upon it, and accordingly selected a Methodist Church near by as being the one with which he would identify himself. Mr. Mowry learning this fact called upon one of the leading members of the organization and requested him to take especial interest in the awakened sinner, which he gladly promised to do.

Let us note an important point just here, viz.: the necessity for *perseverance* in the Lord's work. Oftentimes we enter upon gospel work with great avidity ; we make a grand fight against the enemy's line of entrenchments, and, going in the power of God, are enabled to drive the foe over his own earthworks, and plant the banner of victory upon the captured fortification. Then we raise a glad shout of triumph, and *sit down* to enjoy the victor's reward. But the enemy is not conquered ; we have not become masters of the field. We have only taken *the advanced outworks*, and he has retreated behind a second line of fortifications, stronger and more impregnable than the first. If we would win the fight for God, we must follow on and on, over every succeeding line of retreat and entrenchment, until finally the standard of the Lord Jesus Christ floats over the *entire* battle-ground, *Lord of all!* But if we are fighting for ourselves, we may just as well stop at the end of the first

skirmish line as anywhere else, for our work will amount to nothing in the end. We may succeed in tormenting the enemy a little, but, after all we have but put him on his guard ; have merely taught him to fortify himself more strongly in the future ; thus, instead of permanently injuring or crippling him ; we have unwittingly done him a great kindness, in teaching the lesson of vigilance. How many Christian workers content themselves with routing the enemy in the first and second line of works, and then pass on to another battle field ! Had Mr. Mowry left this man at the time of gaining the first step, who shall say what the result would have been on his after life. Experience rarely does things by halves.

The awakened man was finally converted to God, and found consolation in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day, after becoming established in his Christian experience, having been accepted as a member of the church and uniting with it, he came to Mr. Mowry, and begged him to use his influence toward bringing about a reconciliation with his wife and family.

"Tell her that by God's grace I am a different man," he said, "and that I will make her a good husband, and prove a father to her children."

Mr. Mowry accepted the undertaking, and called upon the family. In answer to his summons a fine-looking woman came to the door, and stood waiting his mission.

"Is your given name Mary?" queried the missionary.

"Yes, it is, why do you ask?" demanded the woman, in no small wonder at the question.

"Did you ever know a man by the name of George ——?"

"To my cost," was the curt reply; "what now?"

He was invited to enter, and before another word was said she went out of the room, returning a moment later with her mother, who immediately took the initiative.

"I suppose you have come here to get my daughter to go back and live with her husband; if you have, I want to tell you you've made a mistake! she shall never go back to him with my consent!"

"Well, madam, I have said nothing to your daughter about returning to him; but having heard one side of the story I became somewhat interested to hear the other side also."

"If that's what you come for, I can give it to you in full."

And without waiting for any further invitation, the old lady related the circumstances of the case with a dramatic effect, which left but little hope in Mr. Mowry's mind that she was to be moved by anything he was able to present in the man's favor. It was also noticeable that Mary felt keenly her position of dependency in the maternal household and was ready to say more in his behalf than her mother would do; and, without doubt, would willingly go back if she could be assured of his change in principle and practice. This was conveyed more by her manner than by direct words; but the mother was unrelenting.

"I suppose you would have no objection to his reformation?" asked Mr. Mowry of the old lady.

"Oh no, as far as that's concerned, although I shouldn't have any faith in it, were it to take place," she answered.

"Well, I do not blame you for so thinking, nor do I regard it as being strange," said the missionary; and thus having gone as far as his judgment dictated, he took his departure, leaving a pleasant impression behind him.

"Well, Mr. Mowry, what's the result?" asked the husband, when they met.

"Nothing to be discouraged at," was the reply; "of course your mother-in-law would be glad to know of your permanent reformation, but you must convince her that such is the fact, by quietly pursuing the even tenor of your way for a time. Your wife is evidently glad you are doing better; but George, here you are, over thirty years old, with nothing laid by to support a wife if you had one. Now, take my advice and begin to put your earnings in the savings-bank, and then, when the time comes, you will be in a condition to assume the responsibility of the head of a family."

He did so, and became studiously attentive to his business, laying by all that he earned above the amount necessary for his own support. Though he never saw those toward whom his heart yearned, still he felt that he was working for them, and that in God's time, they would be given back to him.

The missionary continued to encourage him; he was faithful to his religious duties, and grew in the knowledge of salvation. Finally, in the providence of the Almighty, as he was one day seated in a street car, his wife, whose

voice he had not heard in years, entered the vehicle. Their eyes met.

“Mary!”

“George!”

Their fellow passengers saw little food for wonder in the greeting; but oh! what a world of intensity breathed in the utterance of those two names! In each heart the recollection of the past was forgotten in the joy of their present meeting, and they went together to the home of her sister who lived near by, and as far as they were concerned their difficulties were settled, and the sister encouraged them to look to a speedy reunion.

But the mother proved obdurate. She had taken her daughter and her children home, and had cared for them during five long years, and she could not bring herself to risk a repetition of her daughter's former experience. She had no faith in the reformation of her son-in-law, and resolutely turned her face against him, saying:

“Mary, you must choose between us; if you take up with that man, you need never darken my door again.”

And thus matters stood; Mary yearning towards the father of her children, yet fearing to break her mother's heart.

The sister, however, remained their stanch friend. But her sympathy was only for a season, for she was taken ill, and after a short period of suffering drew near the confines of the dark valley. When death was at hand, and her relatives were summoned to her bedside,

the mother knowing that George was in an adjoining room, said: "Mary, call him in." When he came in answer to her bidding, she reached across the bed, placed her hand in his, and her dying daughter smiled and passed away.

All those immediately concerned now looked upon the reunion of the long separated man and wife as a settled fact. But, like Pharaoh, the mother had seemingly given consent while under the rod of Almighty God, and when the solemnity of the occasion had vanished—when the daughter had been laid away in the grave—she hardened her heart, and refused her consent to the union.

When it became evident that her prejudice was not to be removed, George decided upon other measures. He hired a neat house in a pleasant location ; furnished it in part, and, after an agreement with his wife as to the best mode of procedure, sent to the house of the mother-in-law one day during her absence, and removed everything in it belonging to his wife, and took herself and the children to their new home.

When his mother-in-law returned, she at once questioned the servant-maid as to what had occurred. Upon learning the truth of the matter, she became intensely indignant, and resolved to break off all relations with her daughter.

She immediately took a smaller dwelling and had her household goods removed to it ; but on the way there fell and broke her arm, which resulted, finally, in necessity compelling her to live with the daughter she had firmly resolved never to countenance again. She continued to reside with her son-in-law until the day of her death,

some years afterward, and with all her prejudice was obliged to acknowledge that George had indeed reformed, and that he was an exemplary Christian.

For seven years the happiness of that family was unbroken; apparently nothing of their own doing would ever bring sorrow to their hearthstone again, and they were confident and happy—none more so than George himself.

How often in experience meetings men rise and testify to the entire removal of some particular appetite! they say, "I used to be a drunkard, but since my conversion the *appetite* for liquor *is all gone*;" or "I was addicted to the use of tobacco, but since my conversion the *appetite* for it has been *entirely removed*—it's absolutely gone." Such expressions are of common occurrence, and are born either of ignorance, self-confidence, or a pernicious tendency to overstate the truth.

A man may say truthfully, "I used to smoke and chew tobacco, but since my conversion the Lord showed me it was my duty to give it up, and although it had become almost a second nature to me, His grace has enabled me to *overcome the desire* for it, until I no longer have the *slightest wish* to indulge in the practice;" or a man may say with equal truth, "Since God has enabled me to quit drinking, I have been given grace sufficient to overcome the habit so completely that I am *unconscious* of any inclination or desire for liquor."

Either of these statements might be strictly true, but to claim that the appetite, whatever it may be, has been *entirely removed*, is to assert, in sense if not in words, "I

know that if I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall never be troubled with this habit again." It is placing yourself on a par with the Almighty in point of foreknowledge, and finds its exact parallel in the case of Peter, who was *perfectly positive* that though all men should forsake his Lord, yet he would prove faithful. Peter's self-righteousness received a very severe check: "I say unto thee, before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice." We make no doubt, had Peter said to Jesus, "Lord, thou knowest I desire to be true to thee, and I am going to trust to thy help to *keep me faithful* even in the most trying circumstances," we make no doubt but Christ would have said to him, as the Lord did to Paul, "my grace is sufficient," and poor Peter would have been saved the bitter tears he shed over his own miserable downfall.

Reader, if Almighty God is giving you grace to overcome any old habit of long standing, if His grace so abounds toward you in this particular that you are enjoying complete exemption from all desire regarding its gratification, tell of it to those around you; give Him all the glory and thanksgiving for His mercy, but *do not assert more than you know*. Rather *have faith* in Him who has begun a good work in you that He will *continue it* to the end.

In the incident we are giving, George, after living a life of complete Christian enjoyment in his home and family *for seven years*, was led, through the prescription of the family physician, to take liquor as a medicine. It awoke the *slumbering* appetite which he had supposed

dead, and for a short time a perfect reign of terror was the result. Who shall picture the utter despair of Mary when the truth came home to her heart! Was the old life to recommence? Had these seven happy years been given them, like the seven years of plenty in the time of Joseph, to be followed by seven more, breeding famine and pestilence?

Here we must leave them in the hands of God, for the end is not yet. At the time of writing this article they are still in the land of the living, and their mission as yet unfulfilled. But He who doeth all things well, and who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, has their destiny in his keeping. The future lies with Him, to whom be all honor and glory forever. Amen.

CHAPTER VII.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while He talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"—LUKE xxiv. 32.

OVER the door of a much frequented corner rum-shop in one of the thoroughfares of New York city is a large sign bearing upon its surface in golden letters the legend,

As we journey through life let us live by the way.

The proprietor of the place, in causing that sign to be painted, doubtless intended it for an invitation to passers-by to pause in their journey and quaff some of his wares. We will venture to say that beyond the thought that it was a hale-fellow-well-met sort of an expression, he never realized that his sign was a very fair orthodox sermon, furnishing an exhortation, and in the application of its meaning, a grave lesson to every human creature.

Dear gospel-worker, you can have no better motto. Life is a journey, and your standing in the future depends materially on how you are living by the way.

By the way! Ah! what a great difference it made to the poor man who was fallen upon by thieves, how they

who came passing by, lived by the way. First came a certain priest—one to whom the highest offices of the Temple were committed, and who should have exemplified in his daily walk in life, in his journey by the way, the holy influences by which he was constantly surrounded, and by which he should have been dominated and controlled. But alas ! he was a hypocrite. Professing the name of Jehovah, he was a stranger to Him : wearing the garments of an anointed of the Lord, he was false at heart, and a child of Satan ; so he passed by on the other side, leaving the poor man to die.

Then came likewise a Levite on the road to Jericho—one also set aside for the work of the Temple—a professor of religion—one accustomed to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures—a tithe-taker, receiving benefits at God's hands constantly ; and how did he live by the way ? How did he exemplify the mercy of God revealed in man ?

Like the priest, he too passed by on the other side, leaving the poor victim to die.

Reader, have you pondered those terrible words of our Saviour in reference to such as these ? He says :

“ Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven ; but he that *doeth the will of my Father* which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils ? and in thy name done many wonderful works ? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you : depart from me, ye that work iniquity.”

Are you perhaps a minister of the Gospel ; between

your own soul and God let this question be answered: how are you living *by the way*? Are you preaching the living Jesus as you journey along through life? Not merely by scholarly expositions of disputed passages; not merely by orthodox disquisitions upon Gospel truisms; not merely by having a form of godliness; but are you so rooted and grounded in love that charity possesses your soul and overflows upon every side, dropping the fruits of holiness as you pass along?

“By their fruits ye shall know them,” said our Lord, and though your presence in the pulpit may be eminently grave, dignified, and priestly; though your language may be choice, your gestures proper, your oratory unexceptionable; though your doctrine may be uncontrovertible, your analogy pure, and your deductions forceful; though you may pass muster with your congregation and be regarded as a model of godliness, you may yet, in God’s sight, be passing by on the other side of the way.

Doubtless the priest of the parable was perfect in his service in the Temple before the eye of the people; but when no one but God saw him, how miserably he failed to put in practice the blessed instructions which Israel’s God had given, and which he, in turn, gave to the people!

Ah! brothers sisters, one and all, how are you living by the way?

Remember your calling. Christ says, “Ye are the salt of the earth;” again, “Ye are the light of the world.” And bear in mind, too, the command, “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and

glorify your Father which is in heaven. Not that good works are acceptable to God in and of themselves only, but because it is impossible to perform them save as the spirit of the living God dwelling in us furnishes us to every good work. Thus God sees in us *not the works merely*, but the spirit which prompts them—Christ in us the hope of glory—ever acceptable to God, who has said, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Therefore, dear gospel-worker, as you journey through life let your light—the light of Christ in you—shine by the way.

Preach Jesus *everywhere*. Preach Jesus *every way*. Preach Jesus *at all times*. Then, in the day when you shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, you shall hear the glad tidings, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.”

Remember that it is ever God who giveth the increase, but you are to sow the seed. He is ever faithful to His work; you will be held accountable for the strict fulfillment of the part allotted to you. Work by the way; as you go be ever on the alert to point some perishing soul Zionward. You may never know in this world the results of your labors; but what matters it? In the great day of settlement there will be a glad surprise for you. The Lamb of God shall point to those who have come up out of great tribulation, lighted perhaps for the first steps of the journey by you. Then you will learn what the harvest has been. Then you will be able to see the ripe grain from the seed that you sowed. Then you will receive a crown whose jewels will

be more precious than diamonds, and whose glory will be everlasting.

Yea, reader,

“As we journey through life let us live by the way.”



THE UNGRATEFUL BEGGAR.

In passing along the crowded streets of a large city, how frequently the profane word shocks the ear. Gospel-worker, never fail to stop and speak a word for Jesus with the blasphemer.

One Sabbath morning, as Mr. Mowry was crossing Washington Park, Brooklyn, he noticed a group of four or five young men gambling. Their dress and general appearance betokened connection with wealthy, if not pious families. At first Mr. Mowry was tempted to pass by without reproving them, thinking of the words, “Cast not your pearls before swine ;” but remembering, also, how often this passage is quoted as an excuse for shirking a disagreeable duty, he determined to sow the seed of truth, leaving God to give the increase.

“Good morning, young men ; I should like to tell you a short story, if you have no objection.”

“All right, not the slightest,” was the answer, as they stopped their game, and waited for what might follow :

“A very good and benevolent man, travelling by himself on the highway, was accosted by a poor wretch who asked for assistance. He told a very plausible and pitiful story, and so worked upon the sympathies of the

gentleman, that he drew his purse from his pocket, and finding it to contain seven dollars, gave the mendicant six of them, reserving but one for himself. The beggar, seeing the remaining piece, determined to possess it also ; and, entirely unmoved with gratitude for the generous act of his benefactor, waited until the gentleman turned to go, when he felled him to the earth with a powerful blow, and robbed him of the coin. Now, I should like to ask you what your opinion of that beggar is?"

"Why, he ought to have been hung," said one.

"Pshaw! hanging's too good for such a scoundrel!" cried another, and each one coincided in the sentiments expressed by these two.

"Well," said Mr. Mowry, quietly, "I'm glad you are all of one mind as to the fact of the man's meanness and guilt in robbing his best friend, but there is not much choice between you. God, in his sympathy and love, has given each one of you six days in every week in which to carry on the work of life for your profit or amusement; but, not satisfied with his goodness and munificence, you have robbed Him of the seventh day also, and that, too, in the meanest way, by gambling and profaning His holy name."

One after another began to hang his head in shame, and Mr. Mowry, offering his hand to each in turn, said, as he bid them 'good day,'—

"Remember, if we never meet again, that God, the great Benefactor, has said, 'Six days shalt thou do *all* thou hast to do, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.'"

WHAT IS HARDER THAN THE DIAMOND.

As the result of a word by the wayside, the following incident furnishes food for reflection. In your work for the Master, learn to accommodate your application of divine truth to the exigency of the moment. It is the secret of power and must be given you of God.

Soon after Mr. Mowry came to Brooklyn to reside, he was led to seek out a young man who had formerly been employed by him in Bozrahville, but who had found a more lucrative position as head clerk of one of the largest manufacturing firms in New York City.

After inquiring about his health, and congratulating him upon his brilliant prospects, Mr. Mowry added :

“But, Samuel, how about the keen edge of your religious life ; how is it with the soul ?”

“To tell the truth, Mr. Mowry,” was the reply, “I’ve lost the keen edge, just as you told me I should unless I continued faithful to the means of grace. But I have just taken the superintendency of a mission Sabbath-school, and I am going to strive earnestly to regain my lost ground.”

Mr. Mowry learned from further questioning that his friend was the only professor of religion among all the clerks—numbering between thirty and forty—employed by the firm, and he determined to speak a word for the Master if the opportunity offered, before leaving.

It was speedily afforded. A young man was busily engaged, at a work-bench close by, in cutting glass into

small squares for daguerreotype frames. Stepping up to him, Mowry asked in a quiet, interested tone of voice :

"What do you use to cut glass with?"

"Why a diamond of course," replied the clerk, without looking up.

"Well, why don't you take a pine stick for the purpose?"

The query was apparently so absurd that the young man looked up to see what manner of individual could ask such a foolish question. He was somewhat astonished to see a tall, quiet, gentlemanly stranger, with a perfectly earnest countenance, gazing at him.

"Pine stick indeed! You know as well as I do that it's not hard enough!"

"Is that diamond, then, the hardest thing you know of?"

"Yes, it is," testily replied the young man, beginning to think Mowry was poking fun at him.

"Well, you are mistaken, my friend; I know of something, in your possession, as much harder than that diamond, as the diamond is harder than a pine stick."

"I should like to know what it is?"

"*Your hard heart*," was the unexpected reply, as Mr. Mowry turned away and walked out of the establishment.

For a moment the young man gazed after him in undisguised amazement, and then, without a word, resumed his task. But with the first scratch of the diamond over the polished surface of the glass, con-

science cried in his ears, "Your heart is harder than the diamond." With every subsequent cut, his soul rung with the words, "Your heart is harder than the diamond."

He essayed to laugh it off; to reason himself out of it; he made up his mind to think no more about it, but the voice of awakened conscience would not be still.

All that day the thought burned its way into his soul deeper and deeper. He could endure it no longer! He felt he must have relief or become crazed. He inquired who Mr. Mowry was, and where he could be found; but could only learn that he resided in Brooklyn. He determined to visit the city and seek him out, and was upon this avowed errand, when they met in a providential manner, upon the public thoroughfare. The interview which followed, resulted in his conversion. He went on his way rejoicing. Soon after he gave up his clerkship, entered the ministry, and has since been instrumental in the conversion of many precious souls.

THOSE OF OUR RELIGION DON'T COMMIT MURDER.

A great work remains to be done among the Jews, and the following little incident is the more gratifying from the fact that a soul of his chosen people acknowledged him as the true Messiah.

Passing along the street one day in a quarter of the

city inhabited principally by Jews, Mr. Mowry noticed a number of very pretty, black-haired children playing in the courtyard of one of the houses. He spoke kindly to them, and began sowing the seeds of life in their little hearts, when a woman, whose face plainly indicated her Hebrew origin, came out of the house in great haste.

"See here! what are you doing?" she cried; "we don't belong to your religion, and don't want you talking to our children!"

"You would not find fault if I were to save your child's life because I didn't belong to your religion, would you?" queried Mowry.

"Well, I guess their lives don't require your services just now," retorted the woman; "they look pretty comfortable as they are."

"You say you don't belong to my religion; well, what have you got to recommend yours?"

"Well, one thing, anyway; our people never murder anybody, and that is more than you can say of the Gentiles."

"You're mistaken, my good woman, when you say your people never murder anybody. I know of one case at least where you Jews murdered a man in cold blood!" cried Mr. Mowry.

"'Tis false! You can't prove it!" was the excited reply.

"Oh, yes! I can prove it; his name was the Lord Jesus Christ; perhaps you have heard of him."

The woman looked at the missionary for a moment, and then, without another word, turned and went into the house.

Some years afterwards the same woman came up to Mr. Mowry in the street, and recalling the incident we have just given, said : "I thought you might be interested in knowing that I am one of your religion now. Yes, I have taken the man the Jews murdered as my Saviour."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

Men establish rules in relation to the acceptance and discussion of religious truth, which they would never tolerate in business or in any other emergency of life.

A quiet rebuke similar to that detailed in the following incident is often extremely salutary in its effect, and many times frequently results in opening the door for a deep and lasting work of grace.

The first duty of the leader of a storming party is to ascertain the vulnerable point in the fortress he is about to attack. Any other course would prove him an incompetent officer, and likewise imperil the lives of all under his command. So with the Christian worker ; the first duty is to discover the weak point in the devil's fortification, and, using all energy to break it down, rush through the breach, and rescue the soul for God.

One of the leading men in the State of Connecticut, a wealthy merchant of the city of N——, H—— by name,

had long resisted every effort made by family and friends for his soul's salvation. Pompous in manner, and assisted in his perversity by a fine education, he was enabled to overcome whatever argument was presented in favor of religion, and the advocates of Christianity were often obliged to retire discomfited and disheartened. Finally they began to feel that it was no further use to say anything to him, and they resolved to leave him to God, who alone could bring him to see his lost condition.

One day Mr. Mowry, who had been a customer of this man for a number of years, entered the store to buy a bill of goods. Providentially he found Mr. H—— alone, and behind the counter in person. After giving him an order for goods amounting to a considerable sum of money, Mr. Mowry said :

“Mr. H——, I have traded with you for a great many years, but to-day the opportunity is presented for the first time for a quiet conversation upon a subject of as much importance to you as to me.”

“Is that so? What may it be, pray?” asked the other crisply.

“The subject is the eternal welfare of our immortal souls, and I cannot conceive a matter of greater moment to either of us.”

“Ah! that is your opinion, Mr. Mowry, and you are doubtless honest in it; but you will be good enough to observe that, as far as I am concerned, you are privileged to keep it to yourself,” was the reply.

“You are mistaken, Mr. H——; I am not privileged to

do anything of the kind. I have no choice in the matter. Christ says to me, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to all men ;" therefore I am under obligation to do His bidding, for the servant is not greater than his Lord."

"Now see here, Mr. Mowry, we may just as well come to an understanding upon this matter first as last. You are one of those persons who conceive it to be their duty to go about among their fellow-creatures, thrusting their opinions perforce down other people's throats. I do not countenance that kind of thing myself. I do not believe in the doctrine you teach in the first place, and I will not tolerate this mode of presenting it, in the second place. Moreover, I give you to understand that we are not beholden to the people of another town for instruction in religious truth. If we want any information upon such matters we can get it at home ;" and Mr. H—— leaned back against the shelving apparently satisfied that Mr. Mowry had been silenced for once in his life, if never before.

"You are not beholden to people of another town for religious conversation and instruction, eh ?" repeated Mr. Mowry quietly.

"Exactly, sir ; that is what I said."

"Well, Mr. H——, as I remarked at the beginning of our conversation, I have traded with you a number of years ; during that time I have paid you a great many dollars ; but as you are not under any obligation to me for religious instruction, and I am under no obligation to trade with you any further, sir, the next time I come to

Norwich to buy a bill of goods I presume I can be suited elsewhere;" and, bidding him good day, Mr. Mowry turned to go out.

"Stop! stop! Mr. Mowry," cried the merchant, "I see I've been too fast. *I'll take it all back. I'll take it all back.*"

Like many others, he was *ready to do for his pocket what he was not ready to do for his soul.*

"THE VERY STONES CRY OUT AGAINST YOU."

How often do the inanimate things of earth speak lessons of wondrous power to the human soul! How often, too, are they used to convey an illustration of the hidden things of God, which through their instrumentality are made plain and clear. Be ready in your work for God to draw assistance from everything His hands have formed; making the rocks to praise Him, and the rills to glorify His name.

Noticing a man busily engaged in measuring the dimensions of a number of large slabs of stone, Mr. Mowry stood watching him for a moment, and said:

"You are taking very careful measurements, my friend; may I ask why you should be so very particular?"

"Well," said the man, "you see I've got a contract to deliver so many slabs of stone, of such a size and such a thickness. The party is very particular, and unless they

are every one *just so* he would break the contract, and I should lose a good job."

"That is a weighty reason. You are careful because negligence would be a matter of no little loss to you ; but now may I ask, if you are as particular about measuring for that other Master-builder ?"

"Who's that? this is the only contract I've got at present?"

"You're mistaken, my friend ; you are working every moment of your existence for the great Builder of the Universe and of Heaven ! He, too, calls upon you to be very painstaking in your work ; and will certainly refuse to accept it unless you rigidly comply with the conditions he has furnished."

"Oh, as far as that goes, I haven't done much measuring on that line," replied the man.

"What ! is the exactness of a few slabs of comparatively worthless stone of more value to you than the eternity of your immortal soul ? Can you, dare you, be so particular about the one, and so heedless about the other ?"

The stranger's attention was arrested, and inviting the missionary to proceed with him to his office, he gladly heard him on the subject of his soul's salvation. The incident resulted in his conversion, and he was led to praise God that the very stones had cried out against him.

A STATELY MANSION.

Sketches of like character as treated by this portion of the book, might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but we will close with the one which follows. The object is to impress upon the reader the necessity of accommodating himself to circumstances. As you journey by the wayside, use everything which presents itself to your view for one sole purpose, viz.: to glorify God. "So shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

It was a sultry summer day. The sun's rays came pouring down with overpowering heat, and the missionary was glad to stop as he passed along the hot pavements, to rest a few moments beneath the grateful shadow of a fine shade-tree.

As he was about resuming his walk, he noticed a gentleman standing near who appeared to be greatly interested in the construction of a fine residence in course of erection on the opposite side of the way. From the steadiness of his inspection, it was plain his interest in the building was more than the ordinary curiosity of a passer-by.

Accosting him in a kindly manner, Mr. Mowry inquired what particular feature of the work so riveted his attention?

"Oh," said the stranger smilingly, "I am putting up the building, and was looking to see if I could improve its appearance in any way."

"Then, as I suspected, you are the owner of it,

and hence your anxiety to see it well and faithfully constructed."

"Yes, that's so ; and I suppose you'll agree with me that there's no harm in doing things well," was the reply.

"Certainly I shall agree with you ; but, which is of far greater importance, God himself agrees with you, for he teaches us to do everything to his glory, even to the seemingly unimportant matter of eating and drinking, and if we do so it is bound to be done well."

The gentleman looked at the missionary with no little surprise, but manifested no desire to reply to what had been said. Mr. Mowry continued :

"I notice it takes a great many hands to put up your dwelling ; and though their work is done deftly, yet your house has had its beginning, and it will have its end. The solid masonry will crumble away, those well-seasoned timbers will rot and decay, and *some time or other* the edifice upon which so much labor and money is being expended will be an unsightly ruin."

"It will last a great deal longer than I will, I guess," laughingly replied the stranger.

"That may be, but I cannot help reminding you of a mansion not made with hands, whose builder and maker is God, *eternal* in the Heavens. Have you any interest in that building, my friend ?"

"I suppose I have," was the answer.

"What reason have you for supposing so ?"

"The same that any man has, who is honest with his fellow-men, and treats them as he could wish to be treated in return."

"Is this the only ground you have for your supposition?"

"Why do you ask? can you give me a better one?"

"Not only a better one, but the *only* one which can give you any title to a home over there."

"If there's a better reason for a man's going to Heaven than the one I gave you, I should like to hear it."

"You shall, sir; it is this: Regeneration, or, as it has been termed, 'the new birth.' Christ said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven. Are you conscious of having been born again, of being dead unto sin, and alive unto righteousness?'"

"Well, no; I can't say that I am."

"Then sir, your claim to the mansions which He is preparing for them that love him, is worthless. Your hope is entirely groundless, and unless God, in his mercy, converts your soul, and enables you to accept Christ as your personal Saviour, you can never have part or lot in the glory of the redeemed."

The interest of the stranger was becoming deeper and deeper with each word; but at this juncture, he was called across the street to attend to some matter of direction, and excusing himself took his leave. Whether or no his title was ever perfected, will be discovered by the missionary at the last great day, for they never met again.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFFLICTION BY DEATH.

"None considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."—ISAIAH lvii.

MURMURING against the Providences of Almighty God began in the Garden of Eden, and has continued down to the present hour. It can scarcely be wondered at in the lives of those who do not acknowledge the government of the Gospel of Peace; but that Christians, who have openly taken upon them the yoke of Jesus Christ, should fret and complain at the chastisement of God, is a significant fact pointing to the necessity of sanctification in the heart.

Much has been said and written upon the subject of sanctification which cannot be substantiated by the word of God, and we desire to state plainly that we are not in sympathy with any line of teaching which seeks to establish a personal righteousness or sanctification of the flesh. Christ "who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption" (1 Cor. 1-30) is the only righteousness and sanctification we can possibly have, and He is all we need.

Therefore in speaking of the necessity of sanctification

in the heart, we do not refer to any "second blessing" (?), but we advocate an apprehension of God which shall be so clear and complete experimentally that the soul can acknowledge with truth, "ALL THINGS work together for good to them that love God."

That word "ALL" is very comprehensive. It includes every possible experience in the life of man. Nothing is left out in its wide-reaching grasp. From the most insignificant circumstance in the every day routine of business or household care, up to the most important and momentous reality with which we are called upon to cope, *all* is for our good—permitted of God, and the direct offspring of Love unspeakable.

Do you realize it? Has the dear Lord given you to *know* this experience?

How many know it theoretically! Perhaps you are saying to yourself, "Yes, of course I know it. It's in the eighth chapter of Romans, and everybody who calls himself a Christian, knows the eighth chapter of Romans."

Would to God they did. Not as being one of the most wonderful chapters of the New Testament. Not as being so often referred to, and quoted and commented upon. Not as teaching a high grade of Christian experience. But would to God, all who name the name of Jesus, knew it as true of themselves; knew it by an act of revelation through the Holy Ghost; knew it as the only qualification for eternal happiness and peace in the great Hereafter. Would that they knew it as corresponding with the witness of the Spirit in their own

souls ; knew it as that realization of Christ in us, for which He laid down His life,—the abiding life ; the life of submission to the will of God ; the life hidden with Christ in God ; *do you know it* as a blessed, restful, soul-sustaining, all pervading reality ?

“ Ah ! ” you sigh, “ who can have such an experience as this ? Why, it would be heaven itself ! ”

Yes, dear reader, you are right ; *it is* heaven in a sense. Heaven in that heaven is the abode of those whose joy it is to do the will of God ; heaven, because heaven is a place of rest, and calm, and peace ; heaven, because it is heaven where Christ is ; heaven, because God dwells there ; because the experience is the verification of our Saviour’s own words, “ My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and *make our abode with him.* ”

“ Who can have such an experience ? ” you ask. Nay, but rather ask, who, in view of God’s willingness to give it, can be *without* such an experience ?

Oh with what a tenderness of reproach come the words of Christ, “ How often would I have gathered ye together as a hen gathereth her chickens together under her wings, but *ye would not.* ”

Paul says, “ We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew. ”

Here is the trouble, dear reader. If you do not realize the truth of God’s word, it is because you are as the princes of this world. You have not yet placed the Red Sea between you and the abomination of the Egyptians.

If the abiding life of sanctification is not your experience and testimony, you are not pleasing in the sight of God, and the god of *this* world is robbing you of your privilege in Christ.

The difference between a cowardly soldier and a brave one is never shown in the dress parade. It becomes, however, strikingly apparent when the roar of artillery and the ominous shriek of the shell, mingle their terrible sounds with the groans of the wounded and dying. It requires no careful analysis of character to discriminate between cowardice and bravery on the blood-stained field. And so, in some measure, it is in the lives of Christians. It is sometimes difficult to decide between theoretical and experimental Christians under the ordinary pressure of life,—more especially so if the lines have fallen to the former in pleasant places. But let the hand of Almighty God fall in like heaviness upon them, and oh, how quick you may distinguish the true child of grace! How in the one case there will be dignified Christian calmness, sweet resignation to the chastisement of a loving God, an humble bending of the neck to the blow of love, *an inward consciousness, outwardly displayed*, that it *is* for good, and *only one* of the number included in the "ALL THINGS" of Jehovah. While, on the other hand, there will be terrible chafing under the restraint; open faultfindings with the decrees of the Omnipotent; a total lack of sustaining grace; a pitiful failure to realize the blessedness of the assurance, that our light afflictions for the present work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Christians know that sanctified affliction begins to work out that glory from the hour of its birth in the travail of chastisement.

Every soul which accepts uncomplainingly the "all things" of God, *has experienced* the beginning of that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and advances, step by step, in the consciousness of the glory, as affliction after affliction, trial after trial, testing after testing, establishes its confidence in God. Having received from Him strength according to the day, it goes on in the divine life from glory to glory, even unto the perfection of His coming, when we shall arise in his likeness.

There are thousands of dear struggling souls all through this broad and beautiful land who allow God to be *semi-sufficient* for them. They accept the "all things" so far as the temporalities of life are concerned ; they give themselves to the pruning and purging of God up to a certain point, and then, when called upon to submit fully to the will of God, they cry, as did some of the disciples of old, "This is a hard saying ; who can hear it?"

"Ah, yes," says one man, "I am willing to give up the pleasures of the world which have fascinated me for years ; I am willing to throw all vices overboard ; I am willing to renounce everything which is contrary to God's law, but don't ask me to say Amen with peace and calmness when death robs me of my children."

And the mother says, "Oh you don't know how close we have been living to God ; you don't know how we have dedicated our home and everything in it to Him, and

how we have expended time and means in the effort to carry the gospel into the dark places of the earth; and then to think that He should take our darling away from us! Oh, is it just? Is it loving? Have we deserved it?"

And so they murmur at the "all things" of God. For death is His, and life is His, and WHATSOEVER IS, is His.

Has He seen fit to take away a dear one? Praise Him for the love which prompted it. 'Tis crucifixion to the flesh, and if accepted in the spirit of willingness, will work out its attendant weight of glory.

Question not the rulings of Almighty God, but accept them.

Have you yielded all else to him? Give this likewise. It is the chain which binds you fast to earth; it is the barrier which sets itself between your soul and the abiding presence of the Beloved. Christ must be all and in all before the peace which passeth understanding can become a perfected experience in the human soul.

Let us mention one more point before we pass to the incidents selected for this chapter.

It is the custom among many who call themselves God's little ones to adore the memory of the dead, and treasure inordinately the mementoes of their earthly life. Gospel-worker, discourage this practice to the full extent of the power God gives you. Do not let human sympathy delude you into shirking your duty in this respect. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," saith the Lord of Hosts, and though the dear one was sainted while

on earth, even with the augmented glory of his present state he is not God, and the worship of saints is but idolatry.

Whatever usurps the place of God in the heart of man is an idol, and must be overthrown before the soul is fitted for the reception of its rightful tenant.

The desire for a certain state of religious experience may become an idol; the undisciplined craving for joy in the service of God may become an idol.

What! a longing for the joy of the service idolatry! Yes, even so, if your heavenly Father sees fit to give you some other experience, and bids you see Him in it. The soul must be implicitly satisfied with God; not with the joy of his service; not with the peace of abiding; not with any state arising from the apprehension of Him; but only and emphatically *with him as God*, the Beginning and the Ending; the I Am; the All Things to the soul who would know the mystery of His Son.

It will therefore be readily understood, if we can convert *desires* into idols, how easy it is to set up for ourselves *objects* of worship in connection with unsanctified affliction.

Are you treasuring carefully some object dear to the one who is gone? Are you in the habit of going into the apartment she or he occupied when in the flesh, and of there giving way to unrestrained grief at the decision of a merciful and loving God? Are you in any—even the remotest—way, allowing your love to enter and cling about these things, to the exclusion of an implicit faith in the “all things” of Omnipotence? If so, dear friend, you are given up to idol-worship. You *cannot* worship

God in the spirit and in truth, and see outside of Christ a resting-place. You cannot at the same time worship your husband, your wife, your child, your friend, and your God.

O loiterer on the king's highway, ask God to give you the sanctification of holiness in affliction. Ask Him to enable you to say, with submission and resignation in the hour of trial, "Lord, I come to do thy will."

Remember that every object of attachment, every thought of the heart, every act of life, yea, every breath that we draw, should be to one great and glorious end, viz. : the glory of the Lord God of Hosts.

When death comes to your home, why do you draw to the shutters, darken the house, fill the abode with gloom, and render its presence a terror and a dread to the young?

Why do you deck yourself and your children in sable garments? Think you that it is for the glory of God? We enter a protest against these *worldly* practices. They are the hollow and meaningless inheritance of custom. They are the idolatry of modern civilization. They are, nine times in every ten, false as an expression of human sentiment, and ten times in every ten wicked in the sight of God, as confessing a cause for mourning at the fulfillment of His allwise decrees.

There is but one kind of mourning which is to the glory of God—mourning over sins in the heart of the sinner. But do you ever put on any outward symbols of grief in this case? Do you clothe yourself in sackcloth and ashes as they of old did, and bow in abasement and submission before your God? Alas, no! *Custom* does not require it.

Oh brother, sister, whoever you may be, break loose from the pomps and vanities of the world. Come out from among them. Be ye clean ; looking *ever* unto Jesus, who is made unto you, of God, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

“But,” you say, “I shrink so from taking an isolated position ; I dread being thought peculiar and fanatical ; I do want to serve God with all my heart, but I can’t make myself a target for the remarks and sneers of other people.”

Of course, this is just what Satan is whispering in your ear, but listen to the words of God. Remember that, “with all my heart,” means a great deal. It means to the exclusion of every earthly thought ; to utter separation from every desire that is not born of God ; it means *holiness*.

God says : “Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate,” for, “ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people ; that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.”

You may indeed count upon securing for yourself the scorn and indignation of the ungodly, in just the proportion that you are sealed unto God. But though it may be intense pain to your sensitive flesh, let the words of Christ be a balm to the wound. ’Twas his lips that uttered this sentence, “Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man’s sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy ; for behold your reward is

great in heaven ; for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

Oh, these lukewarm professors of Christ ! Oh, these border churches, standing on the edge of consecration, having a form of godliness, and not much else ! What a reproach to the name and character of Jesus are ye ! Let custom, precedent, form, habit, usage, and the opinions of men sink to the bottomless pit, when they come in conflict with the true worship of Almighty God. "*Do all to the glory of God.*" Make these words the test of your life. Measure every act, private or official, by this command, and then indeed, you may rejoice, in that you are made partakers of the Saviour through the fellowship of his sufferings. Then, indeed, you will accept the afflictions of His Love with the thankfulness of submission, and garner into your experience the fruit of His pruning.

Look down upon the calm and quiet face lying in the funeral casket, and see, written across the marble forehead, in the invisible letters of Love, the words, "For the glory of God." Turn away from the last glance at the countenance so dear to the flesh, and look within thine own soul, and then, in the abiding Comforter you will find the assurance, "For the glory of God." Praise Him in the falling tears ; praise Him in the bruised heart ; praise Him in the crucifixion of the flesh ; and praise Him in the soul's calm rest ; that you, torn, bruised, bleeding, and dying, are in your sorrows as in your joys—to the glory of God, to the mercy of His grace, and in the abiding consciousness of His Love.

IDOLS OF THE HEART.

“Don’t talk to me about the justice of God, the love of God, the mercy of God ; I don’t want to hear it ! What justice was there in robbing me of my wife, and depriving my children of the best mother that ever lived ? I tell you, your God is a demon !”

Such were the blasphemous words spoken by Mr. —, whose wife—dearer to him than the apple of his eye—had been taken home, rejoicing in the God of her salvation. Everything that intelligence could suggest and wealth procure were his, but “one thing” he lacked—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

“God’s right to your wife was greater than your own. He created her, and had He not the right to take her to Himself ?” asked Mr. Mowry.

“No, He had no right, after placing her in the relation of wife and mother, to snatch her away from a place which no one else can fill.”

“The Bible tells us that He chasteneth every son whom He loveth ; and this dispensation, though bitter in your present rebellious state, is an evidence that God is yearning for you. The blow for which you revile Him was dealt by the hand of love. You were placing all your affection upon your wife. God is a jealous God. He cannot share His place in our hearts even with our dearest ones. He says to us, ‘I am the Lord thy God ; thou shalt have no other gods before me.’ And so, when he saw that His place in your

love was usurped by your companion, He said, I will have mercy upon him, for I love him, and I will take away the cause of his disobedience, that he may look to me and live."

"I refuse to accept your theory—I don't believe it."

"God help you to do so," solemnly uttered the missionary as they parted.

Shortly afterward they were again brought together, but the interval had apparently wrought little change in the feelings of Mr. —. Said he:

"God has taken away my wife; I wish He would take my children also. As for myself, I would end my own life if I dared. I am perfectly wretched."

Mr. Mowry endeavored to quiet him as best he could, but the man was so completely wrapped up in his own sorrows, the task was no light one.

"Why, do you know," he cried, "for two nights I have sat by the side of my wife's grave."

"By the side of her grave!" cried Mowry in astonishment. "What for, pray? Did you expect to see her there? She is no longer on the earth, but her soul has taken its flight to God who gave it."

Mr. — made no reply, but remained silent and absorbed, as the other continued:

"It is, however, your privilege to meet her in heaven."

"Ah! if I were only there now!" said the grief-stricken husband.

"Mr. —," said Mr. Mowry, with calm impressiveness, "I am about to tell you a truth which you may not receive kindly at my hands, but nevertheless it is my

duty to do so. If your desire of reaching heaven is that you may again be united to your sainted wife, I say to you as from God, you have seen her for the last time, for the gates of the Eternal City will be shut against you ! You are still in bondage to your earth-born love ; you are still holding the hope of meeting your wife as of greater consequence and sweetness than the hope of meeting Christ. You are worshiping an idol, and no idolater ever reaches heaven."

"What then must I do ?" asked the other.

"Submit to the will of God ; and pray for the gift of a new and clean heart," cried Mowry.

Again they separated, the interview, though leaving a deep impression, resulting in no manifest work of grace. The heart was hard as flint, and would not yield to the voice of man. God spoke again, and a dear child was stricken down and died. The famine was great at last—too sore to be endured. The prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my father. He did so, and the arms of love were open to receive him. He said to Mr. Mowry at their next meeting, "I can pray now, and get sweet answers of peace to my soul. I shall see my dear ones in heaven, and together we shall glorify God, who doeth all things well."

CHASTISEMENT GOD'S METHOD.

How true are the words of Paul to the Corinthians, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment,

worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

There is perhaps no agency more used of God to turn the thoughts and hearts of mankind to himself than affliction. Loss of worldly effects, health, or death of friends and kindred have brought salvation to many a precious soul. The following incident is frequently repeated in the experience of every pastor, missionary, and worker in the Lord's vineyard, and the method of treatment may furnish a useful link in the chain as to the practical application of God's truth.

Mr. Mowry was invited by a physician to visit one of his patients, upon whom he had exerted all his skill with no perceptible effect. She was an intelligent lady of culture and refinement, who, some four months previous had sustained the loss of an infant eighteen months of age. This child had completely entwined itself around her heart, and when God took it away, every throb was in open rebellion at the chastisement, and she rapidly developed symptoms of melancholia, which threatened her reason, if not her life.

The evening chosen for the visit was a stormy one, as being likely to secure an interview uninterrupted by visitors. Mowry announced the object of his calling, mentioning her physician's name, and was received with evident cordiality.

"I am glad to see you, sir, especially if you have any consolation for me. I believe I shall become crazed unless I can get rest," and she motioned her visitor to a seat by her side.

She then proceeded to relate all the details connected with the sickness and decease of her little one, and seemed to regard her own ignorance and neglect as conducive in great measure to her infant's death. She had lost children before, but never experienced any feeling akin to this ; they had received every attention, and she had known no self-condemnation ; but now she could not become reconciled.

"My dear madam, you may rest assured this is merely a cunning device of the evil one, who recognizes in this chastisement the loving hand of God wooing you to Himself, and seeks by every available means to prevent your heeding the divine pleading. Tell me, are you conscious of having thoughtlessly neglected your child ?" asked Mowry.

"No, no, certainly not ; I could not forgive myself had I done so, nor should I expect forgiveness from God."

"God is not governed, in making up his judgments, by *results* ; He looks at the *motives* which prompt the commission of the act, more than at the act itself. You have already stated that you did all that was in your power to do for the other little ones you lost, and though you did the same in the present instance, still you are fretting because you *did not know how* to do more. When we do *all that we can*, we must leave the results with God. Besides, will all your fretting bring your darling back to you again ?"

"Alas, no ! nothing will benefit me that I can see. Oh, I shall become deranged !"

"The rather do the most rational thing of your whole life."

"What may that be?" she asked, with a weary, incredulous stare.

"*Stop trying to do what you can't do, and ask God to help you do what He would have you do,*" was the reply.

"Suppose Christ, the sympathizing Jesus, were here with you at this moment in my place, and should ask you, as he did one of old, 'What will ye that I do unto thee?' what would you reply?"

"Oh, I would ask Him to help me, and to make me a true Christian."

"Do you desire to be a Christian, to be God's child, more than you wish for your own child back again?"

The question was one which probed the wounded heart to its very centre. What a struggle was waged within its secret depth; what agony was endured in the few moments before the answer was given, and the words with trembling accents, accompanied by scalding tears, breathed solemnly:

"Yes, I do."

"Then let us ask Him; for our blessed Redeemer, full of sympathy and love, *is here*, waiting to be gracious, being touched with the sorrows of such as we."

They knelt in prayer, and earnestly asked the boon of peace which passeth all understanding. How that poor tempest-tossed child threw herself upon the Saviour's bosom, pleading for mercy and rest. The answer came in part before they arose from their knees, for the tired heart was still, and the dawn of a new and glorious

experience had broken. On the following day that mother pressed further into the kingdom, until by becoming a child herself, she was enabled to lay even her darling upon the altar of sacrifice to God.

Oh! when will we learn to *stop trying* to do the things we cannot do? When will we take God's chastising as tokens of his love? When will we become reconciled to the will of the Almighty whose name is LOVE, and who dealeth with us as sons and daughters, in that for our own good He spareth not the rod?

CHAPTER IX.

MORAL SINNERS.

“Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ that we might be justified by the faith of Christ and not by the works of the law ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.”—GAL. ii. 16.

WHAT trouble moral sinners make in the world ! What hindrances and stumbling-blocks they are to others ! How the cause of Christ suffers by reason of them !

How often we hear some one exclaim : “ Don’t talk about the power of Christ to me ; don’t prate about religion as a safeguard to me, in the face of such exponents of its truth as Mr. So-and-So, and Mrs. This-and-That.”

“ But,” you reply, “ the persons you have named are not Christians.”

“ Not Christians ! Why, they go to church regularly, and claim to be as good as those who call themselves so, at any rate ; and what is more they are always preaching morality to others.”

“ Exactly ; but though Christianity is always identified with morality, morality is not always synonymous with Christianity.”

Here is where the difficulty lies.

This class by their morality deceive those who, witness-

ing their failure and inconsistency, wrongfully attribute the result to the insufficiency of the religion of Jesus Christ ; whereas the entire responsibility rests alone with their false morality. They attempt to identify failure with Christ, when it is simply attributable to self.

Self-satisfied morality is merely the cultivation of the *ego* in human nature, and its development to the possible limit of attainment.

It is founded upon a theory of the existence of some latent virtue in the natural man upon which to build, and is but the patient manufacture of "tone;" the super-education of self.

"Morality," aptly says a well-known author, "comprehends only a part of religion ; but religion comprehends the whole of morality. Morality finds all her motives here below ; religion fetches all her motives from above. The highest principle in social morals is a just regard to the rights of man ; the first principle in religion is the love of God."

Whatever is of man is antagonistic to God ; and though it is shown that man's best good is the avowed purpose of the Almighty in the establishment of the religion of Jesus Christ, and that morality has for its object man's best good likewise, still it remains undeniable that in the first case man's good is inseparably identified with the glory of God, while in the latter instance man's good never rises above the plane of his own advancement and his own moral development.

It is to the existence of this fact that all the failures of moral sinners is due. The glory of God is not the

motive governing their actions ; and for this reason even their good deeds are valueless in the sight of the Almighty, and powerless among men.

Moral sinners attend church regularly, it may be ; yes, and perhaps contribute very liberally of their means to the support of God's house ; but after all they cannot purchase Christianity, they cannot buy spiritual influence. True ! they do not seek it. Their desire is a sound, solid, substantial reputation for respectability, and fair dealing, and benevolence, and caste. This is what they aspire to, and nothing more.

They want to be able to hear men say of them, " Mr. So-and-So ? Why, his word is as good as his bond ; he's one of the most upright, fair dealing men in the community," and beyond this their ambition does not extend.

Then there are moral sinners who do not conceive it necessary to attend church at all. They believe themselves capable of fulfilling all that God requires of them, without becoming identified in any way with the people of God. They are doing " as well as they can, and that's all that can be asked or expected of any one." They would not be guilty of any breach of their self-imposed standard ; they are consistent to their own notions of consistency, and in a certain sense are free from condemnation.

But alas ! in what a perilous sense is this freedom enjoyed ! The traveller in the Alpine snows is free from all sense of pain and danger, when once the benumbed sensibilities begin to lose themselves in the fatal drowsiness which precedes the sleep of death ; and so these

moral sinners, dead to the fact of their danger, feel no apprehension in the position which they occupy in the sight of God.

Much might be said upon this subject, which is one of great range, but a few incidents in illustration will serve to render its practical results apparent.

It must be observed, just here, that the different phases which morality assumes in connection with the church and with the world have not been arranged nor classified. We have simply given a few promiscuous incidents bearing upon this subject, leaving the worker to elaborate as he or she may, through experience, find it necessary to do.

SAILING WITHOUT A COMPASS.

“If there is such a place as Heaven, I expect to go there.”

The speaker was evidently in the last stages of consumption, and soon to be numbered among those who have entered the dark valley.

“What ground have you for indulging such a hope?” asked Mr. Mowry.

“Well, in the first place I am not a great sinner, and then I have always been a moral man ; I have attended church ; I have always done unto others as I would they should do to me ; I don’t know what more I can do,” was the reply.

“With your permission I will tell you what I think of

your hope." It being readily granted, Mowry continued, "I think it will not stand the tests of the dying hour and the judgment day. You have given me *five* reasons for hoping; the Bible gives *but one*, and it is not included among those you have mentioned."

"Pray explain."

"The first reason that you give for hoping you are a Christian, is that you are *not* a great sinner. The Bible does not recognize such a class, and indeed if such existed they would be shut out from all part and lot in the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to save—not the righteous, but *sinners*. Secondly, You claim to be a *moral* man and therefore have a right to hope. The Bible explicitly declares, that by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified; thus, the *Word of God* invalidates all hope in that direction. Thirdly, You rest upon the fact of having observed the outward forms of grace, attending church and prayer-meeting. This is indeed a poor ground to rest upon, for since the days of Judas and Simon Megus, there have been church-goers who have never got beyond the external forms of worship, and are at all times ready to sacrifice Christ. Fourth, You assert you have always done to others as you would they should do to you. This statement is absolutely false.

"There is not that person living to-day of whom such an assertion can be made with truth. Lastly, you express a willingness—notwithstanding all that you claim to have done—to do yet more if you only knew what more was required of you. This was just the thought uppermost in

the mind of the young ruler who came to Christ at noon-day, and falling upon his knees, cried, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?'

"Christ told him what further to do, but we read that he went away sorrowful. Now, Christ answers you to-day, saying, 'I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, whosoever believeth in me shall never die.' Will you heed the voice of the Saviour and take up your cross and follow him, or will you, like the young ruler, go away sorrowful. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of mankind is the *only* reason which God recognizes as valid, and it is the only one which will stand the test of death and the judgment-day."

These timely words, taking up in turn the reasons for a false hope, were wonderfully blessed of God, and before another thirty days had rolled round, not only the invalid was rejoicing in the forgiveness of his sins, but his wife also had united with him in a new song of praise to the glory of the Lamb that was slain.

How many are to-day deceived with chaff, are satisfied with the shadow and do not seek the substance? Reader, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

HAPPY ENOUGH.

Mere morality is too often closely allied to thoughtlessness and indifference, as in the following instance :

One day the door of Mr. Mowry's store opened, and two young ladies entered. Mr. Mowry himself waited upon them, and while they were making their selections, was busying his mind with the problem presented by their presence. They lived six miles distant from Bozrahville, and could procure almost at their own doors, goods of an equal quality and cheapness. To what, then, was their visit due? There must be some motive in it, thought Mr. Mowry. One of them, Miss L——, he knew to be a good Christian girl; could it be that she had brought Miss G——, in order that he might talk to her on the subject of religion? His surmise was correct. Miss L——, during a moment when her friend was not watching, motioned towards Miss G——, as much as to say, "Go talk to her, for I have brought her that you might do so."

Miss L——, interesting herself apparently over some goods at the other side of the store, presented an opportunity for the opening of the conversation. Mr. Mowry began by saying,

"I am quite well acquainted with your friend Miss L——, and know her as a Christian, and I shall be glad to learn that you are one also."

The young lady stared at her interlocutor, and replied in a somewhat flippant manner,

"I don't know whether I am or not."

"Well, what do you think about it?"

"I don't think anything about it."

"But don't you care anything about it?"

"No, not one particle; I never give it a thought."

"Are you happy in your present indifferent state?"

"Yes, just as happy as I want to be." And she began to take some steps as though about to dance; endeavoring doubtless to indicate that she was as light-hearted and free from care as it is possible for any human being to be. Mr. Mowry continued,

"Then you don't want religion to make you happy?"

"No, I am just as happy as I want to be,"—taking a few more steps.

For a few moments, Mr. Mowry was at a loss to know what to say, but in a measure recovering his complacency he continued, "Suppose yourself to be sailing on the river, just above Niagara Falls, and unconscious of the dreadful gulf into which the waters plunge, you are very happy. The bright sunshine is over your head; the lovely landscape spread out before your gaze; while on the sparkling waters your boat dances pleasantly with every movement of the wavelets. You are perfectly happy. Ah, yes; but the precipice is only a little way off; the rippling waters will soon become the terrible rapids—once in their grasp, and no earthly power can save you. *How happy will you be when your boat plunges headlong over that horrible brink?*"

She made no answer beyond a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, and taking a few more steps, danced herself out of the store. After they had departed Mr. Mowry thought, "God help you! for a more hopeless, thoughtless person I never saw." It was the first time he had ever met her, and two years elapsed before they met again. One day, happening to be in a large whole-

sale store in the city of N——, he noticed among a number of lady customers who were present, one who appeared to know him. He had no recollection of her, but the lady's manner unmistakably betokened a desire to speak with him, and accordingly he approached her, saying,

“Do you know me?”

“Oh, yes; and I suppose you remember me?”

“Well no, I confess I am unable quite to place you; I meet so many people only once or twice, that my memory is often treacherous on this point.”

“Why, don't you remember Mary L—— and I came to your store one day, two years ago, and you spoke of my sailing on the Niagara river?”

“Ah, yes! now I know you. You were ‘*happy enough*’ and didn't want any religion.”

“Exactly; and do you know ‘Niagara Falls’ and ‘happy enough’ rang in my ears until I gave myself to God.”

“And have you done so.”

“Yes, and now I can say with truth, I am happy indeed, with a happiness of whose existence I did not even dream then; and I have been anxious to see you ever since, and tell you the good news.”

It was indeed good news to the gospel-worker, and formed one of the most joyful surprises of his life-work. She proved to be a most consistent Christian, and was constantly engaged in some work of love for the glory of her Saviour. She passed away in her early womanhood, ripe for the glory of the kingdom, and rejoicing in the dawning of a better life.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The mother's idea of the degree of her daughter's culpability in the following incident, is an oft-repeated experience among Christian workers.

One Christmas day Mr. Mowry was led to visit a young woman in poor health, who was evidently in a receptive state of mind as to divine truth.

After some conversation of a general character, the missionary propounded a series of questions designed to extract from the sick girl, if she realized her lost condition as a sinner in the sight of God.

Her mother, who was present, and had quietly been listening to the conversation, at this point—with no little assumption of dignity—implied that their visitor had entirely mistaken the character of her daughter, who was “one of the best girls in the world, and *never had been much of a sinner.*”

“You think, madam, I am laboring under a mistake in my estimate of your child, but may I ask if she is so good in your opinion that she does not need a Saviour?” he said quietly.

“No, I do not mean that, but she don't need a Saviour in the same sense that some persons do, for she has been a good girl from a child up,” was the reply.

“Madam, there is but one Saviour, and he came to save *sinners*. There is no such thing in the sight of God as degrees of culpability in sin,—whosoever offendeth in *one* point is guilty of the whole law. A petty thief is as

certainly guilty in the sight of God, as a murderer whose hands are stained with innocent blood. Theft is sin, sin is the transgression of God's law, and murder is sin, the transgression of God's law ; the guilt lies *not in the grade of sin, but in the fact that we have done that which he commanded us not to do,*" exclaimed Mr. Mowry, with force and earnestness. Turning to the daughter, he continued,

" Mary, do you feel yourself to be a sinner in the sight of God ? "

" Yes, Mr. Mowry," she cried with solemn earnestness ; " I feel myself not only a sinner but a great sinner in his eye."

" Eighteen hundred and sixty-one years ago, God made this world a Christmas Present. He gave His only-begotten Son to die for you, that you might give yourself to Him and live. To-day we celebrate the anniversary of that blessed Gift,—will you not make it memorable in your own life by asking the Holy Spirit to enable you to make Christ a Christmas Present of yourself ? "

Overcome with emotion, her eyes streaming with tears and her bosom heaving, she cried :

" Yes, I will not only ask for help to do it, but I will act upon the help if given."

Her father was also present in the room at the time of the foregoing conversation, but was seated at some distance, and apparently paid no attention to what was said. The result, however, proved that he was not only an interested, but benefited auditor. On the second evening

following New Year's day he attended a prayer meeting held in the neighborhood, and before the exercises closed arose and said :

“I had no disposition to make my Saviour a Christmas present ; I was too much engaged with the things of this world to take any interest in the things of the world to come, or in my prospect of gaining heaven ; but, by the help of God, I resolved to give myself as a New Year's gift, and feel persuaded in my own mind that I have been accepted, and that I am now the property of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day.”

DIVORCING THE CHURCH.

Many are in the condition of the man mentioned in the illustration which follows, and require to be carefully yet firmly led back into covenant relations with the church through an experimental knowledge of God.

“Well, the fact is, I don't go to church any more.”

“What !” exclaimed the missionary, “not go to church ! How is that ? Were you not a member of Mr. ——'s congregation ?”

“Yes, I used to be a member there, but I became so thoroughly disgusted with the inconsistency of the church, with its errors, and with the worldliness of its members, I couldn't stand it any longer ; so I gave up going anywhere.”

"Do you act in a similar manner in relation to temporal affairs? Would you leave your wife because she had faults, and failed in every instance to do as she ought, according to your ideas of right? Would you close your shop and give up your business because some with whom you held business relations were dishonest, and because others failed to do as they had agreed to? Would you refuse all money because there was danger of your taking a counterfeit instead of the genuine article?" asked the missionary.

"Well, of course, as you put it, I would not do either of these things."

"Then why should you single out the church as less worthy your sympathy and forbearance than either your wife, your business, or your money? Is it right? Is it the act of a true Christian?"

The other made no reply, but seemed engaged with his own reflections.

"Will you allow me to speak plainly, and to ask you a few questions?" continued the missionary.

"Yes; ask me whatever you please."

"Do you know anything about the new birth?"

"Well—no; I don't know that I do," was the hesitating answer.

"Then it is evident you went *into* the church as you came out of it, without having been born again, which is probably the true reason of your leaving. Had you been a regenerated man, even though the church was as corrupt and imperfect as you have represented it, you would have felt it to be your duty, as a follower of Christ, to do

your part in exerting an influence for good where it was so greatly needed. Christ left heaven and came to earth to benefit sinners, to bring life and immortality to light. Was it following his footsteps when you withdrew yourself from those who needed instruction and the influence of a good example?"

The man acknowledged his error, and promised to profit by the lesson he had received.

There are very many persons to-day who stand in a similar position. Once eager and zealous members of some church organization, they became impatient of the manner in which the affairs of the church were managed, and finally they have withdrawn from further attendance, and have grown perhaps to speak slightly of the church as a corporate part of the body of Christ.

While it is true that every church organization is largely composed of those who have no right to the title of Christians—not having been born again through the power of regeneration in the inner man—still it remains equally clear and emphatic that the real, true sons and daughters of God are obligated to walk circumspectly, and to reflect in their lives the gentleness, the spiritual solicitude, the forbearance, the meekness, and the charity of Him whose sheep they are.

Remember, when you find fault with the prevalence of black sheep in the flock, that you are not better than your Lord, neither is the servant above his master. He, even *among twelve* followers, had one who denied Him with oaths and blasphemy, and one who betrayed Him and delivered him up to death and crucifixion.

Think you if over sixteen per cent. of the Lord's immediate disciples proved unreliable under the influence of His personal teachings, that it is a matter of wonder that a still larger percentage should follow their example under the teachings of God's ministers?

Reader, have you been a fault-finder in the church? If so, remember from this time forward that it is not characteristic of the true Christian. *Christ never found fault.* When it did not please Him to alter a condition, either in Himself as man, or in others around Him, He bore meekly and patiently the cross of humiliation and suffering.

Go thou and do likewise.

A FALSE HOPE.

Mr. Mowry was requested to call upon a woman whose delicate state of health gave but little hope of her recovery. In conversing with her, he found she had no fear as to the consequences of death, giving as a reason that she had never done very much to displease God, while, on the other hand, she had performed many good works which could not but find favor in His sight.

But while she did not dread the consequences of death, she feared to die. Why this should be so was a mystery to her.

She had supposed that a Christian was always ready

and willing to die, and as she had *never been willing*, it caused her to doubt whether she really was a Christian.

"My good woman, your unwillingness to die is the most hopeful feature in your case," cried the missionary.

"Why?"

"Because, if you were willing to die, you would take it as satisfactory evidence that you were a Christian, when, in fact, it is no evidence at all. Should you, regardless of the will of God, be willing to die before the time He has appointed, it would indicate plainly a state of opposition to His divine will and pleasure, and no person can be a consistent Christian who runs counter to the wishes of his Heavenly Father. The Christian, like his blessed Master, says, 'The cup that my Father giveth, shall I not drink it?'"

"Don't you think that a Christian is willing to die at any time?"

"At any time *that God calls*; not at any other. The best evidence of being a Christian is perfect submission to the will of God, waiting upon His pleasure, bearing the heat and burden of the day, until He says, 'It is sufficient; come and receive thy reward.'"

"Then you don't think I am a Christian?"

"No, I don't think you are."

"Why not?"

"Because you have depended on the world for happiness, and on your own goodness for salvation, and because you have never been born again and become a new creature in Christ Jesus."

"I believe you are telling me the truth; I have long felt

dissatisfied with my condition, but never could tell exactly why. It seemed, in some vague and undefined way, that I was like the foolish virgins without the oil of acceptance."

From this time a marked change was manifested in her experience. She became an anxious inquirer after the secrets of the Lord, her soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. This state cannot, in the nature of God's plan of redemption, continue for any length of time without the quieting, life-giving baptism of peace in believing, and joy in the consciousness of sins forgiven. It was so in this case, and she could cry with him of old, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

BORN AGAIN.

A somewhat similar case is the following :

Passing out of a morning meeting which he had organized and led for some time, Mr. Mowry spoke to a very prepossessing looking woman who had been present, asking her the usual question :

"Are you a Christian?"

"Well," she answered with no little embarrassment in her manner, "I am a member of the church; I have been both baptized and confirmed; but if what you said this morning is true, I am not a Christian in the sight of God."

"You are not obliged, madam, to take my word for it.

God's word is accessible, and Christ says to you, as He said to the Jews, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me." Now, our lesson this morning was the third chapter of John, and you will remember that Christ did not say to Nicodemus, 'If you join the church, and are baptized and confirmed, you shall be made a partaker of my righteousness,' but He said, 'Except a man be born again he shall not enter the kingdom of God.'

"Well, sir, I confess I know nothing about being born again," she replied.

"Then let me advise you to read that chapter carefully and prayerfully, and ask God to put you to the test as to your condition in His sight."

"I will do so." So saying, they bade each other good morning, and parted.

About two weeks afterwards she became serious, and sent for Mr. Mowry. As he entered the room in answer to her request, she exclaimed :

"Oh, sir ! I have been reading the third chapter of John and the fifty-first Psalm, and I have been led to believe that I have had no real religious experience ; that I neither know the power of God in conviction, in conversion, nor in regeneration. I do desire to feel myself an accepted child of God ; what must I do ?"

"Have faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, who has purchased the forgiveness of our sins by the shedding of his own precious blood. Through and by the merits of the Atonement seek God with an assurance of faith ; claim the purchased possession which is life everlasting in the

world to come, and in the present life peace and rest in the hope of our calling," was the reply.

After much practical advice and illustration, Mr. Mowry took his leave, and it was but a short time afterward before this woman found joy in believing. She refused to take a letter from the church of which she was a member, preferring to signalize her conversion by acknowledging openly before men that she had and could give a reason for the hope that was in her. She united with the church on profession of faith, and was remarkable up to the time of her death, three years later, for the clearness of her experience, and for the depth of her experimental religion.

In her last sickness, when she became too feeble to enter any longer into conversation with visitors, she had a large sign or placard printed containing the words, "When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." She would point to it repeatedly when asked by one and another how she was feeling; and when the final moment came, fell asleep in Jesus, with her eyes riveted upon these blessed words of comfort and consolation.

CHAPTER X.

CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

“As workers together with him.”—2 COR. vi. 1.

“For we are laborers together with God.”—1 COR. iii. 9.

PEOPLE often make a vital mistake as to their position in being co-workers with God. In the wonderful largeness of the sphere which God has called His chosen ones to fill they sometimes lose themselves ; and instead of realizing the greatness of their privilege, and unhesitatingly giving themselves up to the working of God's will in and through them, they entirely reverse His order, and attempt—unconsciously it is true—to make God a co-worker with them.

This unfortunate mistake is pregnant with sad results. It is the treadmill of the human soul. It is always attended with grief and failure.

Very many earnest and ardent Christian people are filled with the one idea of work, work, work. And they are constantly busy at one point and another. They never rest. They seize such passages as “Work, for the night cometh when no man can work,” and forthwith they commence to dig. It don't so much matter what they do, as long as they work. It does not enter into their thoughts as to the *method* of work ; all they know is that God said work, and they wait for no further directions.

"What are you doing, my good man?"

"Oh, I'm working."

"Well, but what are you digging this great unsightly hole for?"

"I don't know anything about the 'what for'; I only know the architect said 'dig,' and I'm digging just as hard as ever I can. As you see, I don't even stop work while I'm talking."

"But, my good friend, the architect must have had some *purpose* in view when he said 'dig'; he must have had some settled *plan* in his mind; there must have been some particular *place* where he wished the excavation to be made; haven't you been instructed as to these particulars?"

"Never heard a word about them; all I know is, he said 'dig.'"

"Well, did you *wait to hear* the full directions?"

"Come to think of it, I don't believe I did. I only heard him say 'dig,' and I was so anxious to get to work, and to show him how hard I could work and would work for him, I just seized a spade and ran to this place, where I've been digging with all my might ever since."

"You have indeed been working very hard, I can see that; and you have thrown up a great deal of dirt, and have made quite a large hole; but what earthly good it is, either to yourself or to any one else, I do not so readily comprehend. And if you will take my advice, you will stop just where you are, and go to the architect and tell him what you have done, and ask to be set right. You will put yourself under his directions, and then your work

will tell. You will then be accomplishing *his plans*, and showing *your willingness* at the same time ; whereas, if you continue as you have begun, the architect will neither take any interest in your digging nor reward you for your toil."

"Do you mean to tell me that I must lose all my labor here—that it will not count anything with him?"

I mean to say that he will doubtless grieve over the fact that your short-sightedness should have led you into such an error. Moreover, he will, without doubt, give you full credit for the *willingness* to serve him, but as far as the *work* goes, he cannot accept it, nor recognize it in any way as part of his conception. It must perish."

If the man has confidence in what I say, and is actuated by a sincere desire to work *for the architect*, he will recognize the uselessness of his present position, and he will stop his digging and at once place himself under the guidance and instruction of the one he would serve.

Now there are a great many Christians who are in exactly the same position spiritually as the man in the above illustration. The church is full of them. They make a great deal of noise, they do a vast amount of digging, and they accomplish *worse* than nothing, because the utter failure of their efforts is looked upon by those who know not the truth as being attributable to the Almighty, whose co-workers they claim to be. The gist of the matter lies in the fact that there is no truth in their claim. They are not co-workers with God ; they are those whom the Bible describes as having "zeal without knowledge."

(Rom. x. 2-3.) They are such as ignorantly attempt to make Jehovah a co-worker with them. Oh, that a mighty baptism of *true* zeal would descend from the Source of Grace upon the church militant! Oh, that *knowledge* might be coupled with *service* in the heart of every Christian in the land!

"Let every man take heed how he buildeth," cries Paul, for "every man's work shall be made manifest; because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

The mightiest agency of man is abortive to save even one soul, while the weakest instrument in the hands of God is powerful to lead thousands to Christ.

Reader, are you working in God's order? Are you a co-laborer with Him? Are you losing all sight of self, in your desire to manifest Christ's righteousness? If so, the results will abide, and you shall receive a reward; but if you are vainly digging—working for work's sake—and you are saved, remember the weight of the words "Yet so as by fire."

The church itself is sadly in need of workers to labor with it. "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God."

The cry goes out to-day as in the time of Moses, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Who is willing to be a co-worker with Christ?

This means in many instances to occupy a very insignificant place in the estimation of the world's mighty ones. It means to be oftentimes treated with contumely and scorn. It means to occupy the lowest

room at the feast, and the humblest place in the synagogue.

But it means, too, appreciation at God's right hand ; it means divine benediction ; it means working in demonstration of the power of the Spirit of the living God.

Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

When God through the medium of the Holy Ghost makes men co-workers with Him, they make no mistakes about their work ; for in reality *they* have nothing to do in the matter save to let God work through them. They become instruments in the hand of the Almighty. They become agencies, rather than agents ; and God is glorified in them because of their adaptability to his use, and their fitness to the accomplishment of his ends.

When we are co-workers with God, *we rest in working.*

If a Christian is seeking in his own strength to work for Christ, it is one continual, unabated strain, not only upon the physical, but likewise upon the spiritual natures. It is effort, effort, effort—all the way along. It is to be constantly moving, and yet never advancing.

It is—as we said before—to be in a spiritual treadmill, wherein the wheel keeps going round and round and round, and the one who treads upon it never advances a single foot beyond the limits of the box he stands in.

Such is not the experience of God's co-workers. When we work together with Him, we work in His order ; and He says to us, as He did to Moses, " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." (Ex. xxxiii. 14.)

These words are very significant. God did not say, "I will *come to* you and you shall rest ;" but He says, "I will *go with* thee and will give thee rest." It is to be *rest in movement*, rest in the accomplishment of work ; rest in the fulfilling of that whereunto we are ordained, and all this *while the work is being done*. Rest is the normal condition of the soul which is working as a co-laborer with Christ, and in God's order.

Another thought in connection with this matter.

While the immense piers for the stupendous East River Bridge were in course of construction, a sign was one day nailed upon the great door of the yard leading to one of the towers, which read as follows :

NO MORE WORKMEN WANTED.

Many laborers and others who sought employment of the company were daily confronted by this short, sharp notice, and were obliged to turn away—many doubtless with aching hearts—to look elsewhere for means of support. No matter how skilled the mechanic, his chance was no better than the common day laborer, for the company was supplied with help—no more were wanted.

No such announcement awaits him who desires to work for God. There is always room for one more. Always work to be done ; always workmen wanted to do it. Nor does God make any code of qualifications beyond this ; there must exist not only a desire to labor,

but more than this, a willingness to labor in accordance with His directions—in his order—WITH HIM.

If such be your determination, dear reader, hasten to make application, saying, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

Stop not for a day of greater spiritual power ; stay not for further assurance of your fitness ; wait no longer to be convinced that there are persons of your calibre wanted ; but apply at once and put yourself *unreservedly into God's hands* to use you as He shall deem fit, and for the best interests of His kingdom.

He may glorify Himself and honor you, by making you a common hewer of wood and drawer of water. He may glorify Himself and honor you, by calling you to proclaim to all the people the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

What matters *where* or *how* you are called to work, if it is but to His glory and to the praise of His grace.

Exclaim with David, “I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

But be sure that you are at least a door-keeper. Be sure that you are doing something for the Master. Be sure that when He comes, you have made use of the talent He has given you, and that you can return to Him His own with usury.

The incidents which accompany this chapter, show the completeness of God's power, through the means He chooses to honor in fulfilling His will.

He is no respecter of persons ; He uses the humblest to work out the mightiest miracles ; and He deigns to use

the powerful ones also to show forth the glory of His kingdom.

THE THREE WIDOWS.

They came very quietly, and unostentatiously, and took up their home in the New England Mill Village, evidently purposing to work for their daily bread. It was some time before their neighbors heard their story, but finally—little by little—the tale of “the three widows,” as they were called, was fully understood by all in the place.

The household consisted of the aged mother, her two daughters, and several fatherless children. “Mother A——,” as she was known, had been a widow before the marriage of her two daughters, and rejoiced to see her girls so well provided for. They chose two brothers, sea-captains, men of ability, integrity, and general good character, and every earthly prospect seemed to grow brighter and brighter, as one after another the curly-haired children came to crown their joy.

After some years of happy prosperity, the two brothers determined to unite their interests, and make a voyage together, which, if successful, should be their final trip. Accordingly, they embarked their savings in a well-assorted cargo, loaded it aboard a trim vessel, and leaving their wives sufficient to provide for their wants against their return, sailed away with light hearts, anticipating a quick and prosperous voyage.

God did not so order it. Years passed, but the captains never returned. Ship, cargo, and every human creature on board, found a grave beneath the swellings of the tide; and the happy wives at home, grown weary with watching, donned their widows' weeds, and looked about for the means to support their little ones. Thus, in the course of Providence, they found their way to Bozrahville, earning their bread by daily toil in the mill of the Thames Company.

"Mother A——" was the only one of the household whose trust was in the Lord, and who found Him a very present help in time of need. She realized deeply the responsibility resting upon her, as the standard-bearer of the Cross in their little home; and her heart yearned for the conversion of her daughters and their children.

The Bible—blessed Book of Comfort—taught her to believe "when Zion travaileth she bringeth forth her children," and recognizing herself as a part of the Lord's Zion, she felt it was for her to travail for her children, her grandchildren, and for the whole village.

One night her younger daughter, being more wakeful than usual, heard, or thought she heard, some one in the house. She lay quiet, straining every nerve to catch the sounds again, but as they were not repeated, she believed herself mistaken, and fell asleep.

The succeeding night the same noise was heard again, and more distinctly than before. There could now be no doubt about it; some one was in the house. For what purpose? She would see.

Hurriedly throwing on a few articles of clothing, she

stealthily crept toward the room from whence the sounds proceeded.

As she approached, the sounds shaped themselves into words. Some one was conversing with another. Who could it be? Nearer and nearer she crept on tiptoe until she distinguished her own name, and then the words, in her mother's tearful voice, "O God, do bless Lucy. She has four children, and neither she nor they are Thine. She cannot instruct them in the things of the kingdom unless she is a Christian. O my God, *do* bless Lucy!"

Back to her bed crept Lucy, as silently as she came, but she slept no more that night. The thought that her blind mother—for God had taken her sight from her—should be upon her knees in prayer for herself and her children, night after night while she was sleeping, brought to her soul a terrible sense of condemnation.

"Here I am," she reasoned, "living without prayer, without God, without a thought of my eternal destiny, while my dear old mother is asking God to bless me! Do I deserve God's blessing? Have I not disregarded all His commands to seek Him early? Have I not been living in wicked neglect? Yes, I feel it. O God, have mercy upon me! I do not deserve it; but O God, *for Jesus sake*, have mercy upon me, for I am a sinner."

God spoke, and she was made an heir of glory through the blessed Redeemer. This was the beginning of a glorious work of Grace.

Not only Lucy, but her sister, and all of their children were brought beneath the shelter of the everlasting Arms.

Nor was the work confined to their immediate family. Zion's ship had been lying quietly moored a long time, but on all sides everything seemed to say, Up and away. Accordingly, the broad sails of Prayer were spread to the breeze of Grace, and each anxious soul awaited the movement of the grand old vessel. But alas! she remained perfectly fixed and undisturbed, nor could any tell what hindered. Finally, "Mother A——" came into the meeting, and though her earthly vision was closed forever, her spiritual sight was keen and piercing. She saw at once the difficulty, and raising her tremulous voice, she cried in tones of great impressiveness,

"Brothers, sisters, *weigh anchor!*"

The words came like a divine mandate. Ah, yes! here was the trouble. They were anchored fast to the world, and though prayers were ascending until the old ship was covered with their snowy wings, and though the breeze of Redeeming Grace was blowing favorably, they could not move for the restraint of the anchor.

How often is this the case in the experience of the church of God, and how lamentable! So-called Christians launch up the ocean of God's promises, and find power enough to sustain their craft; but they are afraid to venture any further than the length of the cable, that anchors them to the mire and mud of the world.

Reader, how is it with you? Have you cast off all the *shore lines*? Have you weighed anchor? Are you out on the blue waters of the deep ocean, or are you paddling about in the eddies of the docks?

The effect of the dear old saint's words upon that meeting was at once perceptible, and a mighty baptism of the spirit followed.

Not satisfied, however, that all had been accomplished that God desired, she took one of her little granddaughters—eight years old—and directed her to lead her to every house in the village.

It was done, and upon conversing personally with one and another, she found very many who were anchored to the follies of the world.

These she exhorted to Christ, preaching regeneration by the washing of the living Word.

It was the crowning labor of her life, for she went home and laid down to die. As day after day passed by and she neared the haven of heavenly rest, word was brought to her bedside of the conversion of this one and that one with whom she had labored. As each new name was added to the list, she exclaimed, with Simeon of old, "Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." In her dying moments the glory of God seemed to shine over the wrinkled visage, and as she fell asleep in Jesus, cried, "Death cannot make my soul afraid."

She had long ago weighed anchor, and her soul, freighted with the glorious experience of an abiding Comforter, sailed over the trackless ocean of Everlasting Love, until it reached Home at last, in the harbor of Eternal Bliss.

Reader, again we ask *Have you weighed anchor?*

It makes no difference what sort of cable holds you to

the world. A thread of sin is quite as powerful to stay your motion, as the mightiest chain that Satan ever forged in hell. The question of importance to you is not, how strong the cable is, but *what* it is ; for until God gives you in the first place to see *the nature of it*, and in the second place the grace to sever the connection—whatever it may be—you cannot advance a single fathom towards the far-away haven of Rest. Of one point make sure, no matter what particular form the hindrance takes, it is **THE WORLD**.

“What ! are these innocent tableaux gotten up for the prosperity of the church, worldly ? Are they of the world, when they are in God’s house and for His glory ?”

YES ! Not only of the world, but of Satan’s choicest and most refined contrivance. Who told you that God gloried in such shams ? Where in the Word of Salvation do you find a license for such mockery in the House of God ? In what portion of the Holy Scriptures does He give consent to such methods of adoration ?

Does *Christ* not say of the Father, “*God is a Spirit ; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*”

As the Jews were circumcised in the flesh, so Christians are circumcised in the spirit, and Paul in the 3rd verse of the third chapter of Philippians says upon this matter, “For we are the circumcision which *worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.*” Again in Romans, seventh chapter, sixth verse, we are told, “*that we should serve in newness of spirit.*”

‘Ah, yes!’ cry the unconscious Pharisees of the modern fashionable church, “but you seem to forget that the means employed is sanctified by the object in view.”

This declaration is of a piece with the results its teachings produce. It is as void of truth as the devil is void of holiness. Clothe a thief in the sacred vestments of the priestly office, and he remains but a thief. Bring your worldly amusements into the church, and seek to sanctify them by saying, “for the glory of God,” and they remain worldly in every particular; in no whit changed—except for the worse—by the insult offered to God in supposing Him pleased that you “steal the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in.”

Reader, are you anchored to the world by some worldly connection? To you comes the words of John, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.”

“ALL that is in the world!” Oh, what a sweeping assertion! Are you cognizant of its breadth, of its wide scope and compass?

What holds you to the anchor? Is it dress? Is it pride? Is it desire for position? Is it longing for wealth? Is it cravings for other experiences than God has given you? Is it love of children, wife, husband, relatives, friends? Is it self, with all that the word means?

All these things, with thousands of others, are *in the*

world. They are not of the Father. They are holding you back. You are anchored to the world. You are not acceptable in your service to God, because, bound with the chains of the world, you cannot worship Him "in spirit and in truth."

You cannot buy yourself off from God's standard of judging. He has planned *once and for all*. He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

There is no compromise with the Lord of Hosts. No matter how *you* dress the world ; no matter what form of holy vesture *you* place about the world ; no matter how *you* seek to sanctify the means to the end ; GOD SAYS, Whatsoever is of the world is not of the Father. Its character is not changed by the cloak you have given it.

In view, then, of that wonderful declaration, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," is it not time that all who profess the name of Jesus should cast off every connection with the world, "come out from among them," and live in the simple fulfillment of the divine mandate, strengthened thereto by divine grace ?

"But," says the World, "you forget the Bible grants also that there is a time for everything under the sun ; and though it is perfectly proper to worship God in spirit and in truth, you must not expect us to be forever and eternally praying, and exhorting, and singing the praises of God."

You are right, O World ! we do not expect it of you ;

but we expect that *God's children* shall be instant in prayer, in season and out of season, and that whatsoever they do, it shall be done to the praise of the glory of their risen Redeemer.

“True, there is a time for everything, and the time for living to God’s honor with the true professor of Christ is the PRESENT MOMENT as it comes, looking to Him for the grace sufficient to sustain, to guard, to protect, to prosper the works of His hands in that moment.

“Little children, let no man deceive you : he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.”

Weigh the anchor ! Reader, if you have already tasted of the grace of God, and are sailing calmly and grandly upon the open sea of His love, trustful alike in sunshine and tempest, cry the warning words to those who are yet waiting, *Weigh the anchor !*



HARVESTING IN PLENTY.

The period of work, of which the incidents in the next sketch form but a small part, was one of the most refreshing seasons of gospel labor in Mr. Mowry’s experience—a season peculiarly blessed by work in God’s order.

“They hated me without a cause,” said Christ, and His words apply to every one who disbelieves the glorious truths of holy revelation in the Word of God. But they do not realize it. “What ! do you mean to tell me

that because I do not coincide with everything the Bible says, that I hate God?" cries the impenitent one. Yes, that is precisely what we mean to tell you. And furthermore, we tell you it is possible for you to hate God and yet be unconscious of it. No law is hated, or becomes obnoxious to the evil-doer, until its restraining influence is exerted upon him; until the law is enforced. One who is a thief by nature is not conscious of hating the law which makes thieving a felony, and punishable by severe penalties, until he finds himself, by his wicked acts, in the toils of the authority he defied—until he is under the penalty of the law. Then he hates from his inmost soul the very existence of that power which places a restraint upon the gratification of his natural propensity to sin. He hated it in reality before the commission of the deed, as far as his nature was concerned, which, being evil, was, in and of itself, antagonistic to all good; but his nature did not convey a consciousness of its hatred until punishment brought the slumbering passion to the front. The flint, you know, does not show fire until the steel strikes it, and then, my! how the sparks flash! So with unregenerated natures, they hate God unconsciously.

One afternoon Mr. Mowry attended a church prayer-meeting in a city where he was almost a total stranger. Very few, if any, in the meeting knew him either by name or reputation; and he was therefore somewhat surprised, early the following morning, to receive a message from an influential lady, desiring his presence with as little delay as might be. The missionary immediately hurried off to see what was required of him, as he was desirous of leaving

the city the same day. Arriving at the house he sought, and being ushered into the company of his hostess, he was not kept waiting to know the object of his visit. She began at once :

“ I have sent for you, sir, to say that I consider your conduct at the meeting last evening contemptible in the extreme—such as no gentleman would be guilty of ! ”

“ My conduct contemptible at the meeting last night ? ” repeated Mr. Mowry, perfectly nonplussed at the very outset.

“ Yes, sir ; I’ll repeat it if you desire to hear it ; I said ‘ contemptible ’ ! Do you call yourself a gentleman, and attack me as you did last night ? Don’t you suppose when you looked at me everybody knew who you meant by it, and at whom your remarks were pointed ? The idea of holding me up to the public gaze in that manner ! It was contemptible, sir ; outrageous ! ” cried the lady in a state of excitement which was fast fanned into a towering rage by her vivid imagination.

“ Madam,” calmly answered her visitor, who began to understand the truth of the case, “ you will believe me, I suppose, when I say that I have not the slightest recollection of your being there. If I saw you and looked at you, it was nothing more than I did as far as every one else present was concerned. There was nothing personal in it, I can assure you.”

“ What ! did you not come to the meeting intentionally on my account ? ” she cried, the color beginning to mount in her cheeks as she began to see the utter groundlessness of her suspicion.

“ I never was in that meeting-room before in my life, and never expect to be again. As far as you are concerned, I never knew, until you sent for me, that any such person existed, and the words which you have appropriated as personally addressed to you, were thrown out at sinners in general—an arrow shot at a venture, but one which I see has found lodgment in a vital spot,” said the missionary.

Burning with confusion and shame, she acknowledged the hand of Providence in the entire incident, and resolved, God being her helper, to enter into covenant relations with Him and to lead a different life. She became filled with zeal and earnestness for others. The necessity for the promulgation of the gospel became deeply impressed upon her, and she besought Mr. Mowry to remain a day or two, and labor with some of her unconverted friends.

He consented, and the work grew in volume and interest with every succeeding day, until, after some three weeks work for the Master, he felt that he must return home. Accordingly he again made ready to depart, but God’s ways and our choice do not always harmonize.

Happy our lot if we submit ourselves to His guidance, throwing our choice, our plans, our prejudices to the winds, and accepting His ways, His leadings, and His dispensations with gladness.

As Mr. Mowry was about leaving the scene of his labors, a young man whom he had known as a resident of his own village, approached him and said :

“ Mr. Mowry, you know you and I were always good

friends, and though I do not like the message I bear, yet I bring it to you because I am friendly, and would not, under any consideration, wish to have the purport of the message carried into effect."

The missionary looked at him in astonishment, wondering what was to follow, but making no reply to the other's introductory remarks.

"The fact is," continued the young man, "I have been requested to tell you, from three men in the place, that unless you forthwith quit the town voluntarily, you will be carried out by force."

For a moment Mr. Mowry stood buried in thought, and then, raising his eyes and fastening his gaze full upon his so-called friend, he said :

"Young man, return to those who sent you, and tell them that I have left my home and business at no small sacrifice, to work among the perishing souls of this place. Once before I have wanted to go, but God said stay. This morning I was about to leave again, but I perceive God says there is more work to do, and *I shall stay until He says 'go home.'* I should be glad to know who those men are who sent a message they dare not bring themselves."

"I am not at liberty to tell you their names," was the reply.

"Just as I thought. Well, tell them, whoever they are, I bear no malice, but I shall remain until some higher power than man says 'go.'"

The discomfited messenger retired, and the missionary unpacked his valise, and went to work again with renewed energy and zeal.

One day, as he was visiting from house to house, a family where he called insisted upon his remaining to dine with them. Mr. Mowry endeavored to excuse himself on the ground that he was expected at the pastor's house to dinner. But they would take no refusal or excuse, and accordingly he accepted the invitation—the more readily as he was desirous of the conversion of the head of the family, a man in whose case he had become somewhat interested.

At the conclusion of the meal his host said :

“ If you will go about half a mile out of the direct way and through the woods, I will go with you.”

“ A queer request,” thought the missionary to himself, “ but there is doubtless a purpose in it, and I will see what it is.”

They started off together, and upon reaching the thickest part of the forest, came upon a rock of somewhat curious formation, which made a comfortable seat. Throwing himself upon it, Mr. Mowry exclaimed :

“ Now, ——, what did you want to say to me, for you evidently had a reason in selecting this circuitous way ?”

The man finally acknowledged that he did have a purpose, and that it referred to the salvation of his soul.

As the words were given, Mr. Mowry unfolded the theory of regeneration, simply yet forcibly, setting forth God's plan for the redemption of man through the all-sufficient atonement of Christ Jesus ; and as the story proceeded the man's interest grew more and more intense, until he fell upon his knees and asked God's forgiveness

and cried for mercy. The answer came speedily, and where the night of darkness was before, gleamed the brightness of righteousness.

"Do you know, Mr. Mowry," he cried, "I was one of the three men who sent word to you to leave the place? Thank God He did not let you go! I know you will forgive me, since He has done so."

The conversion of this man led soon after to the conversion of his wife also, and the time spent upon this evangelistic trip was ever regarded by Mr. Mowry as especially sealed by the spirit of the Almighty.

ONE EVENING'S WORK.

The story of the conversion of Mr. I——, related in the following sketch, proves, when we are co-laborers with God, how much can be accomplished by one evening's work.

"You have your ideas on that subject, sir, and I have mine. I am willing other men should enjoy their opinions, and I want a like privilege. I allow no man to interfere with it, sir."

The words rung out sternly upon the ear, and the face and manner were imperious to the last degree; but Mr. Mowry had faced impenitence too often to be frightened by its roar, and replied calmly, yet with firmness:

"You will excuse me, Mr. I——, but your declara-

tion as to your own character is not in accordance with fact. There is no man in the town who allows his fellow-men less liberty of thought and speech than yourself. If you cannot compel them to think as you do in matters of political choice, you at least make them vote as you wish, or they are obliged to take the consequences of your displeasure. You are known as the dictator. You are willing to allow men to think as they please and believe what they choose about religion, as though it were not of importance enough to matter one way or the other, while upon the subject of politics, State or municipal, you are intolerant of other men's opinions, and insist that their decisions shall run in your grooves. You have said that I have my ideas upon the subject of religion. It is true, and I am here for the purpose of presenting them to you, and urging your acceptance of them."

The impenitent arose without reply and abruptly left the room, while his wife, who was present, trembled as she said :

"Oh, sir, you must be extremely careful how you speak to my husband, for he is very violent when excited."

"Your warning is unnecessary, my dear madam," replied the missionary ; "I do not intend him any harm, and I am not afraid of his injuring me."

But being seven miles from home, and darkness fast approaching, Mr. Mowry, thinking the interview at an end, was about to take his leave, when the door opened. Mr. I—— appeared, and exclaimed in a less boisterous and pronounced manner :

"I have concluded to hear what you have to say. I don't let our people talk to me ; I know them too well. Perhaps if you were one of my neighbors I would not let you do it ; but as you are comparatively a stranger I'll hear what you have to say."

As they were seating themselves, the door-bell rang, and Dr. M——. an old steady-going professor of religion, entered. He was one of those Christians who aimed to do nothing out of the way, or, as some one remarked, to do nothing that was particularly *in* the way.

Mr. Mowry, resolving to use him if possible, or at least prevent his being a hindrance, drove straight at the mark.

"Dr. M——, I have called to have a conversation with Mr. I—— on the subject of religion, and I am about to give my views in regard to it, in which you will doubtless concur. Mr. I——, I am glad you have decided to hear what my opinions are, and I shall begin by saying I believe, first, in the existence of a Supreme Being, God, who is the maker and governor of the universe. I believe that He has revealed Himself to man in His Word and Providences ; I believe that the Bible is from God, being, as it claims, the work of holy men, under the guidance and inspiration of the third person of the Trinity.

"I believe, secondly, all that the Bible says about the origin and fall of man ; in the promises of a Saviour ; in his having been sent into this world, where he tasted death for every man.

"I believe, in the third place, that, in consequence of

the fall of Adam, we come into the world in a state of depravity, without holiness, and destitute of every spiritual grace. I believe that we are inclined to nothing higher than morality, and were it not for the word and spirit of God, we should never attain anything higher.

"Fourth, I believe in the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ, who said, 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God ;' which new birth is the work of Almighty God, purchased for them who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, by His own blood, that we might have forgiveness of sins and resurrection to eternal life."

"Dr. M——," interrupted their host excitedly, "do you believe all this?"

"Certainly, Mr. I——; I fully concur with every word Mr. Mowry has said."

"How long have you believed it, sir?" thundered the questioner.

"Why for the last twenty-five years, or thereabouts."

"Well, sir, I'd be ashamed to confess it then, if I were you. You have lived neighbor to me for that length of time, and I never knew that you believed anything ; while here is a man who lives seven miles off, and comes to me to tell me what he believes and why he believes it. I don't know what you think of yourself. Go on, Mr. Mowry."

"I believe, fifthly," continued his visitor, "in the existence of two classes in this world : sinners, among whom we are all included by nature ; and saints, who are made so by the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost through

Jesus Christ, God's Son, whose blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

"I believe there are two ways, the straight and narrow way, leading to eternal life, and the broad way, leading to hell.

"Lastly, I believe 'It is appointed once for man to die'; that after death comes the judgment, and final separation of saints and sinners—the former dwelling thenceforth and forever in the presence of God, the latter enduring eternal punishment in hell."

"Dr. M——, do you endorse all this likewise?" demanded the now awakened I——.

"Yes, sir; I do endorse it from the bottom of my heart."

"Well, sir, I haven't much to say of *your* belief, but as for this man, he is at least entitled to my respect, however much we may differ as to the theory he has advanced. You have told me *what* you believe, but I should like to know now *why* you do so," he added, again addressing the missionary.

"I could give you a great many reasons why I believe these truths, but will refer to two of them only. In the first place I believe thus, because God's Word declares these statements to be the living truth, and *I have faith in God's veracity.*

"Secondly, I believe them, because I have never seen anything to disprove them. Neither learning, nor science, nor nature, has furnished any reasonable objection. On the contrary, I can say with Joshua, not one

good thing has failed of all the Lord hath spoken concerning us—all has come to pass.”

Then followed a general discussion of Bible truths in which each one took part ; Mr. I—— becoming gradually less and less venomous in his remarks, and more desirous of eliciting information upon a subject apparently new to him in its present aspect.

Patiently and carefully, each point in the plan of salvation through the blood of Jesus was taken up in turn, and the objections to it met and disposed of, before they passed on to the consideration of another branch of the subject.

Finally, at the end of an hour and a half, Mr. I—— earnestly and meekly asked Mr. Mowry to lead in prayer before they parted. This was done, and having sought Divine help in rendering the truth mighty to the dividing asunder of soul and body, and invoking His blessing upon their host, Mr. Mowry and the doctor took their leave together, the former receiving a hearty invitation to “come again soon.”

As the missionary was unhitching his horse from the tying post, his companion said :

“I cannot tell you how rejoiced I feel at the result of your work ; I have wanted for years to speak to Mr. I—— on the subject of his soul’s salvation.”

“Have you indeed,” dryly remarked Mowry. “Well, doctor, you will forgive me for saying, if you had not wanted to cure your patients more than you wanted to speak with Mr. I—— about his soul, they would have died every one of them. Good-night.”

How many Christians are like poor Dr. M——! They are forever seeing others doing work which they themselves should have done.

A religious drone feeding constantly upon the means of grace and making no effort to add to the general store, is a sad sight; and yet how many such are disgracing the cause of Christ! He went about doing good. They are perpetually applauding others for doing so, but never become active laborers in the vineyard themselves.

The results of that evening's interview was to the glory of God. Meeting the pastor of the nearest church soon after, Mr. I—— requested him to appoint a prayer-meeting at his (Mr. I——'s) house. This was done, amid general rejoicing and thanksgiving that the Lord had made bare His arm, that Christ had gotten the victory.

The meeting was held and very largely attended. Mr. I—— confessed his sins in the sight of God and man, entreating Divine mercy and forgiveness. "Never did I feel the reality of religion and its innate power, until the evening Mr. Mowry explained his belief and his reasons for it," said he.

Mr. I—— died a short time afterward, giving abundant evidence that he had made his calling and election sure—that he had indeed become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

FIRE! FIRE!!

The subjoined narrative is not only graphic, but strikingly to the point :

The cry of fire ! fire ! rang out upon the night air of a New England factory village. An engine company had been formed, and fire apparatus purchased for the protection of the village some time previous. The members of the organization took turns in sleeping in the engine-house ; each night found a sufficient number of "bunkers," as they are called, in charge of the premises to manage the engine should their services be required.

As soon as the fire was discovered, a neighbor was sent to the engine-house to awaken the firemen. The messenger started off, and upon reaching the spot, knocked upon the door in a manner rather mild than anxious. Upon being admitted he said in somewhat drawling tones,

"Come boys, turn out, there's a fire down street ;" and took his departure. Upon reaching the scene of the conflagration, he found the flames rapidly doing their work, while the assembled multitude were powerless to cope with the devouring element.

"Have you called the firemen?" was the cry from a hundred anxious voices. "Where are they? Why don't they come?" asked others.

"Y-e-s, I've called 'em," drawled the messenger ; "they'll be here pretty soon I guess." But no firemen appeared, and another messenger was dispatched, while on all sides were heard denunciations at the outrageous

delay of the officials, in whose hands had been entrusted the safety of the village.

The second messenger reached his destination, and bursting into the engine-house exclaimed at the top of his voice,

“Fire! Fire! turn out men! what’s the matter with you? can you sleep and let the village burn down about our ears? *wake up!*”

The men sprang from their bunks, and in a few moments the engine was tearing along on its way to the scene of destruction. But alas! when they arrived it was too late. The house was so far demolished that it was impossible to save it, and angry glances mingled with expressions of contempt were universal, as the crowd demanded the reason of their delay.

“You must blame the man you first sent to call us,” cried the spokesman of the company; “he came in quietly, and said, ‘come b-o-y-s, there’s a f-i-r-e down the s-t-r-e-e-t,’ much in the same manner that a woman would sing a baby to sleep. We didn’t believe he was in earnest—in fact thought he was joking—therefore we didn’t stir, and you would have done the same, if you had been in our places. But when the second man came, we saw he meant what he said, so we ran as fast as we could. If you had sent him in the first place we might have reached here in time to have done some good.”

* * * * *

A better illustration of the different methods of presenting the message of salvation never was given. Some gospel-workers approach sinners in precisely the same

manner that the first man called the firemen. They tell the truth, to be sure, but tell it in such a listless way that no one believes them in earnest, and their words have no effect. If you would work for Jesus, you must work with the whole heart and soul in your labor. If you would awaken sinners, don't say with deferential manner, as though you were afraid of hurting Satan in the flesh, "My dear sir, your soul is in danger of being burned up; don't you think you had better attend to it?" but rush in upon their self-righteousness, their pride, their slumbering conscience, shouting, "Fire!! fire!! awake! awake! for to-night thy soul is required of thee!"

Make sinners know that you are in earnest. Make them feel that you are fully aware of the danger. Give them to understand that there is no trifling in the message you bring, but that it is a call to action.

Reader, if you are a gospel-worker, *work!* If you desire the salvation of sinners, be *earnest* in your work. Lay kid-gloved evangelism aside. You are *fighting* for the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a *warfare* in which you are engaged. The cry of "fire!" has rung out upon the startled air! Be in earnest.

HOW A DEAD CHURCH WAS MADE ALIVE.

We conclude the chapter by relating in a short incident the difference between working with self, and working with God.

Having occasion to call one day upon a tradesman, Mr. Mowry's attention was directed toward two gentlemen who were conversing in the store about the spiritual standing of a certain church.

One of them finally summed the matter by asserting that the church "was dead, and twice dead, and plucked up by the roots."

His manner and his knowledge of church usage and discipline seemed to indicate that he might be a member of that dead church; therefore, as he was about to quit the store, the missionary stepped up and said :

"I have heard your description of the church you have been discussing, and I would like to know whether you are a member of it?"

"Yes, sir, I am. May I venture to ask why you desire to know?"

"Certainly; I was simply wondering whether or no you were any better than the rest of the members."

"Well, I don't know that I am."

"Then," cried Mowry, "I know what your condition is; you are 'dead, and twice dead, and plucked up by the roots! My advice to you, sir, is, that you go home and remain there until you are a better man.'"

The gentleman took his departure without replying; evidently deeply mortified. After Mr. Mowry had concluded his business and retired, the gentleman returned to ask the proprietor of the store "who that man was, and where he lived." Receiving the information desired, he again took his leave. At the first meeting of the church he arose, confessed his folly, acknowledged

his dereliction in the performance of God's work, and pledging himself, by the help of God, to lead a more conscientious Christian life, urged the whole church to awaken to the great necessity of earnestness and zeal in the Master's cause.

The conviction was so deep and the work of grace in his heart so evident, that the entire audience was melted, and a revival at once commenced.

The pastor of the church, at the request of the gentleman, called upon Mr. Mowry, and earnestly entreated him to spend the Sabbath with them. After much solicitation he consented, and the visit was extended to an entire week, which proved rich in the outpouring of God's Spirit manifested in the conversion of sinners.

PART SECOND.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES..

I.

How true it is that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him."

Men would be ashamed of their judgment should they apply to matters of business and temporal thrift the same standard of action which they employ in estimating the value of divine truth.

The secret lies largely in the fact that man is a mercenary being, whose ideas of value enter into almost every waking thought. His actions are shaped with reference to the monetary worth of any scheme or theory. His very dealings with his fellow-men are tinged by this inbred idolization of "what the thing is worth," whether the "thing" be a man or a piece of real estate.

From the formation of Aaron's golden calf up to the present hour, men have bowed down to Value, and worshiped it.

Christ said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Christian learns to appreciate the value God has put upon the soul, but the natural man sees with other eyes. Ask him to appraise the value of certain goods in his immediate line of trade,

and he will split hairs with you for a few paltry dollars ; but seek to convince him of his need of Christianity, and of its inestimable worth ; try to show him how God regards his precious soul ; and he mentally queries, "What's the thing worth ?" and acting upon his own judgment of it, answers "nothing."

But does he apply the same rule of judgment in both cases ? Oh, no. In the matter of the perishable goods he does not estimate their value, because he personally fancies them, or because they are in accordance with his ideas of what they ought to be, but because others fancy them, and are willing to buy at a handsome profit.

In the matter of his soul's salvation, however, he argues just the reverse. He does not care what God estimates its value, so long as he personally is not in sympathy with Him. In the first case, he does not assume to judge of the worth of the article by his own prejudice, either for or against ; he accepts the verdict of others, and coolly pockets his predilections with the profits. In the second instance, he insists upon being wiser than Almighty God even, and holds to his own opinions with tenacity.

How like man's miserable inconsistency ! The following sketch very clearly illustrates this truth :

A MATHEMATICAL DECISION.

"We shall never agree on that point, for in my opinion the criterion of right and wrong is a man's own conscience, and no higher standard exists."

The speaker, a certain County Surveyor, had frequently been approached by Mr. Mowry, who invariably presented the Word of God as a practical test of right and wrong. Whosoever denies the necessity of an absolute standard of government in religious and moral life, is very apt to pass one step further, and deny the Bible likewise as the revealed Word of God. Such a course robs the world of Christ, and renders salvation through the atonement merely an idle fable.

But modern "Free Thought" cares nothing for Christ, or the atonement, or salvation, or heaven, or God. It seeks merely the erection of an intellectual Tower of Babel, whose foundation rests upon man's intellect, and whose building material consists of deductions drawn from the quarries of Logic and Rationalism.

But it is hard to kick against the pricks. Sooner or later comes a time in the experience of every human being, however cultured, however rooted in skepticism, when the truth of the soul's relation to God becomes a living reality, not to be evaded or contradicted. Well for the soul if it awakens to this terrible reality before the day of mercy has passed away!

"By the way, I had a peculiarly unpleasant piece of business on hand yesterday," said Mr. Mowry's acquaintance, giving the conversation a different turn.

"What was it?" inquired the missionary, on the alert for something to lead back to the former subject.

"Well, two parties, owning very valuable farms adjoining one another, have long been at loggerheads about a corner boundary. One of them claimed that the line,

as it then existed, deprived him of a certain number of feet of ground, which, reckoned on the frontage of the farm, and extending one whole side of it, made a very great difference in the value of his property. The other opposed any change whatever, declaring the lines represented by the fencing, to be perfectly correct.

"Now they had always been firm friends up to the time this dispute arose, and as each was a personal friend of mine, why, naturally, I did not relish the job of deciding the dispute for them."

"It certainly was not a pleasant position to be placed in. What did you do?" inquired Mr. Mowry.

"I tried to get out of it, but they would take no excuse. They said they wanted the ground surveyed, and the lines accurately determined, then they would abide the result. Of course I knew one or the other of them was destined to be disappointed. They couldn't both be right; and though each one agreed beforehand to abide unhesitatingly by my decision, still it was bound to make some unpleasantness in the mind of the defeated party. But it was a matter of business, and I determined to deal with it as such. The deeds were brought, the necessary work gone through with, and the stakes driven in accordance with the result of my investigations, and then the parties to the dispute met in my office to learn the result.

"Well, I was right, wasn't I?" said one.

"What's your opinion about it *now*?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen," I replied, 'as far as I'm concerned, I've got no opinion to express. My *instruments*, which cannot

be mistaken, have decided between you, and here is the result of their accurate work. There is no gainsaying *them*, as you'll both allow, and my opinion would neither alter nor amend the truth which their mathematical exactness establishes."

"A capital idea on your part," exclaimed Mr. Mowry; "but——"

"But what?" asked the other, as the missionary paused.

"But it is rather strange that in the matter of a little real estate, involving an earthly friendship and a few dollars in money, you 'had *no opinion*' of your own—absolutely none—while in the matter of right and wrong, as connected with the eternal well-being of your soul, you are willing to accept *no criterion but your own opinion*. The former must not be judged by your decision—the mathematical instrument must decide the claim—but as to the latter, oh, well, you say, my own ideas are accurate enough to determine the truth; I don't need God's word. But it is the only infallible instrument by which mankind may *always* decide between right and wrong—between their finite minds and God's infinite wisdom; and may the living God give you to use it in determining the boundary-line of your own immortal soul!"

For the first time in his life the arrow pierced to the heart, and the surveyor turned away to hide the confusion he could not overcome.

II.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY AND FATALISM.

Men very often subscribe thoughtlessly to a theory or doctrine whose practical application they utterly refuse to abide by.

There is a vast difference between advocating a theory, and illustrating it by a living exposition of its tenets.

Fatalists oftentimes are extremely warm in the presentation of their particular ism ; but if you seek to apply its teachings to them as individuals, they writhe under the lash with an energy which leaves small room to doubt the reality of their emotion.

The doctrine of total depravity needs no stronger endorsement in proof of its truth than the existence of Fatalism.

Fatalism is but an alias of Phariseeism, and no avowed believer in its doctrines ever lived who did not come under the denomination mentioned by Christ in the following terms : " Woe unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites ! "

Passing through one of the wards of a hospital, Mr. Mowry entered into conversation with a patient. He appeared to be a man of some education and refinement, but beneath all his remarks ran a hypocritical undercurrent of Fatalism. Finally he came out with the assertion :

" I believe what is to be will be, and that we can't alter anything. I believe the position I am in now is right, because it was to be ; and no matter how much I had tried to prevent it, the result would have been the same."

"Do you apply this reasoning to every event of life?"

"Yes, to everything; it is a divine principle."

"It is divine bosh, and you neither do nor can believe it. If a friend should borrow a sum of money of you, promising to pay it in a few days, and should fail to meet his engagement, you would doubtless call upon him and ask the cause of his failure to keep his word, would you not?"

"I suppose I should be very likely to do so."

"Now suppose your friend coolly says, 'Why, my dear fellow, the time for payment has gone by, and you see I haven't paid you. Of course "what is, was to be," and in accordance with your divine principle, it's all right, and you have no reason to grumble.' 'Come,' you would reply, 'a joke's a joke, but you promised to pay me that money, and I want it.' 'Ah, true; but I am not going to give it to you; it was fated to be so.' Now, what would you do about it?"

"Do! I'd *make* him pay me, whether he would or no!" exclaimed the other with flashing eye.

"I thought *you* would, but *Fatalism* wouldn't," said the missionary, quietly turning away.

III.

HEAD AND HEART.

One Sabbath morning Mr. Mowry called for a man with whose family he had been laboring spiritually, as

well as aiding in the temporal affairs of life, and invited him to attend church. The invitation was accepted, and as they walked along the other exclaimed :

“ Oh, I shall never be a Christian ! I don't expect it.”

“ Don't expect it ! Why not, pray ? ”

“ If you will put your hand up to the back of my head you will have that question answered.”

Mr. Mowry did so, and discovered a deep scar some three or four inches in length.

“ An ugly wound, friend ; but what has that to do with your becoming a Christian ? ” he said.

“ Oh, my father was a man of influence and wealth, and he intended to educate me for some profession ; but you see this wound injured both my body and mind, and my memory is so poor and my reasoning faculties so impaired, I cannot be a Christian.”

“ You are mistaken my friend. Christians are not made so either through the reasoning faculties or the memory, but through the heart. It matters not in God's sight whether your memory is good or bad, so long as your *heart* is right and pure.”

The truth opened a new desire in the man's soul. He was constant in his attendance upon the means of grace, and was ere long made happy in the consciousness of sins forgiven, and acceptance in the sight of God.

IV.

HYPOCRISY DEFINED.

The following characteristic incident will doubtless be read with interest, serving, as it does, to illustrate the reasoning of a large class of persons who, priding themselves on their purity of purpose, are thoroughly blind to their real condition.

Upon one occasion Mr. Mowry went to the town of Willimantic, Ct., to spend a few days in gospel work in connection with the pastor of the leading Congregational Church.

Mr. Mowry found him anxious for a revival season, but desirous of shielding his friend against unpleasant experiences in the prosecution of the work. He seemed to dread the influence of a certain man—as Christian-workers sometimes do—and said to Mr. Mowry,

“Mr. A., residing in —— street, is one of the most influential men we have in many respects, but he is terribly antagonistic to religion. He is so opposed to it, that he will not allow any one to converse with him on the subject. You may as well save yourself insult and indignity by omitting to visit him.”

Mr. Mowry always made it a rule to be guided by his own convictions as to the method of presenting the truth, and the time, person, and place fitted for the work; and believing that a person desirous of extinguishing a conflagration, must go where the fire is burning, he acted upon the idea, and walked directly to the house indicated by the minister. The gentleman himself came

to the door, and seeing an apparent stranger, stood waiting to learn his business.

"Mr. A., you perhaps do not know me; my name is Mowry, from Bozrahville, Ct."

Mr. A., thinking perhaps he might have known or met him before, accordingly invited Mr. Mowry in without further parley. Once seated, the missionary said :

"Mr. A., I am spending a few days in Willimantic, my business being to converse with persons on the subject of religion, and I could not very well pass you by."

"Well, sir; I shall tell you as I have told others; I am no hypocrite. I cannot do the thing I have not the disposition to do. I have not the disposition to be a Christian and therefore I sha'n't attempt it. There's no hypocrisy about me, I can tell you;" and he settled himself back in his chair as though he would say, "There, get over that fence if you can."

At this moment the door opened, and a little child just old enough to walk, "toddled" into the apartment.

Nothing could have been more opportune.

"Whose child is this?" asked Mr. Mowry, stroking the curly head.

"Why, mine."

"Well, sir; if you felt it to be for the child's benefit that it should do a certain thing you would so command it. When you had told the child to do it, suppose it should look up into your face, and reply, 'Papa, I'se no hypokit. I ain't got the disposition to do it, and I can't do what I'se no disposition to do.' What would you say to it?"

"Say!" he thundered, bringing down his foot upon the floor with a jar that echoed to the very roof-tree, "Say! I would tell it to do it, and to do it till it did have the disposition."

"You would? Then if you make a rule for the government of a mere infant, which you will not submit to in your own case, it is all I need know of your character, to disprove the claim that you are no hypocrite, and I bid you good-day, sir," and without another word Mr. Mowry withdrew, leaving the seed sown to spring up and bear fruit in God's own time.

V.

AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

Some years since, a young lady was observed to be a regular attendant at the Lord's Table, but at the same time a non-communicant. As she was a member of the church, and to all appearance an earnest and exemplary Christian, Mr. Mowry was led to inquire about the reason of her strange refusal to partake of the commemorative elements of the Feast of Love.

"Oh, Mr. Mowry," she exclaimed, "I have such a fear of eating unworthily! You know what Paul says in the eleventh chapter of first Corinthians about it. 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.' Whenever I come to the Communion Table, I do so long to eat and drink of His feast, and then the

thought 'you are not worthy' comes up in my mind, and I cannot. How often I have determined in my own heart to cast aside all fear, but when the time came, that passage in Corinthians would present itself and my courage would fail, and I would be obliged to go from my Father's house, miserable and hungry."

"My dear young woman, why do you single out the sacrament of the Lord's supper as requiring a peculiar state of mind above and beyond all other acts of worship? You might with equal propriety absent yourself entirely from the house of God—cease praying to Him or even contemplating. His attributes in your own soul, for it requires the same state of heart to partake of the Lord's supper, that is necessary to the acceptable worship of Almighty God in prayer, or in our daily walk as Christian men and women."

"Oh, I wish I might think as you do," she said, with a deep sigh.

"If my ideas are in accordance with Bible teaching, there is no reason why you may not think as I do, is there? The Bible requires that we should seek his glory not alone in the celebration of the Lord's supper, but you will find in the tenth chapter of first Corinthians, thirty-first verse, these words: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever ye do*, do *all* to the glory of God." The ordinances of the church are designed to show neither our worthiness nor our righteousness, but to aid and strengthen us in the faith of Christ."

"Why then the declaration of Paul in regard to our eating unworthily?"

“You forget to whom the passage refers. It does not include us at all. God’s children cannot eat and drink unworthily. It is of those who know not Christ, who have never been born again, who have not become reconciled with God through their acceptance of the precious gift of His Son, that the Apostle Paul speaks. If a man, having fellowship neither with Christ nor his people, should partake of the sacramental feast, it would be blasphemy in the sight of God, and such a one would eat unworthily.”

The eyes of the faint-hearted one were opened. She acknowledged her mistake, and the next season of communion found her at the Lord’s Table, trusting in Him to make it a means of grace to her soul. She was not disappointed, and from that hour was a more faithful, trusting, and childlike follower of Him who said, “This do in remembrance of me.”



VI.

“WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH SO ALSO
SHALL HE REAP.”

No truth of divine revelation is more terrible to contemplate than that contained in the title of the incident which is about to be given. The absolute certainty of the punishment of sin—the fact that a day of harvest will surely come to the transgressor—when the seeds of wickedness shall produce a crop of judgments

awful to contemplate and still more awful to endure, should give pause to the most hardened sinner.

Oh, that mankind would realize that God's word is true, and that his judgments are sure.

Day by day we receive ample demonstration of this terrible truth on all sides. Men are reaping the whirlwind all over this broad land. Sin is being recompensed after its kind, and yet, in the midst of the plague, the brazen serpent is uplifted. Why will men refuse to look and live? Why will the dog return to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire?

How long, O Lord—how long!

During the time Mr. Mowry was "keeping the store" at Bozrahville, a family, living near by, numbered among its members a youth of fifteen. Mr. Mowry repeatedly urged him to attend Sunday-school and church, but invariably without success. It was a great puzzle to the missionary that one who was so amiable, should manifest such a repugnance to religious instruction. At length the mystery was solved.

Mr. Mowry had for some time missed articles of value from his stock of goods without obtaining a clue to their whereabouts.

Circumstances finally pointed to young Asa —, the youth above mentioned, as the thief. Mr. Mowry could scarcely believe the chain of circumstantial evidence inculpatting the lad, but being a heavy loser it was necessary the depredations should be stopped by the apprehension of the criminal.

Accordingly Asa was sent for and charged with the

theft. He was apparently astonished and indignant. Mere denial, however, did not satisfy Mr. Mowry in the face of strong criminating circumstances, and he informed Asa that he must go with him and search the contents of his trunk. Asa at once refused, saying "he did not allow any one to overhaul his things." The choice was then given him, to go quietly with Mr. Mowry or have the house inspected by virtue of a search-warrant. He chose the former course.

Upon arriving at the young man's home, a large trunk was found containing goods of all kinds, including costly shawls, dress patterns, etc.; while at the bottom of it were forty-eight quarter dollars which he had from time to time abstracted from the money-drawer. Mr. Mowry quietly took out everything belonging to himself, and doing them up in a bundle, turned to the young criminal saying :

"Asa, you are very young to be guilty of such a terrible crime. The law would send you to State Prison for a number of years for this offence ; but I am going to be merciful, and forgive you, if you will solemnly promise me, in the sight of God, never again to transgress His law in this matter of stealing."

"Oh, Mr. Mowry, if you won't have me arrested, I will promise you never again to do such a thing !" and the youth begged for mercy with tears streaming down his face.

"I told you, Asa, I was going to have mercy upon you. You have committed a great wrong ; you have injured one who never did you an unkind turn in your life. It would be nothing more than right and just should I hand

you over to an officer, and let justice, whose claims you have set at naught, be satisfied. Now, just so God deals with sinners who acknowledge their faults, who confess their sins, and beg for mercy and forgiveness. God says to them, if I were to let justice take her course, you would be cast into the pit of hell, to be damned to all eternity ; but because you have begged for mercy, and because Christ has made it possible for me to exercise it, I will forgive you, and pardon your fault for His sake.

Let this be a warning to you, Asa, to seek not only my forgiveness, but God's also, for the great sin you have committed. As far as I am concerned, you are forgiven, and are free to go ; but if it is ever repeated, this too shall appear against you."

Shortly after this occurrence the family moved from the village, and settled in the town of Willimantic. Here for six years they continued to reside. Asa was apparently respected by every one, and walked so circumspectly that nothing remained to be wished for in his moral bearing. Finally, it began to be noised around among the merchants of the place that they were losing goods out of their several stores. Not a single dealer in the town escaped, and in each case a watch was at once instituted over the clerks in the different establishments, but all to no purpose.

One day an incident happened which subsequently furnished the clue to the whole matter. The postmaster of the town, Mr —, was in the habit of leaving the key in the door, as he was obliged to lock the office up whenever he wished to go to his meals. Upon this par-

ticular occasion Mr. —— was obliged to leave the office earlier than usual and was about to lock the door after him when, behold, the key had vanished ! He was not a little staggered at the loss, being confident that he had left it in the keyhole. How to account for its disappearance he could not tell. There was, however, but one course to pursue. He could not go away and leave the office unprotected, and it was necessary, therefore, to wait until some one in whom he had confidence came in who would agree to remain there until he returned.

He went back into the office, busying himself in some manner, when he heard a rattling at the door, as if a key were being inserted in the keyhole, and he sprang to see what it meant. When he reached the spot no one was near, but there was the key in its usual place. Mr. —— looked up and down the street, but no one was in sight save Asa, who was sauntering leisurely along, apparently perfectly unconcerned.

It was certainly a queer circumstance, but was soon forgotten by Mr. ——, who did not mention it to any one, being loath to cast suspicion on any person where absolute proof was impossible.

Shortly afterward one of the residents of the town, having occasion to be out at a late hour, saw a light in the store of Mr. Clark, a prominent dry goods dealer, and wondering what could induce the merchant to work so late, opened the door and exclaimed, "Hollo, Clark, what are you up to at this hour of the night ?" Immediately the light was blown out, and the stillness of death

reigned in the place. The man immediately went to Mr. Clark's house, and calling him up, informed him that some one was in his store. Together they at once sought the scene of action, only to find the door locked, and everything apparently as it ought to be. They went in, however, to make a thorough examination, and there, piled up on the counter, was a quantity of the most valuable goods in the place, ready to be taken away.

The attempted burglary was at once the talk of the whole town, and all the merchants of the place came forward and acknowledged the loss of many dollars' worth of valuable property, which had disappeared without any clue to its whereabouts.

What was to be done? The postmaster finally happened to mention the incident of the key, and at once all eyes were turned toward young Asa. He had been among them six years ; had lived an irreproachable life as far as they knew ; but was in the habit of dressing in the most fashionable and expensive manner ; and was always liberal and free with his money, which appeared to be plentiful ; while he did nothing for a livelihood. His parents were moderately well-to-do people, but could not support him in the style he was living ; and thus putting one link and another together, it was determined to get out a warrant and search his house. This was accordingly done, and the result justified the procedure. Goods were found belonging to every merchant in the village, and keys fitted to every store door were likewise discovered, together with a skeleton key almost completed for the door of the post-office.

He was at once arrested, and as it was seventeen miles to the nearest jail, was placed in charge of two officers until the following morning, when he could be transported to the place of confinement. It was agreed to take turns in watching the prisoner through the night, but, despite the caution exercised, the criminal cut his throat from ear to ear, and was barely rescued from death by the prompt action of a physician who was at once called in. He was tried in due time, and convicted. He received a sentence of five years' imprisonment in the State Prison at Wethersfield; and after giving the authorities there more trouble than all the rest of the convicts together, died in his cell, impenitent and destitute of God even as he had lived. He had sown the seeds of sin, and had reaped the benefit thereof.

VII.

GOD'S OVERRULING PROVIDENCE.

When God seeks the accomplishment of His purposes, how utterly all opposing forces are swept away! No matter how powerful they may be, one sweep of the Almighty's resistless hand and they disappear like forest trees in the track of a whirlwind. What an awful thing it is to stand in the way of the Living God! What terrible recklessness!

The overthrow is as certain as the hour of His coming.

The destruction as complete as the annihilation of Sodom and Gomorrah. How truly may we exclaim with David, "Thou, even Thou art to be feared, and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?"

The captain's adopted daughter was the acknowledged belle of the town. Spirited, vivacious, overflowing with animal life, she led the young people of W—— in her train as a merry queen would dominate her obedient subjects. Her influence was so powerful and widespread that whatever was to take place of a social nature must first be submitted to her approval, and her advice in the matter be obtained. Should she enter into the spirit of the proposed affair, it was sure to be a grand success; should she frown upon it, those of her set "threw cold water" likewise, and it was either given up, or carried out to prove a miserable failure.

Her adopted parents were willing subjects at her shrine, and though her father occupied a leading position in K., and attended one of the wealthiest churches in all New England, yet so great was her influence over him he was fain to offer but feeble opposition to any scheme she chose to fancy or adopt.

The pastor of the church was a young and pious man, who saw with grief that this girl's influence was greater among the young people than his own. Despite his utmost efforts to lead them into a serious and anxious state of mind upon religious topics, he was obliged to acknowledge his total failure. He tried every plan which his fertile mind could invent in order to win the girl herself to Christ, feeling that could she but be brought to the Saviour, the

whole train would perhaps follow her into the sheepfold.

She was blessed with a beautiful vocal organ, and led the choir, consisting of about a hundred fresh young voices ; but even in God's house she could not be quiet and reverent ; and following her example, no sooner did the sermon commence than the entire choir was in a state of hilarious uproar, oftentimes to the extent of interrupting the services, and disturbing the entire congregation.

The young minister was in despair ; he felt that their conduct was an insult, not alone to himself but to God Almighty. The former he could bear with complacency, but the latter he could not endure. He had almost determined to give his charge up to the care of an older and more experienced man, when the voice of God seemed to say to him "wait !" and remembering the words, "My grace is sufficient," he resigned himself to the unfolding of God's Providence.

All at once it began to be noised abroad that a grand wedding was to take place at the Captain's. The belle was to be married, and all the place was wild over the details of the approaching ceremony.

It was to be the grandest affair ever witnessed in that part of the country. Twenty bridesmaids and grooms-men were to attend the young couple at the altar, and rumor was busy with descriptions of the gorgeous costumes to be worn on the festal occasion.

The twenty bridesmaids met and appointed a committee to proceed to the city of Providence and purchase the material for the dresses, which were to be all alike,

white and spotless. This was done, and industrious fingers plied the needle, while all was anticipation and delight.

The belle herself was everywhere, giving instruction to this one, encouragement to another; advice here, reproof there; in short, in her element. 'Twas true her cheeks bore a bright hectic flush; but that was attributed only to the excitement incident to the moment; the gay laugh rang out upon the air in rippling bursts, and indeed all went merry as a marriage bell.

But ah! there was death in the air. The avenging angel was hovering, unseen by mortal vision, over the Captain's home. The bright flush deepened; the merry laugh grew fainter; the lustrous eyes became heavy; and the darkened bed-chamber told a story of sickness and pain. But it was only a temporary illness, brought on by the overstraining of the nervous system; 'twould pass away shortly, said her friends; and the preparations for the wedding went on as busily as ever. But day followed day, week succeeded week, and an ominous hush fell upon every heart, for the news was told with bated breath, the belle was dying!

Where had the roses of her cheeks flown? Death had plucked them. Where, the ripeness of her full red lips? Ah, the cold kiss of Death had been there too. Yes, the belle was only an inanimate form of clay, cold and motionless; her voice had rung upon the ear of friendship for the last time, but still there remained a work to be accomplished through her, more glorious than any which her life had produced.

The wedding day came, and with it the groom, the twenty bridesmaids and groomsmen, and all that had been bidden to the feast; but where was the bride?

Silently lying upon a bed of flowers, she looked the embodiment of a sculptured dream. Oh, what a lesson of the uncertainty of life! of the necessity of working while it is called to-day.

Who of those gathered there could give a reasonable hope that she had gone to the realms of the blest? Her pastor, who had labored in vain to point her to Christ, could not; her parents, who had loved her too dearly to thwart any plan she proposed, could not; her companions, with whom she had passed so many careless hours, bent only upon the pleasures of life, could not; the young man, who was to have called her by the sacred name of wife, could not.

One and all were filled with the terrible majesty of God's power. Never in the annals of that town had such a solemn funeral cortege been known. The twenty young girls, clad in black instead of white, walked side by side the coffin, and when the burial-place was reached and the remains of their once loved but thoughtless friend was lowered into the silent grave, their weeping was so vehement, and their grief so poignant, it found vent in cries which were heard at some distance from the scene.

The following Sunday the hymns were read, but not sung in the church. The spirit of the Living God was there in mighty power, and the revival, for which the

young pastor had been praying so long, began at last.

The young man whose betrothed had been taken away, was the first to give his heart to God. Her two parents followed in his footsteps, and the influence spread in every direction like the overflowing of a mighty river. Scores upon scores were brought under conviction, and found forgiveness in the atoning blood of Jesus.

It was during this revival that Mr. Mowry was led to see the worth of the soul, and to accept Christ as his guide and saviour.

In all, over a hundred members were added to the church, verifying the truth of the words, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Here we have an example of the very agency which, to all human foresight, was to work incalculable ruin to the cause of righteousness; being overruled by God's providence and made to minister to his own infinite honor and glory.

How such teachings come home to the soul of man! Oh, what a powerful, Almighty God is ours! Shall we then faint in well doing? Shall we grow weary by the wayside; or shall we not cry with Job, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee."

VIII.

A RECORD BEGUN.

The work in the inquiry-room reveals the fact that many who are anxious to become children of God, are under the impression that they must be converted *full grown in Christ*; and because they are conscious that such is not their experience they become discouraged very often at the commencement of their career. God's order is development, growth. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." A true conversion is simply a record begun.

"Can you give me some book that will tell me how to be a Christian?"

Such were the words of one of the inmates of the Raymond Street Jail, as, passing from cell to cell, Mr. Mowry fed to the prisoners the Bread of Life.

In answer to the missionary's question, the young man said:

"Before the war I was not only a teacher, but also assistant superintendent of a Sabbath-school. When the rebellion broke out I enlisted in the army and went to the front. At first I used to read my Bible and pay strict attention to religious duties; but camp life, and the excitement of army experience, soon made me careless, then indifferent, and at last entirely neglectful of prayer and the Word. I went all through the war, going in as a private and coming out as lieutenant-colonel. If my

record for God was only as good as for my country I should be better satisfied."

"Your record as a soldier was made *after you enlisted*, wasn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Exactly so with the spiritual warfare. The question is not what you have done or been, but what you are and will be. Will you enlist as a soldier of the cross, depending on Christ to help you make the record you desire?"

"I think I am ready and willing if I only knew what to do."

"The book you inquired for at the beginning of our conversation will tell you what to do; and that book is the Bible. I will leave it with you until I come again. Read Christ's interview with Nicodemus in the third chapter of John, and you will learn what is necessary to become a Christian. Turn then to the fifty-first Psalm and there you will be told the way a sinner should feel about sin, and how he is to approach God. Let nothing divert your mind from this purpose of seeking the Lord, and seek till you find."

On the following Lord's-day the man was clothed and in his right mind. He had enlisted, and though not perfect in the requirements of the code, nevertheless he *was a soldier. His record had begun.*

IX.

RESISTING THE SPIRIT.

In the spring of 1858 Mr. Mowry visited a man who was sick with consumption nigh unto death. He had expressed a wish to see the missionary, and seemed overjoyed that his desire had been gratified.

Conversation had scarcely shaped itself to any settled form when the invalid produced a tract, remarking as he did so, "It expresses in part my state and feeling exactly. The subject of it was the danger of resisting the Holy Spirit until it should take its final departure.

"Have you then consciously resisted the Spirit of the Living God?" asked the visitor.

"Alas! yes," was the reply, while the tremulous voice and anxious eyes told how heavily the matter weighed upon his heart. "Yes, many times I have known what it is to hear the voice of the Almighty calling me to come to Jesus; but I have studiously refused to listen, choking it and rendering it inaudible whenever it has pleaded with me. Now, when I have not long to live, I am anxious to be at peace with God, but the voice of the Spirit is silent, and I fear I shall never hear it again. What shall I do?"

"You are mistaken, my friend; the still small voice is not silent, but speaking to you through the very desire which makes you hunger and thirst after righteousness. Before we can appreciate mercy we must understand the claims of justice. Christ died for you when you had neither asked him to or knew of it, and the Holy Spirit

came year after year and time after time, to urge salvation upon you, but you prayed to be excused, saying, 'Go thy way for this time ; at a more convenient season I will hear thee.' "

"Alas, yes! it was all my fault."

"True, but you did not so esteem it ; therefore it became necessary for God to fill you with an overwhelming idea of justice. The gentle pleadings of the Spirit were removed, and in their place you began to hear the terrible denunciations of justice. You are being made to realize your standing before God, in order that you shall appreciate the mercy of His forgiveness, the sweetness of His pardon. '

"Do you indeed think there is pardon for me? "

"I have no right to any opinion about it, for God himself has answered your question. He says, 'After so long a time, if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts ;' again, 'He that seeketh findeth, to him that knocketh it shall be opened.' "

"But is it not possible to delay too long? "

"It is ; and therefore the greater reason for delaying no longer."

"But I feel so weak and miserable in the sight of God."

"I am glad of it, for such only find acceptance with Him."

Some sinners are greatly afraid of trusting themselves to God after the enormity of their sins become known to them. Realizing to some extent the evil of their ways in God's sight, forgiveness and pardon seem to be too Godlike for God even, and they hesitate and

vacillate between doubt and fear, until finally they can hold out no longer ; in the words of the hymn,

“ I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try ;

For if I stay away I know I must forever die.”

And thus it was with this dear soul. Desiring peace with God, yet fearing to abandon all to His power, he resolved to pierce the cloud and seek the sunshine one moment, but drew back from the shadow the next. Oh, what a state of torment ! But how sweet the final repose ! Braving all, at length he resigned himself to the will of God, and found rest, peace, and joy. He died in happy consciousness of a Saviour’s love, going into the shadow of the valley, leaning on the staff of the Beloved.

X.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

“ It pays to serve the Lord,” said a friend.

Did you ever think *how much* it paid ? The subjoined sketch serves to indicate that serving God is indeed a good investment.

A young man was lying upon a bed of sickness, whose nature was less painful than protracted. Being visited by the missionary, the old, old story was introduced and commented upon. The conversation at length turned upon the subject of reward here and hereafter.

“Is it not an evidence of the love and goodness of God that whosoever forsaketh the things of this world for righteousness’ sake shall receive an hundred-fold here in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting?”

“Surely,” said the sick man, “you have made a mistake in the quotation; it doesn’t say in the Bible that we are to receive an hundred-fold more in *this* world, does it?”

“Yes, it does, my good friend; in the 30th verse of the 10th chapter of Mark, you will find the words, “But he shall receive a hundred-fold *now in this time*,” and have you ever thought how much that is?”

“No, I do not know that I have.”

“Well, an hundred-fold is just *ten thousand per cent*! Now tell me if you ever heard of any other investment that could pay such a profit as that? Whatever is intrusted to Almighty God draws interest at a rate which would bankrupt any other source of gain. But although we are to receive ten thousand per cent. on our investment *here*, who is able to compute the per cent. in the life over there?”

Urging his acceptance of Christ, the missionary left.

Their next meeting was some two years afterwards. The sick man had grown well, the emaciated frame had become stout and robust, and the pale face ruddy with health. Almost the first words which he said were:

“Thank God, I’ve been drawing my ten thousand per cent!”

XI.

RUNNING ON TIME ; OR, RAILROAD
RELIGION.

A deacon of a leading church asked Mr. Mowry one evening to relieve him by leading the weekly prayer-meeting in his stead. The missionary declined politely, but firmly.

"You must have some reason for refusing my request, and I should be very glad to know what it is."

"Since you press me on the point I will tell you. I do not conduct prayer-meetings by the hour."

"Prayer-meetings by the hour ! What on earth do you mean ?"

"I mean this : you are in the habit of conducting your meetings here on one set form and mould. They are required to be just one hour in length, and no matter what the state of the meeting is when the time is up, the Doxology is sung, and the audience dismissed. Is it not so ?"

"Well, our folks are perhaps over-punctual."

"Very true ; you are quite right," answered Mr. Mowry, "for I have noticed on several occasions you have closed the exercises five minutes previous to the stipulated hour for fear they might possibly run a minute or so over time."

"Will you conduct the meeting provided all time restrictions are removed ?"

"Yes, I will be glad to do so."

"Then be good enough to assume charge, and continue it as long as your judgment tells you it is advisable."

Accordingly the missionary conducted the services. When the customary hour for closing arrived, he arose and said :

“If any present are obliged to go or desire to leave the meeting, opportunity may be had at this time to do so ; but as the interest has just fairly begun, I should be gratified, and I have no doubt all will be benefited, if we remain together a little longer.”

No one left the room, and the exercises continued for half an hour longer. The result was that four young men spoke who had never before taken part in the meeting.

The method of conducting prayer-meetings by the clock instead of by the evidences of God’s spiritual presence, is the rule in many of our churches, and has frequently resulted in harm.

The leader of a meeting who, knowingly, in the face of growing interest and the visible manifestation of God’s power, dares to hinder or interrupt such influence by closing the service because a set time has arrived, is responsible before God for whatever evil results spring from the adoption of such a course.

Mr. Mowry was always severe in his strictures upon such leadership, and never omitted reminding his hearers, when circumstances seemed to warrant it, that Jacob prayed all night, and Paul preached all night in the advancement of God’s glory. An incident in connection with these railroad prayer-meetings may not be out of place.

A church meeting at Greenville, Ct., had adopted this hour system, and in every prayer or exhortation made

on the occasion of Mr. Mowry's visit, reference was made in some manner to "the hour we spend here," or "this hour when we are assembled together in Thy name." The missionary, at the close of the meeting, accosted one of the deacons of the church with whom he was to spend the night, saying :

"Mr. M——, you may go on without me ; I am going to have another meeting before I retire. I will come by and by ;" and taking his hat, he sauntered off alone down the street of the village. Finally, as he passed along, the sounds of singing grew audible, and then, as the melody became distinguishable, the sweet songs of Zion broke upon the ear, and the missionary resolved to enter the house from whence the sounds proceeded. He did so, but the singers ceased their music as he entered the room.

"Do not stop. I came in because I heard you praising God, from whom all blessings flow," said he. Again the voices swelled out full and clear, and hymn after hymn ascended to the throne of grace.

At the conclusion of the singing, Mr. Mowry conversed with each personally, and found one whose heart was desirous of salvation. He was led to make an earnest effort in her behalf, and after prayer and exhortation, bade all good night, and went home to the deacon's. The result of this improvised meeting was first made known to him ten years later, through the reception of the following letter from Fredericksburg, Va. : "Dear Sir—I have this day united with the Church of Christ, and go back for my hope to that evening you called at our house in

Greenville, Ct., ten years ago. I felt I could not do less than let you know that you were the instrument in the hands of God, in leading me from darkness to light." . .

XII.

UNCONSCIOUS PREACHING.

"Go ye into the world and preach the gospel." Be certain the world is watching *all* the time ; are you preaching *all* the time ; everywhere ; at every time ? Many a powerful sermon has been preached when he who taught was all unconscious of the lesson he was teaching.

And what a power there is in unconscious preaching ! It is *living* truth, and it always strikes home. It is powerful, because it is purely of the Spirit ; there is nothing of self in it. No idea of applause enters into its character. It is unartificial, of God, and therefore accomplishes that whereunto it is sent.

A short time ago a member of a struggling church in the city of Brooklyn had occasion to visit Newark, N. J., on business. As he was passing along the streets of the latter city, he noticed a man and boy, mounted upon ladders, engaged in painting the front of a house. They were dressed in ordinary rough overalls, such as painters use, and were evidently absorbed in their work. Something induced the gentleman to look up as he was passing by, and scan the painter's face. To his utter surprise he

recognized in the person of the supposed mechanic *his own pastor* and his son.

For some time the clergyman had received no salary from the church, and having a large family to support, he was either obliged to work with his hands, or throw himself upon the sympathies of his friends. He chose the former course, and had left his home in Brooklyn for three weeks, every morning, spending the day as a common house-painter in Newark. His prayer meetings were led by him as usual, and the Sabbath sermons were as powerful as ever. His congregation knew nothing of his work, and nothing of his want, until the story leaked out. It was the most powerful sermon he ever preached—this patient, uncomplaining, unconscious discourse on the top of the ladder, with a paint-brush for a text. . . .

Dear reader, we must live very close to God if we would preach unconscious sermons. The following incident is a striking example of the power which lies concealed in unconscious preaching :

Some years since, a Jew, advanced in years, was confined in one of the cells of Raymond Street Jail, in the city of Brooklyn, awaiting trial for some petty offence. Mr. Mowry, attracted by the man's venerable appearance, spent many hours with him from time to time, conversing on the topic of Christ as the Messiah of the Jews, the Saviour of all who believe. From obduracy the man passed slowly to a state of interest, which grew with each day, but did not culminate in accepting Christ as a personal Saviour.

Finally, one day, Mr. Mowry found him radiant with joy. Upon asking the cause, the prisoner said :

“I have found Christ to be my Saviour!”

“Well may you be happy then ; but how were you enabled to accept the gift God has so long been urging upon you?”

“I will tell you. In the next cell, as you know, is a youth whose conviction must result in a sentence of from ten to fifteen years’ hard labor in the State Prison. The pipe which you see passing from cell to cell through the mason work is not fitted so tightly but that I can hear anything that is said in his cell, the sound coming quite audibly through the holes around the pipe. A day or two since the young man’s father came to see him, and I overheard the conversation that ensued. The son was urging the father to swear upon the trial that he was at home during the entire night upon which the deed occurred. ‘If you’ll do that,’ he cried, ‘I’ll get off spite of all they can do.’”

“What did the father reply?” queried Mowry.

“He answered, ‘My boy, I am ready to give the last cent I’ve got to get you free, but I will not swear to a lie to save your life.’ When I heard that, it set me to thinking. I speedily came to the conclusion that he possessed something which I did not, and I resolved to ask God to give it to me. I did so, and because I asked what God was pleased to do, I’m happy and rejoicing.”

XIII.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"I never gave the Prodigal Son any credit for going home to his father's house," observed Mr. Mowry; "he remained away just as long as he could stand it; and it was only when the famine got so sore that it was 'go or starve,' that he made the best of it, and turned his face homewards."

To those who advocate and teach free agency, to the exclusion of Divine sovereignty, there is a very plain lesson in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

Men often proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the "Whosoever will" gospel, as though all the merit of conversion was to be extended to the recipient of the gift rather than the giver.

Such teaching is absolutely false as a representation of God's manner of dealing with the human soul. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," said the Saviour to his disciples. The glory of the regenerate man's position as a son of God is due to God only. Free agency never creates a position; it merely accepts what God has already created. Free agency never primarily chooses regeneration through Christ Jesus; but it says, in answer to the offer of salvation, "I accept the position."

While proper realization of the position of man as a free agent responsible to God, bears with it a certain sense of dignity and honor, it also harmonizes per-

flectly with true humility, and clearly comprehends the illimitable grace of God in choosing us to the praise of His glory.

Some years ago a young man commencing business under very promising circumstances was advised by Mr. Mowry to beware the folly of attempting to do anything without God's guidance and help.

"Oh, that's all very well for *you* to say, Mr. Mowry, but I've got no time to waste upon religion. If I had nothing else to attend to I might think about it, but I don't believe in mixing things up. Business first and pleasure afterwards is my motto," he exclaimed with evident disinclination for further conversation on the subject.

"Your views may suit your present mode of thinking, but they do not correspond with the Bible," quietly observed the missionary.

"I don't care whether they do or not," and turning upon his heel he abruptly put an end to the interview.

For four years they never met, but one day, towards dusk, Mr. Mowry was in at a store with the proprietor of which he was acquainted, and this young man confronted him. He was greatly changed, both as to appearance and manner. The former had lost its dapper show and surface, the latter most of its self-sufficiency and bombast. He desired a few moments' conversation. The missionary declined on account of the lateness of the hour; the other insisted, and gained his point. He stated that he had proved

the truth of Mr. Mowry's former advice. Scarcely four months after their first interview, he lost every dollar invested in his business. Every thing he had subsequently undertaken, miserably failed; and he became so disheartened and discouraged, that at times he had been tempted to raise his hand against his own life. He added,

"I have made up my mind now, that I will accept your advice as the first step out of my trouble."

One month later his testimony was, "I would not give my present happiness for all the wealth I once possessed."

XIV.

THE SICK ONE.

"You are very sick my, friend; do you know it?"

No, the listener was not aware of the fact. Nothing had convinced him of the existence of disease. He was apparently in the best of health, and the consciousness of sickness was entirely foreign to him.

"You are nevertheless ill and need medicine; will you take it?"

"Why should I take a nauseous dose; I feel as well as ever I did in my life?"

"Do you not think I, being a physician, know more about your physical condition than you do yourself? I am positive that your entire system is out of order, and

unless you heed my warning and take the remedy, you will pay for it with your life."

* * * * *

Sinner, you are sick unto death. You do not know it in your pride of life and lust of eye; but God says it, and the Great Physician prescribes a remedy. But the Flesh says, "I never felt better in my life." God replies, "Unless you trust my judgment and accept my medicine you shall surely die." The Flesh replies, "But I do not love medicine; it is unpalatable and bitter to the taste." God says, "The remedy is the only one which insures life; choose between life and death!"

* * * * *

What is your answer to be? The seeds of death have been sown in you and are doing their work of destruction. Will you take the means God supplies for arresting their progress, or will you die? Choose.

* * * * *

Divine Sovereignty presents the medicine. Free Agency takes it.



XV.

CREDITOR AND DEBTOR.

Have you received a receipt in full of your old account with God? Has a settlement been made between you? Can you look all men in the face and say with calm assurance, "There is therefore now no condemnation to me, for I am in Christ Jesus?"

There is perhaps in all the experiences of the Christian's earthly pilgrimage, no parallel to the exalted *exuberance* of joy which is realized by the soul's first consciousness of acceptance with God through the merits of Christ Jesus.

But it is the unalloyed delight of a babe in Christ, not the deep, deep upwelling of the soul's later experience ; not that phase of realization which drew from Paul the exclamation, " From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." It is the first joy of sonship, of adoption, of reconciliation with the Living God.

How exceedingly precious to think that we may be the instruments in God's hand, to lead souls into the realization of this joy.

Reader, are you pressing the necessity of immediate settlement between the creditor and debtor ? Are you using every effort to induce men to settle God's claims by accepting the quittance he has provided ?

Oh, be earnest in this matter, that you may be a partaker of the joy which fills heaven over the conversion of each soul to God.

* * * * *

" There's no further need of discussing this subject ; I've made up my mind in regard to it, and shall dismiss it from my thoughts for the present at least."

Such were the words of a talented young lawyer, after several interviews with Mr. Mowry upon the subject of religion. He had seemingly been very much interested, and, to all human perception, was almost ripe for the

kingdom, but suddenly his entire manner changed; interest was supplanted by apathy, hope by indifference, and it culminated in the language above quoted.

“You say you have finally settled the matter in your own mind; but I presume you will not refuse to hear a few words in illustration of your case as it stands before God at the present time?”

“It will be time wasted; nevertheless you shall fire the last gun if you wish it.”

With no notice of the method of permission employed, Mr. Mowry at once availed himself of it, and said:

“A certain man who was the heavy creditor of another, came to him in a friendly manner, saying, ‘Friend, we have been running an open account for a long time; the balance is largely on my side, and I must urge an immediate settlement.’ The debtor, displeased at the thought of being called upon for payment until he saw fit of his own free will to settle the claim in his own way, answered, ‘Oh, the account’s all right; of course I owe you this sum of money, but I guess there is nothing urgent as to payment. I guess, as it has run so long, it won’t do any harm to stand out a little longer until it suits my convenience to settle it.’ ‘But I have already waited long after the account is overdue, and it is treating me shamefully to postpone settlement any longer, especially as I possess positive information that you are abundantly able to discharge the obligation if you choose. Therefore I demand an immediate settlement of my claim.’ ‘Well sir, while I acknowledge the validity of your claim, I

propose to pay it when I get ready.' Then the creditor, becoming impatient at such unmerited treatment exclaims, 'Sir, if you refuse to come to an amicable adjustment with me to-day, it will be too late to-morrow—it will have passed into the hands of an officer, and you will be compelled not only to settle my claim to the last farthing, but you will be obliged to pay the costs of court also.' Such, my dear friend, is your position before God now ; the opportunity is given you to-day to settle the account between your soul and its Divine Creditor ; perhaps by to-morrow it will be too late—it will have passed into the unrelenting hands of justice, and you will be delivered over to the officer, and settlement must be made with him. Will you not pay your just dues to Almighty God to-day ? Will you harden your heart still ?”

The illustration was evidently keenly felt ; but being a person of determined will, and having “made up his mind,” he remained obdurate, and they parted, to go their separate ways in life.

Over a year had flown by, and amid the ever-changing experiences of Mr. Mowry's gospel-work the incident we have just related had been forgotten, when one day the lawyer entered his store, apparently in no particular haste to transact whatever business he might have ; he could wait until Mr. Mowry had attended to the wants of the other customers. His manner, so unlike his old impetuosity, failed to attract particular notice from Mowry, who busied himself with various duties, until finally, the other customers being served and having taken their de-

parture, the two were left alone together. Even then Mr. Mowry did not say anything about religious matters.

At length the lawyer began to grow restive ; he could no longer stand the strain upon his nervous system, and, coming close to his old opponent, he said, in a tone of intense earnestness,

Mr. Mowry, the officer's come ; what shall I do ?"

"Settle it in the only way open to you ; throw yourself upon the mercy of the court ; plead guilty, and beg the Judge to withhold the terrible sentence of stern justice," was the reply.

"Oh, but I'm afraid it's too late."

"I do not say it is not, neither dare I say it is ; I can only say *try*."

The old bravado was gone : self-reliance had vanished ; the man stood before God and his own conscience a miserable, guilty, but at last a repentant sinner. He was terribly in earnest ; perhaps a more powerful case of conviction was never seen. Yes, he would take the advice ; he sued for mercy, acknowledging his guilt with meekness and repentance. God was graciously pleased to forgive him, and from that hour to the time of his death he lived a consistent Christian life.

XVI.

TWO CONVERSIONS,

SHOWING OPPOSITE WORKINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Noticing a man of some little prominence, though a non-professor of religion, at one of his meetings, Mr. Mowry took the opportunity to call upon him the following day, and question him as to his state of mind.

"A very interesting meeting last evening, was it not?" began the missionary, after the usual salutations had been exchanged.

"Well, yes, it was rather so," was the cautious reply.

"I presume you were conscious of greater personal interest than is habitual, were you not?"

"No," was the abrupt and instant rejoinder; "I never felt less concerned, personally, in all my life than I did then and do now."

"Why is this so? Do you doubt either the reality of religion, or the necessity for it?"

"No, I won't say that. I have never doubted either its truth or its usefulness; but I have never felt inclined to attend to it. I suppose I shall get to it some time, however, before it's too late."

"What prospect has the future in store, judging of the growth of your inclination in the past? You are now above thirty years old; you admit that you never doubted either the reality or necessity of religion; and yet you affirm that never in all your life did you feel so little in-

terest in the subject as now. How long will it take you at this rate to 'get to it,' as you say?" cried Mr. Mowry earnestly.

"I admit, as you present it, it has rather a bad look."

"You are right, friend; it does have a bad look; and I propose that right here, before we go any further, we kneel down and ask God to give you the inclination to seek His face."

He did not wait for Mr. Mowry to take the lead, but immediately, as if struck by the convicting power of the Spirit of God, fell upon his knees, and cried aloud to the Almighty for help and for deliverance.

But the answer did not come. It was not God's time. Nevertheless the awakened one remained true to the new desire implanted by the Holy Spirit, and unceasingly besought the Lord to hearken unto his cry, and speak the word of power and peace to his agonized soul. It was some weeks before God saw fit to bid him *look and live*; but when the voice of consolation spake, the work was instantaneous. From the moment of his apprehension of Jesus he was a new man in Christ.

Often inexperienced Christian workers are at a loss how to handle the subject. Those with whom they are laboring present different results under the same treatment. One person receives light almost upon the point of awakening to the necessity of it; another, poignantly realizing the necessity, earnestly longing for deliverance, is obliged to endure the most terrible anxiety of soul before God says "Peace! be still!" Why should this be

so ? cries the earnest worker. Christ answers you : " The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Who shall say WHY to God ? " It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Therefore, if the question is presented to you, counsel faith in the promises of God, and bid the anxious one *wait* in fear and in trembling. Let the answer be delayed as long as God deems it wise and fitting, one fact remains indisputable : when the change *does* come, it is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. It is instantaneous.

In the case given above, the time between conviction and conversion was a season of prolonged agony ; but ah ! when peace did come, it was all the sweeter ; and, as usually happens, the thought which gave him great wonder was that he had not sooner longed for a joy whose intensity was so exceedingly great.

But, as we have said, God sometimes calls the soul and places it in commission at one and the same act, making conviction and conversion almost identical. A case of this nature may be cited among the incidents of Mr. Mowry's experiences at Bozrahville.

A young and sprightly woman, residing in the village, seemed possessed of an evil spirit, which led her, at all times and upon all occasions, to make light of everything relating to religion. So great was her power in repartee and sarcasm that every one seriously inclined dreaded to come in contact with her. One day, hearing the voice of some one weeping bitterly as they

passed along the street, Mr. Mowry went to the door to see who it might be. What was his surprise when he discovered Fanny ——, the greatest trifle in all the place. She had been smitten almost as suddenly and strangely as was Paul.

On her way to the mill where she was employed the voice of God greeted her, and in an instant she saw herself before the eyes of her Maker a miserably guilty and impenitent sinner.

Never was a soul in greater agony over the first consciousness of its own depravity, and she was induced to return home, where in a short time no less than fifty persons assembled in prayer for her conversion.

Mr. Mowry waited until the rest had taken their departure at the conclusion of the meeting, and then followed Fanny to her room, where she had gone evidently no less disturbed in mind than before the season of prayer. Her cries and groans were pitiful in the extreme, and it became evident they must be stopped, or her physical system would undergo serious if not irreparable injury.

“Fanny,” exclaimed the missionary, as he entered the room and walked straight up to her, “you must stop for a moment at least, and hear what I have to say to you.”

With a deep sigh she turned her face toward him, and awaited, as with weary resignation, what should follow.

“Fanny, think now upon Jesus only ; look upon Him on the Cross at Calvary ! See, Fanny, there are five wounds—bleeding wounds ; and his life-blood is flowing for you and for me. Hark ! He speaks ! He says, ‘I

have loved you unto death ; can you not love me unto life ?' Can you not love Him, Fanny ? Does he ask too much ?"

With every part of her inner nature speaking through her fixed gaze, she stood in rapt emotion, as though her Saviour was visibly hanging on the Cross before her eyes.

"I can love Thee, my Saviour !" she cried at length, with streaming eyes and tight-clasped hands ; "I *do* love Thee ! Oh, why have I not done so before ?"

Perfectly oblivious to every surrounding circumstance and presence, she seemed lifted above the confines of earth, into the very presence of the Glorified One. Fear and anxiety vanished, and in their place came a peace so deep, so real, so satisfying, that she afterwards said no language could describe it.

Thus within a few hours the entire work of God in conviction and conversion was accomplished.

Christian worker, leave *results* with God. Be earnest in what he has given you to do. Do it with all your might, having an eye single to His glory ; but "having done all, stand," as Paul says. Remember, you cannot formulate the mysterious workings of the will of Almighty God. Settle down with implicit confidence upon this one glorious truth, HE KNOWETH ! To whom be honor and praise forevermore. Amen.

XVII.

THE BEST CREED.

When Paul went to Corinth, he was obliged to rebuke the church severely for the spirit of dissension and quibbling which had broken out amongst them. Though Christians, they were not occupied with the glory of God, but were striving to establish the supremacy of their earthly teachers, Paul, Apollos, and Cephas. They had descended to the walk of doctrines; they were given up to the rule of isms; and were in imminent danger of losing their right to be called Christians through their envy, strife, and carnality.

But the state of Corinth in the days of Chloe was one of unbroken harmony compared with our modern anarchy of Isms. What would Paul say were he brought in contact with the sectarian spirit of "civilized Christianity to-day?"

Where would he turn, amidst the multiplicity of creeds, to give assurance of his testimony to the truth?

Would he not overthrow all these *factions*—for they are but little else—and, pointing to Christ, say, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!"

Over the pulpit in the chapel in which the widely-known "Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting" is held, are these words:

J E S U S O N L Y .

Would to God those who profess to love Him would

adopt this motto as their watchword, and go forward in the power of Christ to everlasting victory.

What have you to do with the isms of the schools? What have you to do with anything but Christ in His fulness?

“Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?”

Throw aside forever the spirit of division and discussion. Preach Christ and Him crucified—not Methodism, Episcopalianism, or any ism of man’s ministration.

Mr. Mowry was one day asked, by one whom he knew to be a Romanist, what he thought of the Apostles’ creed.

“I think very well of it; but there is one I like better,” he replied.

“One you like better! Oh, I suppose you mean the Protestant creed.”

“No, I do not; for it is not Divine, any more than the Apostles’ creed is.”

“Well, what creed are you talking about, then?”

“Christ’s creed,” answered the missionary calmly.

“I didn’t know Christ had a creed,” exclaimed the other with ill-concealed astonishment.

“Why, my good friend, do you suppose the Saviour preached three years and a half, called apostles, and sent them out into the world to establish churches, without having a creed?”

“Well, I don’t suppose he did, when you come to think of it; but I should like to know where you find any record of it?”

“You may find it in your Douay Bible, Matthew 22:

37-40, and it reads : 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. On these two hang all the law and the prophets.' This is Christ's creed, and it is Divine. What do you think of it?"

The Romanist admitted that it was superior to the Apostles' creed, and walked away, having evidently received a new thought in relation to Divine truth.

XVIII.

A VACATION INCIDENT.

The commission of the Christian worker is universal in character, equally in force in all localities.

One day during the summer of 1880, as Mr. Mowry was walking along the streets of a city in a neighboring State, he was led, through an unexpected incident, to visit a mechanic's shop.

As he entered the establishment he was confronted by a young man, whose bearing and manner indicated that he was the owner of the shop.

Mr. Mowry examined a piece of his work which lay at hand, and finding it admirable in design and execution, said :

"If you do as good work in the vineyard as in your daily calling, you are safe for the upper kingdom."

He looked at Mowry for a moment, and then, evidently astonished at the beginning of the conversation, replied,

"I am not a member of any church, but I guess I'm about as good as those who are."

"Which class of church members are you comparing yourself with; the best or the worst?"

"Well,"—hesitatingly—"I'll take the average."

"How will you compare with Paul and John, or, coming nearer our own time, with Whitfield, Finney, or the Wesleys?"

"Oh," he answered, "they were converted Christians!"

"Certainly they were," Mowry replied, "and no one is a Christian in God's sight, who has not been regenerated—born again—thus becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus."

"I don't claim that; I'd rather make no profession at all, than profess and not possess," he said, rather curtly.

Mowry asked him if he ever knew a man who was so afraid of counterfeit money as to refuse the genuine coin.

He replied that he never did, and that he should consider such a one very inconsistent.

"Would you? but did you never think that you are still more inconsistent?"

He made no reply; and as Mr. Mowry followed up the thought and showed him his true position before God, it was evident that he was an awakened sinner.

They parted, with the promise on Mowry's part to stop in again—a promise which was unexpectedly redeemed the same afternoon—for a violent rain-storm overtook

him on his way home, and compelled him to seek the shelter of the wagon-maker's shop until the shower passed.

During his absence, however, it appears the man told a friend of the foregoing conversation, and he expressed a desire to be present should the missionary come again, saying he would soon settle his case in argument. The wagon-maker informed Mr. Mowry of his friend's intention, and sent for him to come in from a neighboring blacksmith shop—as he was of that trade.

Being in early manhood intimately connected with steel-working and having a perfect knowledge of its manufacture in all branches, Mr. Mowry immediately accosted the new-comer in relation to his business, and asked if he knew how to perform a certain piece of work in the manufacture of the metal, the secret of which was in the missionary's possession, and known only to few artisans. The man forgot all about his intended argument, and acknowledged that he knew nothing of the method himself, and had never yet seen any one that did.

"Would you like to know the secret; it is in my possession?" remarked Mr. Mowry.

"Indeed I would, and be thankful besides," he replied eagerly.

Mowry carefully explained the whole process, and the new-comer evinced by his changed manner how thoroughly he appreciated what had been done for him.

"Now," said Mowry, "as I have proved that I know

something about *your* calling which you did not know, perhaps you will be more ready to believe that I know something about my own of which you are still more ignorant. Shall we try titles on this score?"

The door of the man's heart was open, and a conversation ensued in which he became a respectful inquirer. He said at its conclusion, that it was the first time in his life that any one had proved their assertions as they went along, and that although he had often been approached on the subject of religion, those who spoke to him succeeded in provoking him to retort, but generally left him in a worse condition at the close of the conversation, than they found him at the beginning.

* * * * *

This incident occurred in Flint, Michigan, and resulted in the conversion of the blacksmith on the day of the original interview (as Mr. Mowry learned from a letter subsequently received from him).

Nothing, however, was known of the result regarding the wagon-maker until Mr. Mowry wrote to a leading temperance-worker in Flint, requesting him to hunt the man up and inquire concerning his welfare.

The following is a quotation from the answer to the letter just mentioned:

"I found the wagon-maker at work in the same place. I told him the object of my visit, and that he had not been forgotten by the stranger who called upon him years before. It was all fresh as though it were but yesterday. 'Tell him I am now a member of a Christian church, a class-leader and a Sabbath-school teacher, and

I go back to that never-to-be-forgotten day when we so strangely met, for the first deep and lasting impression that led me to act as well as think, until I found Jesus precious to my soul, and so cast my lot with the people of God for life.' ”

XIX.

A ROMANIST CONVINCED.

In conversing with a Romanist Mowry chanced to remark that the connection between Christ and his disciples was more intimate and endearing than any tie belonging to mere blood relationship. He quoted Matt. xiii. 55, 56, in proof of his assertion. The man at once asked if Mowry thought Mary ever had any other children save Jesus? The missionary replied that the passage quoted, and many others, unmistakably proved that she had.

“Prove to my satisfaction that the Virgin Mary had other children,” he exclaimed, “and I am no longer a Roman Catholic.”

Soon after Mowry copied the three following passages : Matt. xiii. 55, 56, Mark vi. 3, Luke viii. 20, as recorded both in the Protestant and Catholic Bible, and at their next interview read them from both versions.

“Oh,” said he, “the brothers and sisters referred to indicate the relationship he sustained to the whole world.”

“Then,” said Mowry, “we are to understand, when he

was told that his brothers and sisters were without, desiring to see him, that the whole world was at the door anxious to come in and speak with their brother ; and in the other passage, that those who do His will and those who do not are regarded in the same light by Him—which doctrine the Bible certainly contradicts.”

“ You are right,” he exclaimed ; “ I see it all ; I am satisfied.”

“ Then of course you are, according to your argument, no longer a Catholic ? ”

He made no reply.

XX.

“READY AT ALL TIMES.”

“ Be ye ready at all times to give a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear.”

After nearly a quarter century of labor in the Raymond Street Jail of this city, Mr. Mowry can abundantly testify to the necessity of the Christian worker’s ability to conform to the above quotation.

One day during his rounds from cell to cell, he presented a tract to one of the prisoners, who rudely said :

“ I don’t read such stuff as that.”

“ What do you read ? ” quietly asked Mowry.

“ Oh, novels and stories about robbers and murderers ! ” he replied with careless bravado.

"Well, do you think such reading makes you any better?"

"Don't know as it does; nor worse either, for that matter."

"Well, my man, life is too short and uncertain to make many such experiments as you are making; and I call upon you to turn your attention toward making your peace with the God you have offended and insulted."

"Oh, I ain't got much of an opinion of Christians and their religion; but if you can answer three questions to my satisfaction, perhaps I may change my mind."

"You may ask as many as you desire."

"The first question is, what is religion? Second, what is its effect? Third, can you answer my first two by your own personal experience?"

"I will try and answer each of these questions. First: Religion is *being right* in the highest sense, both *between God and man*, and is the result of regeneration by the Holy Spirit; or, in other words, it is holiness.

"Second: Its effect is to lead the soul into that relationship with God which is expressed by the flame of a lighted candle and the sun—the same in kind, but different in intensity. The regenerated soul enjoys what God requires, and dislikes what he forbids.

"As to your third question, whether I know from experience that these statements are true, I answer yes. I know it by every experience of my life. The things which the old nature delighted in, through regeneration became hateful to me; the truths of God's word, the company of His people, the fulfilling of His commandments, which

before my conversion were alike indifferent to me, became my happiness and my constantly increasing joy ; and I can assure you that to-day, after having an experience of religion and its effects of over half a century's duration, I feel competent to say that the results in my own case are such as abundantly warrant me in recommending practical Christianity to every soul under the curse of the law. Religion has made me love God, and has given me a peace which passes all understanding ; a peace which, in the hour of deepest affliction, when death had entered my home and taken my loved companion, sustained me as only the power of Almighty God can do at such a time."

The prisoner's head bent lower and lower as Mowry went on, until, at the conclusion of the answer, he reached out his hand, saying :

"I'll take the tract."

From that time he became an earnest inquirer.

XXI.

SEEING AND BELIEVING.

"Is your town a thriving one?" asked Mr. Mowry, after chatting awhile with a man from a neighboring place.

"Oh, yes ; quite a live town, I can tell you ; considerable manufacturing going on, and good mechanics in demand."

"Have you many hands employed in the establishment where you work?"

"There are about one hundred all told, I should think."

"How many of them are Christians?"

"Now you ask me too much. I'm sure I don't know."

"I suppose," continued Mowry, "there are some Universalists among the workmen."

"Oh, yes; about twenty or so belong to that denomination."

"How's this?" retorted Mowry, quickly; "there must be something wrong with you; I ask about the number of God's children, and you can't tell me; but you seem to be perfectly familiar with those who belong to the devil's family."

"Well, I am one who does not believe that God made half the people simply to damn them afterwards," cried the other snappishly.

"Neither do I believe it," answered Mowry, quietly; "but I do believe that unless men make use of the means God provides, they will be damned eternally."

"For my part I don't pretend to believe what I don't understand. How you can preach fore-ordination and free agency too, is more than I can see. No, no! I won't believe what I can't comprehend!"

"Indeed!" cried Mowry; "I'm glad to meet you, for if this be true you are the wisest man I have ever met. You say you believe only what you comprehend; but before I accept that statement I should like to test you."

"All right, go ahead."

Mowry began to describe a circle in the air with his finger, and then cut it into imaginary segments. The other watched him in amazement, and finally said,

"Well, what's all that mean?"

"Did you see me move my finger round and round, and up and down, and right and left?"

"Of course I saw it."

"Do you believe I did it?"

"To be sure, seeing's believing."

"Ah! you believe I did it, eh? but do you comprehend *how* I did it?"

The other was mute, and Mowry continued,

"If I were to spend the time, I could name a hundred things in as many minutes, which you would admit that you believe, but not one of which you comprehend, and yet because you cannot know and understand all the wisdom of God, you refuse to accept His Word.

This simple illustration resulted in the man's conversion, and he went back to his work openly testifying for Christ, in the presence of his fellow-workmen.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 064 032 0